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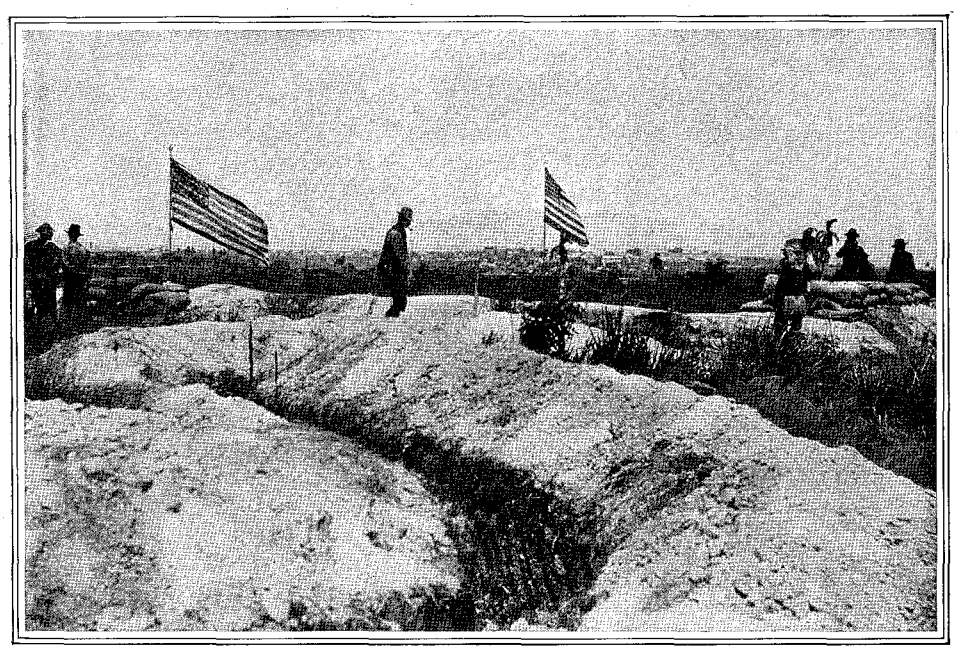

The Trenches of the Rough Riders on San Juan Hill.

Sergeant Tiffany's Colt gun may be seen, to the left, under the Rough Riders' flag. The flag on the right belongs to the Tenth Colored Regulars. The Spanish block-house seen above the trench was only three hundred yards distant.

THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

THE problems which presented themselves to the commanding General of the Santiago expedition might be placed in a list, as follows :

1. To disembark 12,000 men and supplies from thirty-four transports.

2. To move the men, rations, ammunition, and artillery toward Santiago, up a steep and narrow trail through a wooded country.

3. To reconnoitre the approach to Santiago, to clear away any forces which might retard the advance of the army upon it, and, finally, to take Santiago by assault, or by siege.

The selection of a landing-place for the army was one much discussed, and, possibly, Siboney and Baiquiri were as suitable for the purpose as any of the others might have been, but when we recollect the original purpose of the expedition they seem unnecessarily distant from the seat of the proposed operations. The original reason for sending an army to Santiago was a

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somewhat peculiar one. It was because our war-ships could not reach the war-ships of the enemy. It has often happened that an army has asked the navy to assist it in an assault upon a fortified port. But this is probably the only instance when a fleet has called upon an army to capture another fleet. Cervera and his ships of war lay bottled up in Santiago harbor, and on account of the forts and

Lieut. Harmon (wounded at Santiago). Lieut. Gallagher. Lieut. Shorts.

Major Leebo. General Sumner. Captain Howse.

Brigadier-General Sumner Commanded the Cavalry Division at the Battle of San Juan.

mines which guarded the approach to the inner harbor, our vessels could not reach him. Accordingly, the army was asked to attack these forts in the rear, to capture them, to cut the wires connecting them with the mines in the harbor, and so clear the way for our fleet to enter and do battle with the enemy.

To carry out this programme, the army might have landed at Aguadores, on the east of the mouth of the harbor of Santiago, and at Cabanas, on the west. Each of these ports is but three miles in the rear of the batteries which guard the entrance to the harbor. To convey troops, and artillery, and rations three miles would not have been a difficult problem. Or, had the navy decided against Aguadores as a suitable landing-place, it would still have been possible to have made the landing at Siboney, and then marched the troops along the railroad which clings to the coast from Siboney to Aguadores, under the shelter of a steep range of cliffs. This advance could have been made safely under the cover of the guns of the fleet. No Spanish force could have lived on the railroad, or on the cliffs above it, under such a fire. For other reasons, however, the landing was made at Baiquiri, eighteen miles away from the harbor, and the point of attack was not the forts, but the city itself. Further, the attack was made at a time when the city was protected by Cervera's guns, and in the face of the fact that he had declared if the Americans succeeded in entering the city, he would instantly bombard it, and so render it untenable,

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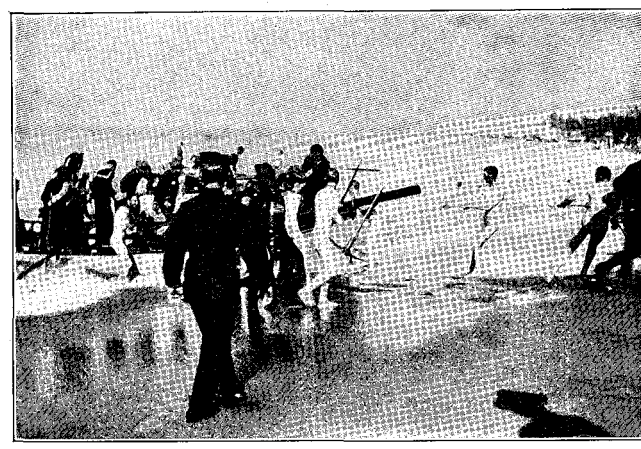
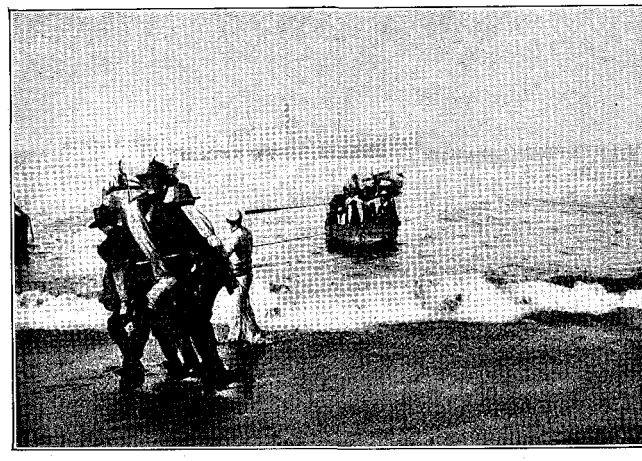
which he could very easily have done. When General Nelson A. Miles arrived he decided that the attack on the forts was even then the proper method to pursue in order to capture the city, and he ordered General Guy Henry to reconnoitre Cabanas, and prepare to land artillery. General Henry made the reconnaissance, but before further movement was ordered, the surrender of Santiago, which had been made necessary by the departure of Cervera from the harbor, and by the capture of the hills overlooking the city by our army, was an accomplished fact.

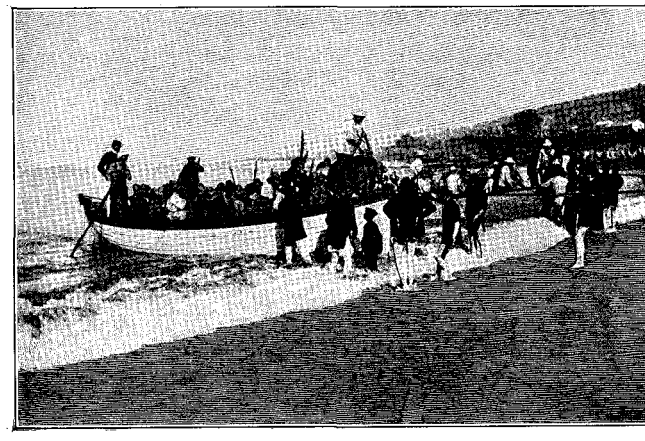
The disembarkment at Baiquiri was a marvellous and wonderful thing. Only two men were drowned. What makes this so remarkable is the fact that the boats carrying the men were run up through the surf, and either beached, or brought to a pier so high that to reach it the men had to jump from the boat at the exact moment it rose on the wave. Seven thousand men were put ashore in this way. The greater part of the pier was covered with loose boards, and the men walked on these or stepped across open girders, two feet apart. While doing this, they carried their packs, arms, and ammunition. Three weeks later, when I returned to this pier with General Miles, then on his way to Porto Rico, the loose boards were still loose, and he land-



Landing of American Forces at Siboney.



Another View of the Landing.



American Boats Landing Cubans at Siboney.

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ed in the same way, by scrambling up the pier as the boat rose, and picked his way over the same open girders. During those three weeks, thousands of men, thousands of tons of supplies, and thousands of boxes of ammunition had been piled up high upon this pier, and carried away from it, and yet, apparently, no attempt had been made to render it safe, either for the arms or for the men. It was still impossible to cross it without running the risk of stepping into space, or of treading on the end of a loose board and falling between the girders. It was obviously the work of the engineers to improve this wharf, or build a better one. But the engineers happened to be on board the transport Alamo, and on the day of landing General Shafter sent the Alamo to Aceraderos for three days to build pontoon bridges for the Cubans. In consequence, the men whose services at that time were most greatly needed, were thirty-six miles up the coast, employed as ferrymen for our Cuban allies.

At Siboney matters were rather worse, as there was not even a pier as inadequate as that at Baiquiri. There the men were dumped out into the surf and waded for the shore. After several days, a pier was begun, but it also was washed by the waves, and only lighters and tugs could approach it. This made it necessary to handle the supplies four or five times, instead of landing them directly from the transports on a pier big enough, and in water deep enough, to allow the transports to draw up alongside.

To add to the confusion which retarded the landing of supplies, the transport captains acted with an independence and in disregard of what was required of them, that should, early in the day, have led to their being placed in irons. The misconduct of the transport captains was so important a matter that much more space must be devoted to it than can be allowed here. In a word, they acted entirely in what they believed to be the interests of the "Owners," meaning, not the Government, which was paying them enormous rents per day, but the men who employed them in time of peace. For the greater part of each day these men kept from three to twenty miles out at sea, where it was impossible to communicate with them, and where they burned coal at the expense of the Government. Had they been given stations and ordered to anchor over them, they could have been found when the supplies they carried were wanted, and the cost of the coal saved. I was on six different transports, and on none of them did I find a captain who was, in his attitude toward the Government, anything but insolent, un-American, and mutinous, and when there was any firing of any sort on shore they showed themselves to be the most abject cowards and put to the open sea, carrying the much-needed supplies with them.

When our war-ships had destroyed the Maria Theresa, and four hundred of her Spanish crew were clinging to the wreck, the captain of one of the transports refused to lower his boats and go to their aid. This was after the firing had entirely ceased, and there was no danger. Had it not been for the Gloucester, which had just been engaged with the enemy, and her two small shore boats, the entire four hundred prisoners would have been washed into the sea, and drowned. The English Government pays the merchant vessels it uses for transports, ten per cent. over their usual freight rates, our Government paid these transports two hundred to three hundred per cent. over freight rates, possibly because our Government, like nature, is not economical, and for the reason that many of the vessels were passenger carriers, as well as freighters. But the greater number of the owners, before sending their vessels south, stripped them of everything needed on a passenger-ship, even of bed-linen and towels, and sent them to sea undermanned, so they were virtually nothing but freight carriers and ocean tramps. The fact that this floating collection of stores was in shore one day, and out of sight twenty miles at sea the next, was one of the causes of the failure to supply the troops with rations. These captains knew that the soldiers at the front needed food, and that the food needed was in the hulls of the ships they commanded, but in order to save the owners a smashed davit, or a scratched hull, or for no other reason than their own will, they allowed the men at the front to starve while they beat up and down as they pleased.

Had there been a strong man in command of the expedition, he would have or-

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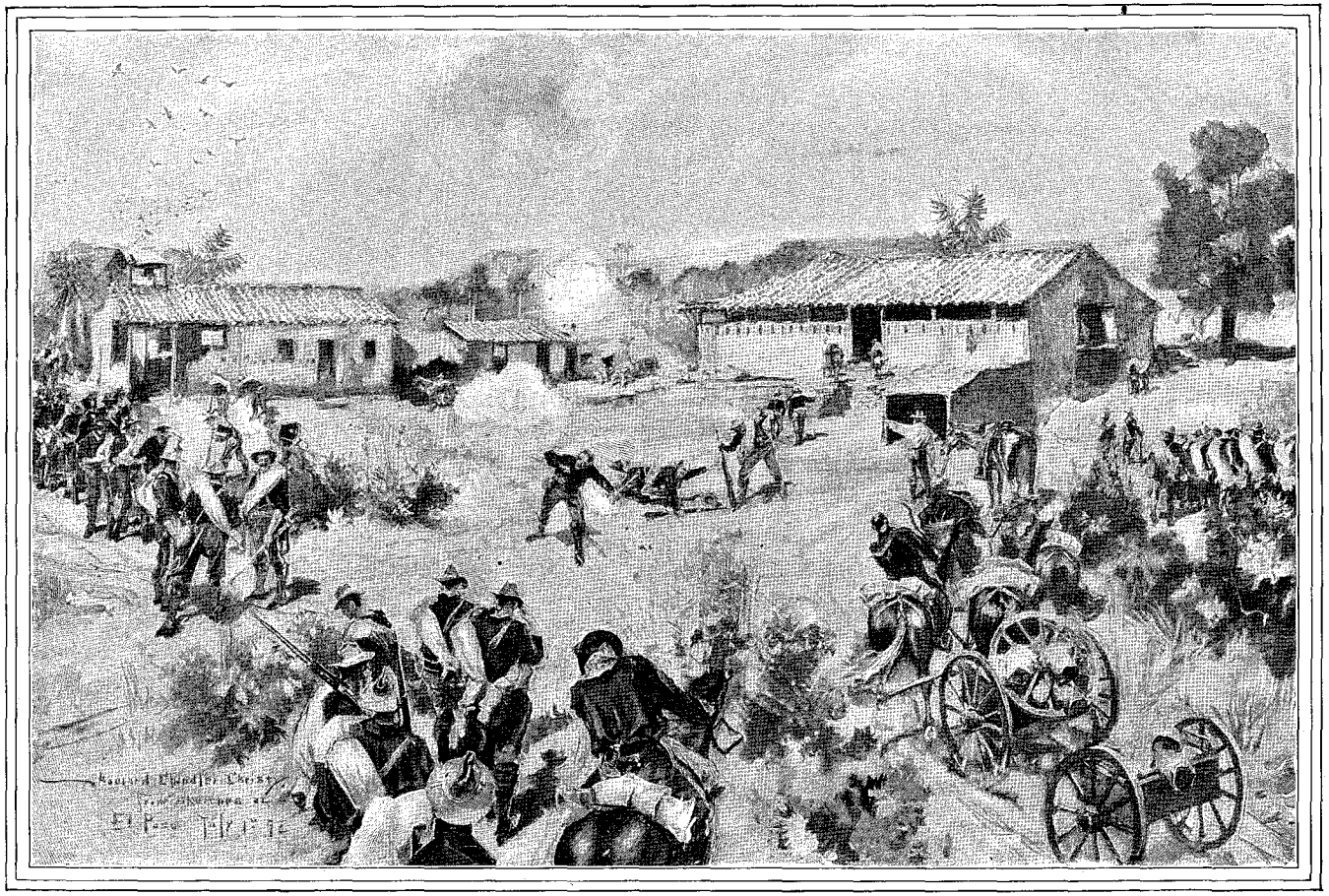

Drawn by H. C. Christy.

Grimes's Battery at El Poso.

The third Spanish shell fell in among the Cubans in the block-house and among the Rough Riders.—Page 399.

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dered them into place, stern and bow anchors would have kept them there, and a signal officer on shore could have communicated with them at their different stations in the harbor. But there was no Captain of the Port appointed, and instead of a Signal Officer to wig-wag to them, the transports were chased over many miles of sea in small row-boats. The transport captains were civilians for the time being, under the direction of the Government, and were amenable to military laws. But unfortunately there was no strong man in command to control them. When the stevedores mutinied at Guanica, and at the Port of Ponce, under General Miles, they were given three minutes to resume work, with the choice of being put in irons if they did not, and were informed if they jumped overboard and tried to escape, they would be shot in the water as deserters.

This inability to keep the transports near the shore, and the inexcusable failure to build a wharf on which to land supplies, explains why the rations came so slowly to the front. To get them there was the first problem of the Commanding General, and each succeeding day, as the tide rose higher, and the surf became more dangerous, it continued to confront him with graver insistance.

After the fight on June 24th, at Guasimas, the army was advanced along the single trail which leads from Siboney on the coast to Santiago. Two streams of excellent water run parallel with this trail for short distances, and some eight miles from the coast crossed it in two places. Our outposts were stationed at the first of these fords, the Cuban outposts a mile and a half farther on at the ford nearer Santiago, where the stream made a sharp turn at a place called El Poso. Another mile and a half of trail extended from El Poso to the trenches of San Juan. The reader should remember El Poso, as it marked an important starting-point against San Juan on the eventful first of July.

For six days the army was encamped on either side of the trail for three miles back from the outposts. The regimental camps touched each other, and all day long the pack-trains passed up and down between them, carrying the day's rations. The trail was a sunken wagon road, where it was possible, in a very few places, for two wagons to pass at one time, but the greater distances were so narrow that there was but just room for a wagon, or a loaded mule-train, to make its way. The banks of the trail were three or four feet high, and when it rained it was converted into a huge gutter, with sides of mud, and with a liquid mud a foot deep between them. The camps were pitched along the trail as near the parallel stream as possible, and in the occasional places where there was rich, high grass. At night the men slept in dog tents, open at the front and back, and during the day spent their time under the shade of trees along the trail, or on the banks of the stream. Sentries were placed at every few feet along these streams to guard them from any possible pollution. For six days the army rested in this way, for as an army moves and acts only on its belly, and as the belly of this army was three miles long, it could advance but slowly.

This week of rest, after the cramped life of the troop-ship, was not ungrateful, although the rations were scarce and there was no tobacco, which was as necessary to the health of the men as their food. Tobacco to many people is a luxury, to men who smoke it is a necessity. The men before Santiago, who were forced to go without their stimulant for four days, suffered just as greatly as a dipsomaniac who is cut off from alcohol. When I said this before, in a cable from Santiago, an army officer wrote to some paper and ridiculed the idea, and asked if we were to believe the American soldiers were hysterical, nervous girls. They are not that, of course, but these men before San Juan actually suffered as much for tobacco as they did for food. With a pipe the soldier can kill hunger, he can forget that he is wet and exhausted and sick with the heat, he can steady his nerves against the roof of bullets when they pass continually overhead, as they did on the 2d of July. After leaving Siboney, the regulars paid $2 for a plug of tobacco which usually costs them eight cents. Those who could not get tobacco at all smoked dried grass, roots, and dry manure. For several nights the nerves of some of them were so unstrung for the need of the

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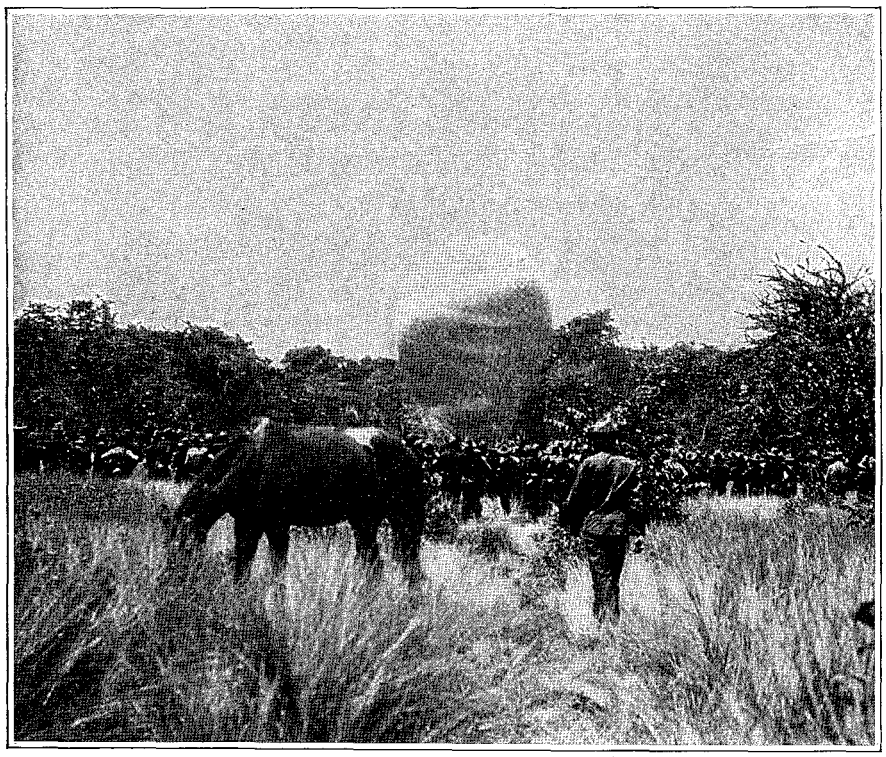

The War Balloon Making its First Ascension, on the Day before the Battle of San Juan.

stimulant that they could not sleep. That is a condition of nerves to be avoided if possible when men are going into a battle.

The transports carried all the tobacco needed, but in the mind of some commissary officers tobacco is in the class with canned peaches, jellies, and lime-juice, a sort of luxury to be issued after the bacon and coffee and hard-tack have been sent to the front. This should really be considered equally important with the coffee, which the soldier needs three times a day. His tobacco he must have every hour of the day.

But in spite of the lack of tobacco and food, the six days ashore were interesting and busy. The men scoured the woods and hills for mangoes and cocoanuts and loafed in the shade beside the beautiful streams, and their officers reconnoitered the hills above them. But I cannot find out that anyone reconnoitered the wooded basin which lies before San Juan. I know a man who says he knows another man who told him he did so, but of thorough reconnaissance there was absolutely none. The temper of the young officers was keen for just such adventure, any number of them were eager to scout, to make actual surveys of the trails leading to Santiago, to discover the best cover and the open places, where the fords crossed the streams, and the trails which flanked the Spanish trenches. But their services were not required. Major-General Chaffee seems to have been the only officer who acquainted himself with that mile and a half of unknown country into which, on the 1st of July, the men were driven as cattle are chased into the chutes of the Chicago cattle-pen. His rank permitted him to take such excursions on his own responsibility, but there were hundreds of other officers who would have been glad of a like opportunity, and there were, in the Rough Riders' Regiment alone, several hundred men who for years had been engaged in just that work, scouting and trailing. But the only reconnaissance the officers were permitted to make was to walk out a mile and a half beyond the outposts to the hill of El Poso, and to

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look across the basin that lay in the great valley which leads to Santiago. The left of the valley was the hills which hide the sea. The right of the valley was the hills in which nestle the village of El Caney. Below El Poso, in the basin, the dense green forest stretched a mile and a half to the hills of San Juan. These hills looked so quiet and sunny and well kept that they reminded one of a New England orchard. There was a blue bungalow on a hill to the right, a red bungalow higher up on the right, and in the centre the block-house of San Juan, which looked like a Chinese Pagoda. Three-quarters of a mile behind them, with a dip between, were the long white walls of the hospital and barracks of Santiago, wearing thirteen Red Cross flags, and, as was pointed out to the foreign attachés later, two six-inch guns a hundred yards in advance of the Red Cross flags.

It was so quiet, so fair, and so prosperous looking, that it breathed of peace. It seemed as though one might, without accident, walk in and take dinner at the Venus Restaurant, or loll on the benches in the Plaza, or rock in one of the great bent-wood chairs around the patio of the Don Carlos Club.

But, on the 27th of June, a long, yellow pit opened in the hillside of San Juan, and in it we could see straw sombreros rising and bobbing up and down, and under the shade of the block-house, blue-coated Spaniards strolling leisurely about or riding forth on little white ponies to scamper over the hills. Officers of every regiment, attachés of foreign countries, correspondents and staff officers, daily reported the fact that the rifle-pits were growing in length and in number, and that in plain sight from the hill of El Poso, the enemy was intrenching himself at San Juan, and at the little village of El Caney on the right, where he was marching through the streets. But no artillery was sent to El Poso hill to drop a shell among the busy men at work among the trenches, or to interrupt the street parades in El Caney. For four days before the American soldiers captured the same rifle-pits at El Caney and San Juan, with a loss of two thousand men, they watched these men diligently preparing for their coming, and wondered why there was no order to embarrass or to end these preparations.

It is not a difficult task to criticise the conduct of a campaign when it is finished, to show how Santiago should have been taken after it has been taken; but long before the army moved there were general officers who saw how the approach on the city should be made, and who did not wait until after the 1st of July to explain what should be avoided.

Five days before the battle of San Juan General Chaffee, in my hearing, explained the whole situation and told what should be done and foretold what eventually happened if certain things were left undone. It was impossible, he said, for the army, without great loss, to debouch from the two trails which left the woods and opened on the country before the San Juan hills. He suggested then that it would be well to cut trails parallel with the entire front of the wood and hidden by it, and with innumerable little trails leading into the open, so that the whole army could be marched out upon the hills at the same moment.

Mule Train Carrying Ammunition from Siboney to San Juan.

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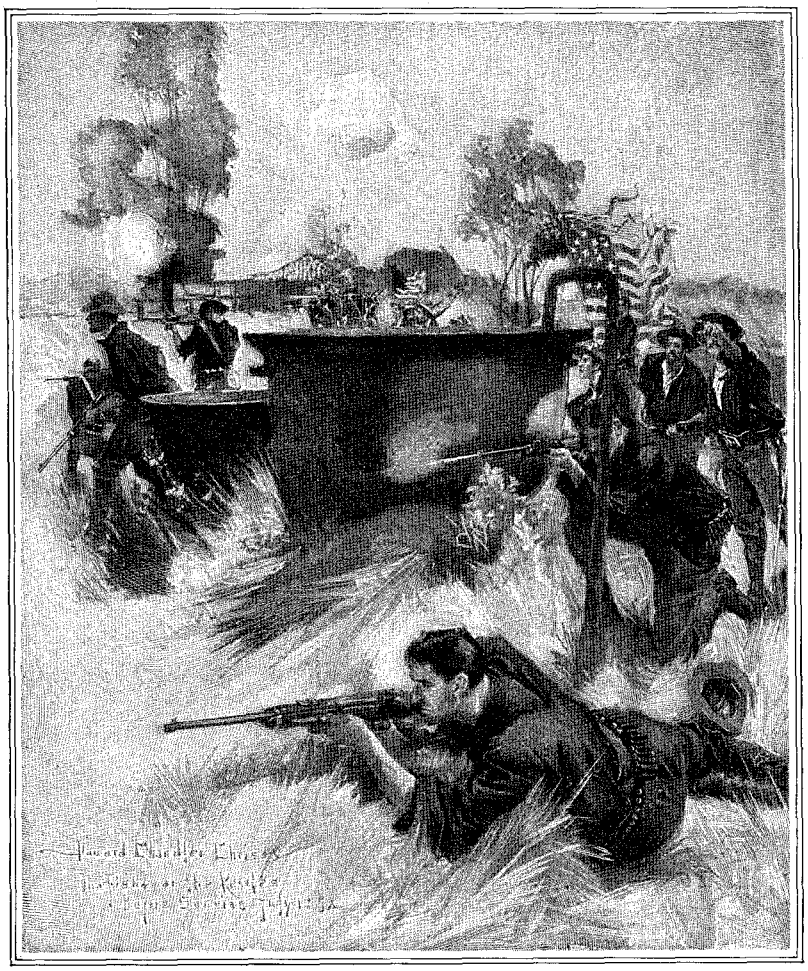

The Fight at the Kettles.

These kettles were on the crest of the first hill, up which General Wheeler's division charged. Captain Day, of the Rough Riders, was wounded here, and being unable to accompany his men, sat on the edge of the second kettle and watched the advance of the troops up the second hill.

"Of course, the enemy knows where those two trails leave the wood," he said; "they have their guns trained on the openings. If our men leave the cover and reach the plain from those trails alone they will be piled up so high that they will block the road." This is exactly what happened, except that instead of being led to the sacrifice through both trails the men were sent down only one of them, and the loss was even greater in consequence. This is recorded here because even if the general in command did not know what to do, it is satisfactory to remember that we had other commanders there who did, with less political influence, but with greater military intelligence. It is quite safe to say that there is not the least doubt in the minds of any of the officers of the Fifth Army Corps, that had the attack on Santiago been planned by Generals Chaffee, Kent, or Lawton it would have been conducted as admirably as was the Porto Rican campaign, under Generals Miles, Schwan, Henry, and Wilson, and with the loss of one-fourth the number of men who were sacrificed under the command of Shafter. General Shafter saw the field of battle only once before the fight took place. That was on June 29th, when he rode out to El Poso Hill and surveyed the plain below. He was about the last officer in his army corps to climb that hill and make this survey, and he did

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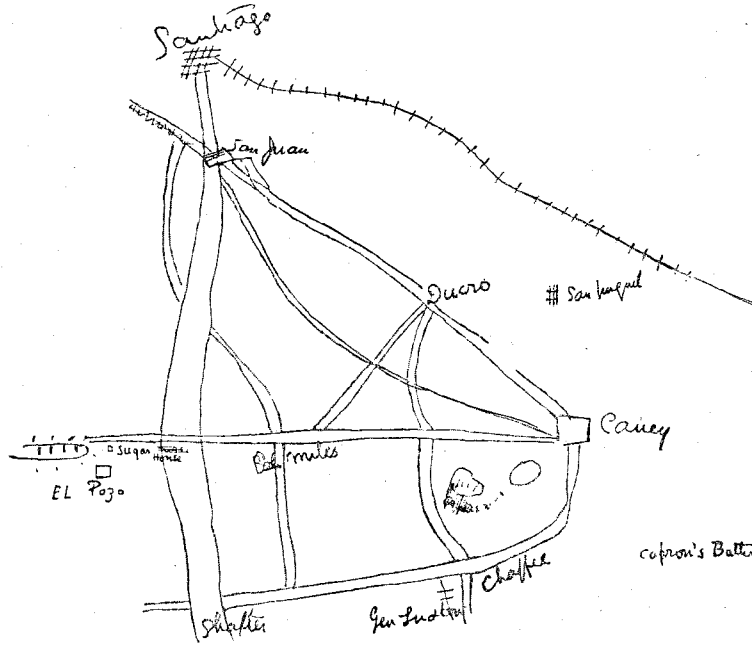

Map of the Country before San Juan.

This map is reproduced to show how inadequate was the information furnished the commanding generals, concerning the nature of the country before San Juan. It is a copy made by Mr. Davis of the only map issued to General Sumner, the night before the battle. His aides copied this copy and had no other information by which to direct and manœuvre all the regiments of the Cavalry division.

not again go even that far to the front until the night after the battle, and he did not see the trenches for days after the battle had taken place. His trip to El Poso, which was three miles distant from his headquarters, was apparently too much for his strength, and the heat during the ride prostrated him so greatly that he was forced to take to his cot, where he spent the greater part of his stay in Cuba before the surrender. On the day after the battle of San Juan he said, hopelessly, to a foreign attaché: "I am prostrate in body and mind." He could confess this to a stranger, and yet, so great was the obstinacy, so great the vanity and self-confidence of the man, that, although he held the lives and health of 13,000 soldiers in his care, he did not ask to be relieved of his command. Instead, he relieved General Wheeler of his command, and while General Wheeler was living in the captured trenches under a constant fire, Shafter himself remained three miles in the rear. I do not think his not coming to the front was due to personal timidity, although in their anger and exasperation at his absence his officers freely accused him of allowing his personal safety to stand in the way of his duty; in other words, they called him a coward, and so little regard had they for him that I have heard a colonel countermand his orders in the presence of other generals. His remaining in the rear was undoubtedly due to physical disability, and to the fact that he was ill and in pain.

There are some people who claim that the very fact of Shafter's retaining command when he was suffering showed his bull-dog pluck and courage, but I cannot accept that point of view. A man who could not survive a ride of three miles on horseback, when his men were tramping many miles on foot with packs and arms, and under a tropical sun; who was so occupied and concerned with a gouty foot that he could not consider a plan of battle, and who sent 7,000 men down a trail he had never seen, should resist the temptation to accept responsibilities his political friends thrust upon him, responsibilities he knows he cannot bear. This is the offence that I impute to Shafter, that while he was not even able to rise and look at the city he had been sent to capt-

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ure, he still clung to his authority. His self-confidence was untouched. His self-complacency was so great that in spite of blunder after blunder, folly upon folly, and mistake upon mistake, he still believed himself infallible, still bullied his inferior officers, and still cursed from his cot. He quarrelled with Admiral Sampson; he quarrelled with General Garcia; he refused to allow Colonel Greenleaf, Surgeon-in-Chief of the army, to destroy the pest-houses in Siboney; he disobeyed the two orders sent him by General Miles from Tampa and again from Washington, directing him not to allow our soldiers to occupy the Cuban houses; he insulted all of the foreign attachés collectively, and some individually, and he related stories in the presence of boy officers which would have been found offensive in the smoking-room of an ocean steamer.

The unthinking answer which is invariably made to every criticism on General Shafter is that, after all, he was justified in the end, for he did succeed, he was sent to Cuba to take Santiago and he took Santiago. He did not take Santiago. His troops, without the aid they should have received from him of proper reconnaissance and sufficient artillery, devotedly sacrificed themselves and took the hills above Santiago with their bare hands, and it was Admiral Cervera who, in withdrawing his guns which covered the city, made a present of it to the American army. It must not be forgotten that the departure of Cervera's fleet removed Santiago's chief defence, and the cause of Shafter's coming to Cuba as well. The American people cannot have forgotten Shafter's panic-stricken telegram of July 2d, when he said that our lines were so thin that he feared he might have to withdraw from the position his men had taken. It came like a slap in the face to everyone who believed Santiago was already ours. Nor can they have forgotten that on the very next day Cervera, having preferred to take a desperate chance to save his fleet, rather than remain on guard before the city, and having withdrawn, Shafter no longer cabled of retreat, but demanded surrender. The admirers of Shafter, if such there be, answer to this: "Yes, but Cervera would not have left the harbor if Shafter had not arrived and captured the hills above the city." The truth, however, is that it was not on account of Shafter, but in spite of Shafter, that the hills were taken. I now shall try to make clear how his plan of attacking the city not only failed, but, before it was abandoned, caused terrible and needless loss of life; how it finally was disregarded by the generals at the front, and how the battle was won without him, for he did not see the battle of San Juan, nor direct the battle of San Juan, nor was he consulted by those who did.

On the afternoon of June 30th, Captain Mills rode up to the tent of Colonel Wood, and told him that on account of illness, General Wheeler and General Young had been relieved of their commands, and that General Sumner would take charge of the Cavalry Division; that he, Colonel Wood, would take command of General Young's brigade, and Colonel Carroll, of General Sumner's brigade.

"You will break camp and move forward at four o'clock," he said. It was then three o'clock, and apparently the order to move forward at four had been given to each regiment at nearly the same time, for they all struck their tents and stepped down into the trail together. It was as though fifteen regiments were encamped along the sidewalks of Fifth Avenue and were all ordered at the same moment to move into it and march down town. If Fifth Avenue were ten feet wide, one can imagine the confusion.

General Chaffee was at General Lawton's headquarters, and they stood apart whispering together about the march they were to take to El Caney. Just over their heads the balloon was ascending for the first time and its great glistening bulk hung just above the tree-tops, and the men in the different regiments, picking their way along the trail, gazed up at it open-mouthed. The headquarters camp was crowded. After a week of inaction the army, at a moment's notice, was moving forward, and everyone had ridden in haste to learn why.

There were attachés, in strange uniforms, self-important Cuban generals, officers from the flag-ship New York, and an army of photographers. At the side of the camp, double lines of soldiers passed slowly along the two paths of the muddy road, while, between them, aides dashed

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up and down, splashing them with dirty water, and shouting, "You will come up at once, sir." "You will not attempt to enter the trail yet, sir." "General Sumner's compliments, and why are you not in your place?"

Twelve thousand men, with their eyes fixed on a balloon, and treading on each other's heels in three inches of mud, move slowly, and after three hours, it seemed as though every man in the United States was under arms and stumbling and slipping down that trail. The lines passed until the moon rose. They seemed endless, interminable; there were cavalry mounted and dismounted, artillery with cracking whips and cursing drivers, Rough Riders in brown, and regulars, both black and white, in blue. Midnight came, and they were still slipping forward.

General Sumner's headquarters tent was pitched to the right of El Poso hill. Below us lay the basin a mile and a half in length, and a mile and a half wide, from which a white mist was rising. Near us, drowned under the mist, seven thousand men were sleeping, and, farther to the right, General Chaffee's five thousand were lying under the bushes along the trails to El Caney, waiting to march on it and eat it up before breakfast.

The place hardly needs a map to explain it. The trails were like a pitchfork, with its prongs touching the hills of San Juan. The long handle of the pitchfork was the trail over which we had just come, the joining of the handle and the prongs were El Poso. El Caney lay half way along the right prong, the left one was the trail down which, in the morning, the troops were to be hurled upon San Juan. It was as yet an utterly undiscovered country. Three miles away, across the basin of mist, we could see the street-lamps of Santiago shining over the San Juan hills. Above us, the tropical moon hung white and clear in the dark purple sky, pierced with millions of white stars. As we turned in, there was just a little something in the air which made saying "good-night" a gentle farce, for no one went to sleep immediately but lay looking up at the stars, and after a long silence, and much restless turning on the blanket which we shared together, the second lieutenant said: "So, if anything happens to me, to-morrow, you'll see she gets them, won't you?" Before the moon rose again, every sixth man who had slept in the mist that night was either killed or wounded; but the second lieutenant was sitting on the edge of a Spanish rifle-pit, dirty, sweaty, and weak for food, but victorious, and the unknown she did not get them.

El Caney had not yet thrown off her blanket of mist before Capron's battery opened on it from a ridge two miles in the rear. The plan for the day was that El Caney should fall in an hour. The plan for the day is interesting chiefly because it is so different from what happened. According to the plan the army was to advance in two divisions, along the two trails. Incidentally, General Lawton's division was to pick up El Caney and when El Caney was eliminated, his division was to continue forward and join hands on the right with the divisions of General Sumner and General Kent. The army was then to rest for that night in the woods, half a mile from San Juan.

On the following morning it was to attack San Juan on the two flanks, under cover of artillery. The objection to this plan, which did not apparently suggest itself to General Shafter, was that an army of twelve thousand men, sleeping within five hundred yards of the enemy's rifle-pits might not unreasonably be expected to pass a bad night. We discovered the next day that not only the five hundred yards but the whole basin was covered by the fire from the rifle-pits. The army could not remain in the woods even by daylight when it was possible to seek some slight shelter, but according to the plan it was expected to bivouac for the night in these woods and in the morning to manœuvre and deploy and march through them out to the two flanks of San Juan. How the enemy was to be hypnotized while this was going forward it is difficult to explain.

According to this programme, Capron's battery opened on El Caney and Grimes's battery opened on the pagoda-like blockhouse of San Juan. The range from El Poso was exactly 2,400 yards, and the firing, as was discovered later, was not very effective. The battery used black powder, and, as a result, after each explosion the curtain of smoke hung over

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the gun for fully a minute before the gunners could see the San Juan trenches, which was chiefly important because for a full minute it gave a mark to the enemy. The hill on which the battery stood was like a sugar-loaf. Behind it was the farm-house of El Poso, the only building in sight within a radius of a mile, and in it were Cuban soldiers and other non-combatants. The Rough Riders had been ordered to halt in the yard of the farm-house and the artillery horses were drawn up in it, under the lee of the hill. The First and Tenth dismounted Cavalry were encamped a hundred yards from the battery along the ridge. Later I took pains to find out by whose order these troops were placed within such close proximity to a battery, and was informed, by the general in command of the division, that his men had been put in that exact spot by the order of the Commanding General. They might as sensibly have been ordered to paint the rings in a target while a company was firing at the bull's eye. For the first twenty shots the enemy made no reply, when they did it was impossible, owing to their using smokeless powder, to locate their guns. The third shell fell in among the Cubans in the block-house and among the Rough Riders and the men of the First and Tenth Cavalry, killing some and wounding many. These casualties were utterly unnecessary and were due to the stupidity of whoever placed the men within fifty yards of guns in action. Until after the trenches of San Juan were taken by the infantry the artillery's part in the attack on Santiago was of little value. The hills of San Juan and the fort at El Caney were finally taken by assault and with but little aid from the heavier arm. There were only sixteen three-inch guns with this expedition, which set forth with the known purpose of besieging a city. Military experts say that the sixty guns left behind in Tampa would have been few enough for the work they had to do. It was like going to a fire with a hook and ladder company and leaving the hose and the steam-engines in the engine-house. If the guns which were left at Tampa, and the siege-guns which were left on the transports at Baiquiri had first played on the San Juan hills, and put out the fire there, so many men of the hook and ladder contingent would not have been sacrificed.

A quarter of an hour after the firing began from El Poso one of General Shafter's aides directed General Sumner to advance with his division down the Santiago trail, and to halt at the edge of the woods.

"What am I to do then?" asked General Sumner.

"You are to await further orders," the aide answered.

As a matter of fact and history this was probably the last order General Sumner received from General Shafter, until the troops of his division had taken the San Juan hills, as it became impossible to get word to General Shafter, the trail leading to his headquarters tent, three miles in the rear, being blocked by the soldiers of the First and Tenth dismounted cavalry, and later, by Lawton's division. General Sumner led the Sixth, Third, and Ninth Cavalry, and the Rough Riders down the trail, with instructions for the First and Tenth to follow. The trail, virgin as yet from the foot of an American soldier, was as wide as its narrowest part, which was some ten feet across. At places it was as wide as Broadway, but only for such short distances that it was necessary for the men to advance in column, in double file. A maze of underbrush and trees on either side was all but impenetrable, and when the officers and men had once assembled into the basin, they could only guess as to what lay before them, or on either flank. At the end of a mile, the country became more open, and General Sumner saw the Spaniards entrenched a half mile away on the sloping hills. A stream, called the San Juan River, ran across the trail at this point, and another stream crossed it again two hundred yards farther on. The troops were halted at this first stream, some crossing it, and others deploying in single file to the right. Some were on the banks of the stream, others at the edge of the woods in the bushes. Others lay in the high grass which was so high that it stopped the wind, and so high that it almost choked and suffocated those who lay in it.

The enemy saw the advance and began firing with pitiless accuracy into the jammed and crowded trail, and along the whole

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border of the woods. There was not a single yard of ground for a mile to the rear, which was not inside the zone of fire. Our men were ordered not to return the fire but to lie still and wait for further orders. Some of them could see the rifle-pits of the enemy quite clearly and the men in them, but many saw nothing but the bushes under which they lay, and the high grass which seemed to burn when they pressed against it. It was during this period of waiting that the greater number of our men were killed. For one hour they lay on their rifles staring at the waving green stuff around them, while the bullets drove past incessantly, with savage insistence, cutting the grass again and again in hundreds of fresh places. Men in line sprang from the ground and sank back again with a groan, or rolled to one side clinging silently to an arm or shoulder. Behind the lines hospital stewards passed continually, drawing the wounded back to the streams, where they laid them in long rows, their feet touching the water's edge and their bodies supported by the muddy bank. Up and down the lines, and through the fords of the streams, mounted aides drove their horses at a gallop, as conspicuous a target as the steeple on a church, and one after another paid the price of his position and fell from his horse wounded or dead. Captain Mills fell as he was giving an order, shot through the forehead behind both eyes; Captain O'Neill of the Rough Riders, as he said, "There is no Spanish bullet made that can kill me." Steel, Swift, Henry, each of them was shot out of his saddle.

Hidden in the trees above the streams, and above the trail, sharpshooters and guerillas added a fresh terror to the wounded. There was no hiding from them. Their bullets came from every side. Their invisible smoke helped to keep their hiding-places secret, and in the incessant shriek of shrapnel and the spit of the Mausers, it was difficult to locate the reports of their rifles. They spared neither the wounded nor recognized the Red Cross, they killed the surgeons and the stewards carrying the litters, and killed the wounded men on the litters. A guerilla in a tree above us shot one of the Rough Riders in the breast, while I was helping him carry Captain Morton Henry to the dressing-station, the ball passing down through him, and a second shot from the same tree, barely missed Henry as he lay on the ground where we had dropped him. He was already twice wounded and so covered with blood that no one could have mistaken his condition. The surgeons at work along the stream dressed the wounds with one eye cast aloft at the trees. It was not the Mauser bullets they feared, though they passed continuously, but too high to do their patients further harm, but the bullets of the sharpshooters which struck fairly in among them, splashing in the water and scattering the pebbles. The sounds of the two bullets were as different as is the sharp pop of a soda-water bottle from the buzzing of an angry wasp.

For a time it seemed as though every second man was either killed or wounded, one came upon them lying behind the bush, under which they had crawled with some strange idea that it would protect them, or crouched under the bank of the stream, or lying on their stomachs and lapping up the water with the eagerness of thirsty dogs. As to their suffering, the wounded were magnificently silent, they neither complained nor groaned, nor cursed.

"I've got a punctured tire," was their grim answer to inquiries. White men and colored men, veterans and recruits and volunteers, each lay waiting for the battle to begin or to end so that he might be carried away to safety, for the wounded were in as great danger after they were hit as though they were in the firing line, but none questioned nor complained.

I came across Lieutenant Roberts, of the Tenth Cavalry, lying under the roots of a tree beside the stream with three of his colored troopers stretched around him. He was shot through the intestines, and each of the three men with him was shot in the arm or leg. They had been overlooked or forgotten, and we stumbled upon them only by the accident of losing our way. They had no knowledge as to how the battle was going or where their comrades were, or where the enemy was. At any moment, for all they knew, the Spaniards might break through the bushes about them. It was a most lonely picture, the young lieutenant, half naked, and wet with his own blood, sitting upright beside

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the empty stream, and his three followers crouching at his feet like three faithful watch-dogs, each wearing his red badge of courage, with his black skin tanned to a haggard gray, and with his eyes fixed patiently on the white lips of his officer. When the white soldiers with me offered to carry him back to the dressing-station, the negroes resented it stiffly. "If the Lieutenant had been able to move, we would have carried him away long ago," said the sergeant, quite overlooking the fact that his arm was shattered.

"Oh, don't bother the surgeons about me," Roberts added, cheerfully. "They must be very busy. We can wait."

As yet, with all these killed and wounded, we had accomplished nothing —except to obey orders, which was to await further orders. The observation balloon hastened the end. It came blundering down the trail, and stopped the advance of the First and Tenth Cavalry, and was sent up directly over the heads of our men to observe what should have been observed a week before by scouts and reconnoitring parties. A balloon, two miles to the rear, and high enough in the air to be out of range of the enemy's fire, may some day prove itself to be of use and value. But a balloon on the advance line, and only fifty feet above the tops of the trees, was merely an invitation to the enemy to kill everything beneath it. And the enemy responded to the invitation. A Spaniard might question if he could hit a man, or a number of men, hidden in the bushes, but had no doubt at all as to his ability to hit a mammoth glistening ball only six hundred yards distant, and so all the trenches fired at it at once, and the men of the First and Tenth, packed together directly behind it, received the full force of the bullets. The men lying directly below it received the shrapnel which was timed to hit it, and which at last, fortunately, did hit it. This was endured for an hour, an hour of such hell of fire and heat, that the heat in itself, had there been no bullets, would have been remembered for its cruelty. Men gasped on their backs, like fishes in the bottom of a boat, their heads burning inside and out, their limbs too heavy to move. They had been rushed here and rushed there wet with sweat and wet with fording the streams, under a sun that would have made moving a fan an effort, and they lay prostrate, gasping at the hot air, with faces aflame, and their tongues sticking out, and their eyes rolling. All through this the volleys from the rifle-pits sputtered and rattled, and the bullets sang continuously like the wind through the rigging in a gale, and shrapnel whined and broke, and still no order came from General Shafter.

Captain Howse, of General Sumner's staff, rode down the trail to learn what had delayed the First and Tenth, and was hailed by Colonel Derby, who was just descending from the shattered balloon.

"I saw men up there on those hills," Colonel Derby shouted; "they are firing at our troops." That was part of the information contributed by the balloon. Captain Howse's reply is lost to history.

General Kent's division, which was to have been held in reserve, according to the plan, had been rushed up in the rear of the First and Tenth, and the Tenth had deployed in skirmish order to the right. The trail was now completely blocked by Kent's Division. Lawton's Division, which was to have reinforced on the right, had not appeared, but incessant firing from the direction of El Caney showed that he and Chaffee were fighting mightily. The situation was desperate. Our troops could not retreat, as the trail for two miles behind them was wedged with men. They could not remain where they were for they were being shot to pieces. There was only one thing they could do—go forward and take the San Juan hills by assault. It was as desperate as the situation itself. To charge earthworks held by men with modern rifles, and using modern artillery, until after the earthworks have been shaken by artillery, and to attack them in advance and not in the flanks, are both impossible military propositions. But this campaign had not been conducted according to military rules, and a series of military blunders emanating from one source had brought seven thousand American soldiers into a chute of death, from which there was no escape except by taking the enemy who held it by the throat, and driving him out, and beating him down. So the generals of divisions and brigades stepped back and re-

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linquished their command to the regimental officers and the enlisted men.

"We can do nothing more," they virtually said. "There is the enemy."

Colonel Roosevelt, on horseback, broke from the woods behind the line of the Tenth, and finding its men lying in his way shouted: "If you don't wish to go forward, let my men pass, please." Captain Bigelow and the other junior officers of the Tenth, with their negroes, instantly sprang into line with the Rough Riders, and charged at the blue block-house on the right.

I speak of Roosevelt first because, with General Hawkins, who led Kent's Division, notably the Sixth and Sixteenth Regulars, he was without doubt the most conspicuous figure in the charge. General Hawkins, with hair as white as snow, and yet far in advance of men thirty years his junior, was so noble a sight that you felt inclined to pray for his safety; on the other hand, Roosevelt, mounted high on horseback, and charging the rifle-pits at a gallop and quite alone, made you feel that you would like to cheer. He wore on his sombrero a blue polka-dot handkerchief, *à la* Havelock, which, as he advanced, floated out straight behind his head, like a guidon. Afterward, the men of his regiment, who followed this flag, adopted a polka-dot handkerchief as the badge of the Rough Riders. These two officers were notably conspicuous in the charge, but no one can claim that any two men, or any one man, was more brave, or more daring, or showed greater courage in that slow stubborn advance than did any of the others. Someone asked one of the officers if he had any difficulty in making his men follow him. "No," he answered, "I had some difficulty in keeping up with them." As one of the Brigade Generals said: "San Juan was won by the regimental officers and men. We had as little to do as the referee at a prize fight who calls 'time.' We called 'time' and they did the fighting."

I have seen many illustrations and pictures of this charge on the San Juan hills, but none of them seem to show it just as I remember it. In the picture papers the men are running up hill swiftly and gallantly, in regular formation, rank after rank, with flags flying, their eyes aflame, and their hair streaming, their bayonets fixed, in long, brilliant lines, an invincible, overpowering weight of numbers. Instead of which I think the thing which impressed one the most, when our men started from cover, was that they were so few. It seemed as if someone had made an awful and terrible mistake. One's instinct was to call to them to come back. You felt that someone had blundered and that these few men were blindly following out some madman's mad order. It was not heroic then, it seemed merely terribly pathetic. The pity of it, the folly of such a sacrifice was what held you.

They had no glittering bayonets, they were not massed in regular array. There were a few men in advance, bunched together, and creeping up a steep, sunny hill, the tops of which roared and flashed with flame. The men held their guns pressed across their breasts and stepped heavily as they climbed. Behind these first few, spreading out like a fan, were single lines of men, slipping and scrambling in the smooth grass, moving forward with difficulty, as though they were wading waist high through water, moving slowly, carefully, with strenuous effort. It was much more wonderful than any swinging charge could have been. They walked to greet death at every step, many of them, as they advanced, sinking suddenly, or pitching forward and disappearing in the high grass, but the others waded on, stubbornly, forming a thin blue line that kept creeping higher and higher up the hill. It was as inevitable as the rising tide. When it had reached the halfway point, and we saw they would succeed, the sight gave us such a thrill as can never stir us again. It was a miracle of self-sacrifice, a triumph of bull-dog courage, which one watched breathless with wonder. The fire of the Spanish riflemen, who still stuck bravely to their posts, doubled and trebled in fierceness, the crests of the hills crackled and burst in amazed roars, and rippled with waves of tiny flame. But the blue line crept steadily up and on, and then, near the top, the broken fragments gathered together with a sudden burst of speed, the Spaniards appeared for a moment outlined against the sky and posed for instant flight, fired a last volley and fled before the swift-

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moving wave that leaped and sprang up after them.

The men of the Tenth and the Rough Riders, rushed the block-house together, the men of the Sixth, of the Third, of the Ninth Cavalry, of the Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry, fell on their faces along the crest of the hills beyond, and opened upon the vanishing enemy. They drove the yellow silk flags of the cavalry and the Stars and Stripes of their country into the soft earth of the trenches, and then sank down and looked back at the road they had climbed and swung their hats in the air. And from far overhead, from these few figures perched on the Spanish rifle-pits, with their flags planted among the empty cartridges of the enemy, and overlooking the walls of Santiago, came, faintly, the sound of a tired, broken cheer.

THE REGULARS AT EL CANEY

BY CAPTAIN ARTHUR H. LEE, R.A.

British Military Attaché

IN dealing with the events of July 1st, it is necessary to draw a clear distinction between the struggle for El Caney on the right and the fight at San Juan on the left. The former was premeditated, the latter was not.

In the original scheme of the Commanding General the programme for July 1st was substantially as follows:

General Lawton's division was to attack El Caney at daylight, and it was expected that the enemy would quickly abandon this post, which then menaced our right flank. Meanwhile, the remainder of the Fifth Corps was to advance along the main trail toward Santiago, pushing back the Spanish outposts and occupying the line of the San Juan River. There it was to deploy and await Lawton, who, having taken El Caney, was to wheel to his left and form up on the right of the main line. All these movements were to be completed by the evening of the 1st, and then the whole army would combine for the assault of San Juan on the 2d.

Such was the original proposition, but only the El Caney end of it was carried out. For various and imperative reasons, which I will not enter into here, the storming of the San Juan heights was effected prematurely by the men of Kent's and Wheeler's divisions. This spontaneous rush was the first battle of San Juan, which someone has happily described as "a grand popular movement" rather than a pre-arranged military plan.

The story of San Juan has been told and retold by many able writers, but El Caney has been somewhat neglected, and, as I was an eye-witness of the stubborn fight there, I venture to attempt a description of this one authorized item in the programme of the day.

. . . . . .

El Caney is a small, compact village about four miles to the northeast of Santiago, upon the main road to Guantanamo. At the southeast corner is a steep conical hill, one hundred feet high, crowned by an old-fashioned but strong stone fort, which forms a prominent feature in the landscape and commands the whole village and its approaches. On the day of the fight this fort was extensively loop-holed, and was further strengthened by a deep rifle-trench outside on the south and east sides. At intervals round the rest of the village were some half dozen smaller block-houses, connected by short lengths of trenches with wire entanglements in front. In addition the old stone church and nearly every house was loop-holed and prepared for defence. The Spaniards had long recognized the military importance of El Caney, and had arranged its defences with the greatest care and no mean skill. The garrison consisted of about 1,000 infantry, with no artillery or machine guns.

The strong post had been carefully reconnoitered by Brigadier-General Chaffee in person on June 28th and 29th, and he

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had submitted a plan of attack which was afterward carried out almost to the letter.

I feel it only just at this point to mention that however novel the absence of reconnaissance in other directions, nothing could have been more enterprising or systematic than General Chaffee's exploration of his own theatre of operations. I had the pleasure of accompanying him on more than one occasion, and derived much profit from a study of his methods.

Leaving his staff behind, he would push far to the front, and finally, dismounting, slip through the brush with the rapidity and noiselessness of an Indian. My efforts to follow him were like the progress of a band-wagon in comparison, but I gradually acquired a fairy-like tread and a stumbling facility in sign language, which enabled me to follow the general without too loudly advertising our presence to the Spaniards. On one occasion we approached so close to the Spanish pickets that we could hear the men talking over their suppers, and until I began to speculate on the probable efficacy of the British passport that was my sole defensive weapon. In this silent Indian fashion General Chaffee explored the entire district, and was the only man in the army to whom the network of bridle-paths round El Caney was in any sense familiar.

At 3 P.M. on June 30th his hungry patience was rewarded by the general order to advance, and a few minutes later his command, the Third Brigade of the Second Division, some 1,600 strong, had struck camp and slipped off quietly along the rough and narrow trail that had been selected and cleared out the day previous. With us marched Capron's four-gun battery, which halted near its chosen position on a knoll a mile and a half to the southeast of El Caney. The rest of Lawton's division followed at intervals during the night and at daybreak the following morning. Ludlow's Brigade took up its position close to Capron's battery, whilst Miles's brigade was concentrated at the Ducoureaud House on the main road between El Caney and Santiago.

Our chief fear throughout the march was that the Spaniards at El Caney would learn of our advance and evacuate the place before we could surround and capture them. In the light of future events this anxiety seems somewhat ludicrous, for the enemy had no idea whatever of retreating and was apparently quite as anxious for a fight as we were.

Nothing could have been more cautious than our advance, and the long column slunk silently through the jungle, the advance guard preceded by a small party of Cubans. Suddenly a single shot rang out with such startling clearness that the nerves leapt and every man's hand went instinctively to his weapon. General Chaffee gripped his cigar a little harder with his teeth, but not a word was said, and the column proceeded without ever learning whether the shot had been fired by a Cuban scout or an enterprising guerilla.

At sundown we halted behind a ridge, about a mile to the southeast of El Caney, and the men bivouacked in their tracks, preserving strict silence and lighting no fires. We often laughed afterward over the precautions of that night, realizing how far more comfortable we might have been if we had not underestimated the courage of the Spaniards.

Twice during the night the horses stampeded and dashed into our bivouac, but the troops stood this trying test well and not a shot was fired.

Shortly before daylight we resumed the march, and threading our way through narrow, slippery paths and over a succession of razor-backed ridges closed in upon the enemy. On gaining the reverse slope of the little grassy ridge that commands the village upon the north and east sides the brigade deployed, Twelfth Infantry on the left, Seventh on the right, with the Seventeenth held in reserve behind the Seventh. The Spaniards had no outposts and we were enabled to occupy this strong preliminary position without a shadow of resistance.

From the crest of the ridge we could look right down into the village, its thatched and tiled roofs half hidden by the large shade-trees that we afterward learned to dread as the lurking-places of sharpshooters. In the village itself profound quiet reigned, and there was no sign of life beyond a few thin wisps of smoke that curled from the cottage chimneys. Beyond lay the fertile valley with a few cattle grazing, and around us on three sides arose, tier

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upon tier, the beautiful Maestra Mountains, wearing delicate pearly tints in the first rays of the rising sun. To our left stretched the thick green jungle, with its rippling bamboo-groves and clumps of royal palm, with here and there a gorgeous scarlet "Flamboyant" to break the green monotony. The only landmark in all this wide expanse was the great red-roofed Ducoureaud House, a deserted country seat that lay midway between El Caney and Santiago. Three miles away in this direction loomed the long undulating ridge of San Juan, streaked with Spanish trenches, and behind it showed up clearly the faint pink buildings with twinkling windows and innumerable Red Cross flags that marked the city of Santiago.

The whole scene was pre-eminently one of peace, and it was almost impossible to realize that war was the business of the day.

Immediately in front of us, and at the left end of the village, was the abrupt cone-shaped hill, incredibly smooth and steep, and on its extreme tip the little mediæval fort perched itself like a hat.

Above the little bastion flapped lazily the red and yellow flag of Spain, and lounging outside the gateway was a group of soldiers in their light blue pajama uniforms and white straw slouch hats. If they were aware of our presence they seemed remarkably indifferent to it, though they watched with apparent interest the movements of Capron's battery, which now showed black in a small green clearing a mile or more to our left.

On the left of the artillery and on the south side of the village the remainder of Lawton's division was coming into line, Ludlow's Brigade in front, with Miles's in reserve to guard against any interference from Santiago.

At 6.35 the intense peacefulness of the scene was broken by a white puff from Capron's battery, and before the report reached our ears the Spaniards outside the fort had vanished with the rapidity of prairie dogs. Simultaneously appeared a fresh row of hats that sprouted from the ground like mushrooms and marked the position of the deep rifle-pits and trenches on the glacis of the fort and at various points round the village.

For the next quarter of an hour our battery kept up a leisurely fire upon the stone fort, eliciting no reply, and so little disturbing the white hats that someone suggested they were dummies. Our disbelief in the fighting qualities of the Spaniards died hard!

The plan of attack was, briefly, to surround the village with Chaffee's Brigade on the north and east sides, and Ludlow's Brigade on the south and west, and then to press home a convergent infantry attack. To insure the smooth success of such an operation, a previous and heavy bombardment is necessary, at the close of which the enemy should be too demoralized to effectively resist the assault. At El Caney, however, our total artillery force was but four guns, and these were quite unequal to the task of demoralizing the enemy, or, indeed, of effecting anything beyond the knocking to pieces of the stone fort and one of the southern block-houses. Consequently the infantry had to do all the fighting, and the brunt of it fell upon the men of Chaffee's Brigade. Their skirmish line pressed forward, and soon the sharp crackle of musketry was busy along both lines. The sense of hearing told one this, but to the eye there was nothing visible beyond the irregular black fringe of prone men on our side and the sprouting white hats on the other. The Spanish powder was absolutely smokeless and even with the strongest glasses it was impossible to detect the position of their sharpshooters. On the other hand the smoke from Capron's battery rose in dense white clouds that hung over the intervening ground like the haze from a prosperous brick-field.

Gradually the marksmen picked up the ranges and stray droves of Mauser bullets passed overhead with a peculiar and uncomforting sound like the crackling of dry pea-pods. Then the aim grew steadier and men ducked their heads at the sharp snicking overhead that sent the leaves fluttering down to their feet. Still there was nothing dreadful or alarming, and the only physical discomfort arose from the slanting sun on our backs and an unpleasant singing in the ears from the reports of our own rifles.

Then a whisper came my way that a man on our left was hit, and the news seemed so unexpected that I hurried off to see him lest he should prove the only

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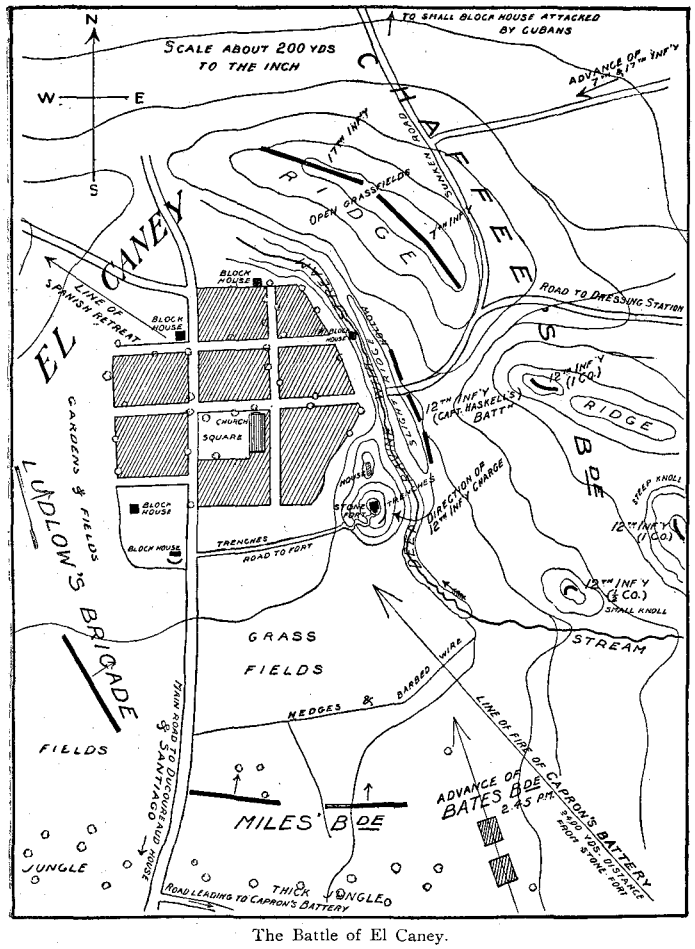
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ROAD TO DAIQUIRI

amples, but they came under my personal observation and give some idea of the severity of the fire.

Throughout the morning the fire of Capron's battery was kept up, but in such a deliberate fashion, five and ten minutes elapsing between successive rounds, that it was of little material assistance to the infantry attack. Meanwhile Ludlow's Brigade was closing in on the south and west sides of the village, and his two regular regiments (Eighth and Twenty-second Infantry) were hotly engaged with the enemy's riflemen in the block-houses and behind the loop-holed walls. The Second Massachusetts Volunteers, which formed the Third Regiment of this Brigade, were unfortunate early in the day. On entering the main road from Santiago to El Caney they were struck by some long-range volleys, and on attempting to reply the smoke from their Springfield single-loaders drew so much fire in their direction that they were halted where they stood and, after suffering considerable losses, were withdrawn from the fight.

About ten o'clock there was a slight lull in the battle, during which I witnessed a cool act of daring. Two men of the Twelfth Infantry crept forward alone, armed only with pliers, and skilfully taking advantage of the cover afforded by a few bushes and folds in the ground passed along the whole east front of the village, within two hundred yards of the enemy's trenches, cutting the barbed-wire fencing which would have impeded our assault. Both these gallant fellows returned in safety after completing their work with great deliberation and thoroughness.

On the northeast side of El Caney is a smooth grassy ridge that commands the edge of the village at a range not exceeding three hundred yards. Fifty yards behind the crest of this ridge is a slightly sunken road with hedges on both sides. This commanding point had necessarily to be seized, and it was here that the hottest fighting of the day occurred. The Seventeenth Infantry advanced up the road and commenced to deploy to the right through a gap in the hedge. No sooner, however, did they appear in the field beyond than the head of their column was struck by a heavy fire. Colonel Haskell, who was leading, was hit three times in a very few seconds, his quartermaster was killed by his side, and a number of the leading men were knocked over. This was evidently not a good line of advance, and the regiment was withdrawn into the hollow and extended farther to the right, where it did excellent service for the remainder of the day. The Seventh Infantry was less fortunate. It deployed behind the ridge and then advanced until the firing line was extended along the whole crest. Here it was exposed to a terrible cross fire from the village itself and from several of the block-houses. Hour after hour the men stood it without flinching, the fierce sun scorching their backs, and suffering heavy losses from an enemy who was practically invisible and to whom they could not reply effectively.

About noon I crossed over to their position and on nearing the sunken road noticed that it was full of men lying down. I asked an officer of the regiment who was coming down the road if those were his reserves I saw, and his reply was somewhat startling—"No, Sir, by God, they are casualties." And indeed they were. On reaching the spot I found over a hundred killed and wounded laid out in as many yards of road and so close were they that one could only pass by stepping over them. There was a strange silence among these men, not a whimper or a groan, but each lay quietly nursing his wound with closed eyes and set teeth, only flinching when the erratic sleet of bullets clipped the leaves off the hedge close above their heads. Many looked up curiously at my strange uniform as I passed and asked quickly and quietly, "Are you a doctor, sir?" I could but shake my head and they would instantly relapse into their strained intent attitudes, whilst I felt sick at heart at the thought of my incompetence. Some of the slightly wounded were tending those who were badly hit, and nothing could have surpassed the unskilled tenderness of these men. I was astonished, too, at their thoughtful consideration. "Keep well down, sir," several said as I stopped to speak to them. "Them Mausers is flying pretty low, and there's plenty of us here already."

The heat in the little road was intense.

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there was no shade nor a breath of air, and the wounded lay sweltering in the sun till the head reeled with the rank smell of sweat and saturated flannel. Right amongst the wounded lay, curled up, a Cuban, apparently asleep. Upon approaching him, however, it was only too apparent that he had been dead for several days, and on the tree overhead two sleek and gorged vultures looked down furtively at his ever-increasing companions. The stench was overpowering and a sudden lull in the battle brought into sickening prominence the angry buzzing of the disturbed flies and the creaking of the land-crabs which waited in the bushes.

But the worst feature of it all was the scarcity of doctors. Hour after hour these wounded men had lain in the scorching sun, unattended and often bleeding to death. Their comrades had in many cases applied the first-aid dressings in rough and unskilled fashion, but so far as one could see there had been no medical assistance. The nearest dressing station was three-quarters of a mile to the rear, and while the medical staff there was undoubtedly more than busy it was chiefly with such cases as were slightly enough wounded to walk down for aid.

One man I noticed lying very quiet in a great pool of blood. A comrade with a shattered leg was fanning him with a hat and keeping the flies off his face. I sat down beside them, and seeing the man was shot right through the stomach knew there was nothing I could do beyond giving him a little water. I asked him how he felt and he replied, with difficulty: "Oh! I am doing pretty well, sir." His companion then said, "Well, sir! if you can, you might send a doctor along to see this man. He was one of the first hit, about eight this morning, and no one has seen him yet." The wounded man here broke in "That's all right, Mick; I guess the doctors have more than they can do looking after them as are badly hurt, and they will be along soon." I looked at my watch and it was nearly one o'clock.

A mile to the north of El Caney, on the summit of the first foot-hill, stood a block-house of the smallest type, with a garrison of ten men at the most. The task of attacking this fortress was intrusted to several hundred of our Cuban allies, who advanced against it at the first peep of day. These men were infantry, excellently armed and equipped by the United States Government, but they apparently misunderstood the situation and adopted the more dignified, and possibly congenial rôle of field artillery. In pursuance of this idea they occupied an excellent artillery position about one mile to the east of the block-house, and clung to it with unparalleled tenacity throughout the day. Taking every advantage of cover, they subjected the distant stronghold to a ceaseless and withering fire from their newly acquired Springfields, to the great detriment, I fear, of their own shoulders, and to the vast indifference of the enemy. Possibly the block-house was struck—certainly none of its occupants were—and beyond the occasional and contemptuous reply of a single Mauser shot it is doubtful if the garrison fully realized that it was the object of attack. At about two in the afternoon a messenger arrived, breathless, to state that the Cuban forces had run out of ammunition, and needed a fresh supply at once. General Chaffee's reply was prompt, spicy, and vigorous, so much so, indeed, that the Cuban left even more hurriedly than he came, and we heard no more of our allies till the fight was safely over.

At exactly one o'clock a lucky shell from Capron's battery hit the flag-staff on the fort and hurled the flag half-way down the slope. This shot was vociferously cheered, and seemed to raise the spirits of the sorely harassed Seventh. Wishing to see how they were faring I crawled through the hedge into the field beyond, and incidentally into such a hot corner that I readily complied with General Chaffee's abrupt injunction, "Get down on your stomach, sir." Indeed I was distinctly grateful for his advice, but could not fail to notice that he was regardless of it himself. Wherever the fire was thickest he strolled about unconcernedly, a half-smoked cigar between his teeth, and an expression of exceeding grimness on his face. The situation was a trying one for the nerves of the oldest soldier, and some of the younger hands fell back from the firing-line and crept toward the road. In a moment the General pounced upon them, inquiring their destination in low,

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Generals Garcia, Lawton, Ludlow, and Chaffee inspecting our lines at El Caney.

unhoneyed accents, and then taking them persuasively by the elbow led them back to the extreme front, and having deposited them in the firing-line stood over them while he distributed a few last words of pungent and sulphurous advice. Throughout the day he set the most inspiring example to his men, and that he escaped unhurt was a miracle. One bullet clipped a breast-button off his coat, another passed under his shoulder-strap, but neither touched him, and there must be some truth in the old adage that fortune favors the brave.

The Seventh were suffering terribly at this point, but took their medicine with heroic stoicism. The fire of the invisible sharpshooters snipped the grass around them and threw the sand in their eyes. Motionless they lay, their rifles at the ready, while they watched, with keen intentness, for a sign of the hidden foe. Suddenly a man would raise on his elbow, take careful aim, fire, and then sink back on his face as the answering bunch of bullets kicked up the dust around him. Too often one of these would find its mark and man after man would jump convulsively, then limply collapse or painfully crawl from the firing line with that strained dazed look that inevitably marked the wounded.

Close in front of me a slight and boyish lieutenant compelled my attention by his persistent and reckless gallantry. Whenever a man was hit he would dart to his assistance regardless of the fire that this exposure inevitably drew. Suddenly he sprang to his feet gazing intently into the village, but what he saw we never knew, for he was instantly shot through the heart and fell over backward clutching at the air. I followed the men who carried him to the road and asked them his name. "Second Lieutenant Wansboro, sir, of the Seventh Infantry, and you will never see his better. He fought like a little tiger." A few convulsive gasps and the poor boy was dead, and as we laid him in a shady spot by the side of the road the sergeant reverently drew a handkerchief over his face and said, "Good-by, Lieutenant, you were a brave little officer, and you died like a true soldier." Who would wish a better end?

Often during the day the well-known expression "A shot fired in anger" recurred to my mind, and it seemed strangely inapposite. I saw many thousand shots fired during the campaign, but not one "in anger." Most men were anxious, many were excited, and not a few afraid, but however hard the fight or however great the losses they never seemed to be angry —that is with the enemy—even when their best friends were killed. Anger, in the popular sense, is one of the unrealities of war.

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At 1.30 our situation was extremely serious; we were holding our own and no more, and we were losing far more heavily than the enemy. At this moment an order came from General Shafter for Lawton's division to neglect El Caney and to move to the assistance of the main line which was hotly engaged at San Juan. To comply with this order at once would have entailed a demoralizing retreat in the very face of the enemy, and so the attack was pressed with redoubled vigor. General Chaffee was given discretion to assault when he saw a favorable opportunity, and meanwhile our artillery fire briskened and did its most effective work of the day. Shell after shell struck the stone fort, tearing great breaches in the walls, and two regiments of Colonel Miles's Brigade, the Fourth and Twenty-fifth Infantry, which had been summoned from the Ducoureaud House, were now ably seconding Ludlow's attack on the south side of the village.

The rattle of musketry was now fierce and continuous, and just as one felt the ammunition supply could hold out no longer General Chaffee gave the welcome order for the Twelfth to storm the fort. This gallant regiment had long been straining at the leash, and needed no second word. Pushing rapidly up the ravine that skirted the east side of the village they swung to the right, and with Captain Haskell's battalion leading dashed up the hill. Another moment and they swarmed over the wire fences and the trenches beyond like a hive of angry bees, and amidst the cheering of the rest of the line drove the enemy helter-skelter over the crest of the hill. The first man into the fort was James Creelman, the well-known correspondent, and Caspar Whitney, carrying his entire personal effects, was not far behind. Creelman showed great gallantry, summoning the Spaniards inside the fort to surrender, and being shot through the shoulder in a successful attempt to recover the Spanish flag that was lying on the glacis.

General Chaffee in the Field.

It was just three o'clock when the hill was taken and we who were up there behaved as if the fight was all over. The men ran about like schoolboys, cheering and waving their hats; the officers were shaking hands and congratulating each other; some of us who were hot and hungry were enjoying the mangoes left behind by the Spaniards, when it gradually dawned upon us that we were forming a target for somebody. The bullets were spatting against the walls of the fort, and several men were hit, before we grasped the simple fact that though we held the hill the enemy held the village, and that in our elevated and exposed position we formed an admirable target for fire from three directions. There was no cover possible, so our men simply lined up round the fort and, standing up, pumped their magazines into the offending block-houses. Meanwhile the remainder of the infantry pressed home their attack with such resistless vigor that the Spanish garrison became demoralized and commenced to stream out of the northwest end of the village. The need of a cavalry regiment to carry out the pursuit was now very apparent, but the Spaniards, as they retreated, suffered considerable loss from the cross fire of Ludlow's Brigade, and many men were shot down in the streets as they broke from the houses and ran.

The scene round the fort was now strangely dramatic. Fringing the hill-top on the right and firing into the village were the men of the Twelfth Infantry, mixed

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with the advance guard of Bates's Brigade, which had just arrived from San Juan. On the left, below the gate of the fort, a mob of excited Cubans, who now made their first appearance, were blazing away their ammunition with amazing rapidity at a solitary Spanish fugitive, emitting strange yappings the while. Needless to say the Spaniard escaped unhurt, and I felt inclined to congratulate him. In the centre, at the foot of the stone wall, sat a lonely group of eight or nine prisoners, guarded by four hot but happy privates. The Spaniards persisted in preparing for instant death, and would not be comforted either by encouraging smiles or the offer of water and hard-tack. One of them was a lieutenant of the Twenty-ninth Regiment, a handsome, well-dressed young fellow, who regarded the scene around him with an anxious and forlorn expression. He presumably felt that he was partly responsible for the situation, and wondered if it had made him unpopular. He bore himself with great dignity, however, until General Chaffee strode up and with a kindly smile gripped him by the hand. Then the Spaniard's sangfroid deserted him, and he became nervous and voluble. It was an interesting contrast of the two nationalities; the typical Indian fighter, stern, grizzled, and impassive, quietly regarding the slight and excitable Spaniard as he told his story with much shrugging of shoulders and constant references to the "Fortune of War." In the midst of it all an emaciated rooster appeared from its prison place and scurried to and fro, crowing lustily as our men pursued it amid loud cheers and laughter.

This was the lighter side of the picture. Inside the shattered fort the walls were splashed with blood and a dozen dead and wounded were laid out on the floor, or wedged under the débris. An attempt was made to bring out the wounded through the gate of the fort, but this was still exposed to a persistent fire from one of the southern block-houses. Consequently Creelman and others had to be hoisted up and hauled out through a breach in the wall, ten feet from the ground; a difficult and painful operation.

Men of the Twelfth Infantry on the Firing Line at El Caney.

The trench around the fort was a grewsome sight, floored with dead Spaniards in horribly contorted attitudes and with sightless, staring eyes. Others were littered about the slope, and these were mostly terribly mutilated by shell fire. Those killed in the trenches were all shot through the forehead, and their brains oozed out like white paint from a color-tube.

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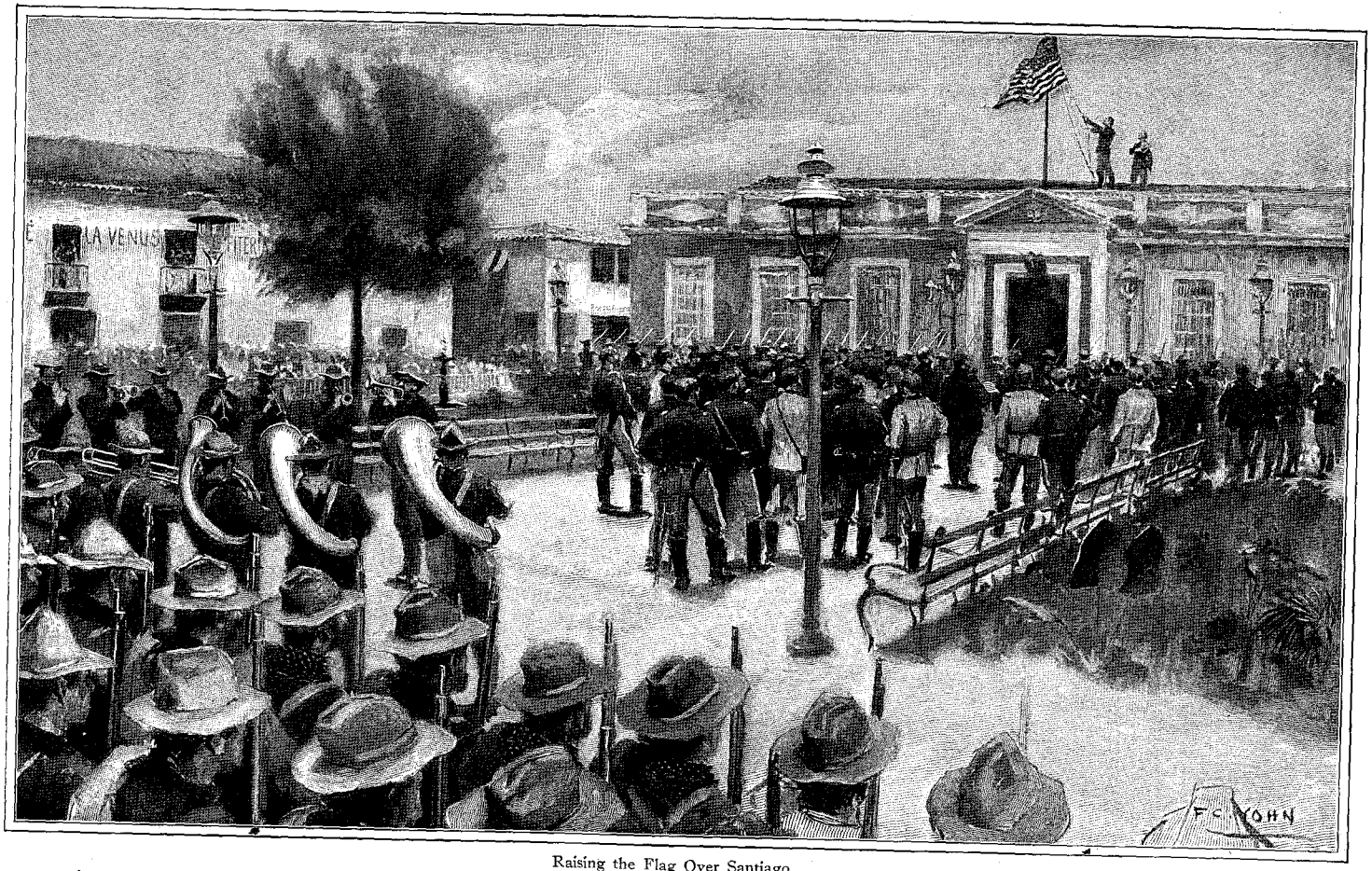

Raising the Flag Over Santiago.

Drawn by F. C. Yohn from photographs and sketches made during the ceremony by Mr. Archibald. Showing Captain McKittrick hauling up the flag, and the squadron of Second United States Cavalry and Ninth United States Infantry and the group of general officers and their staffs.—Page 416.

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In the height of the excitement Private Abel of the Twelfth Infantry scrambled up on the roof of the fort with the colors of his regiment and waved it amidst a wild burst of cheering and enthusiasm. His captain was admiringly drawing my attention to this act when a couple of bullets clipped the tin roof under the man's feet, and hastily furling the flag he fell flat upon his face. This unrehearsed effect raised such a chorus of chaff and good-natured laughter that the plucky fellow leaped to his feet again, threw Old Glory wide to the breeze, and waved it defiantly until ordered to come down and not expose himself further. May he long live to wear the medal of honor that will doubtless be his reward!

At a quarter to four the firing died away and our troops were in possession of the village that had so long defied their efforts. The fighting had been fierce and continuous for nine long hours, and our loss was nearly five hundred killed and wounded out of a total of some 3,500 troops actually engaged. This was a heavy price to pay for the possession of an outlying post, defended by an inferior force, but it only bore out the well-known military axiom that the attack on a fortified village cannot succeed, without great loss of life, unless the assailants are strong in artillery. The four American guns at El Caney were ridiculously inadequate for the purpose in hand, and that the attack succeeded was entirely due to the magnificent courage and endurance of the infantry officers and men. No praise could be too high for their soldierly devotion, but in commending them one must not forget the stubborn bravery of the Spanish defence.

The garrison at El Caney did not exceed 1,000 men, and though they had every advantage on their side of perfect cover and a knowledge of the ranges they fought like gallant soldiers and lost over half of their number in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Among the killed was their Commander, General Vara del Rey, with his brother and two of his sons. There was no more talk after that day of "The degeneracy of the Spaniards as a fighting race," and both sides had henceforth a well-grounded respect for each other's fighting qualities. This was as it should be.

I did not wait to see the occupation of the village and the bringing in of the Spanish prisoners, as it was now nearly four o'clock and the heavy firing in the direction of San Juan reminded me that the fight there was still in progress; and that I might yet see the last few hours of it. I therefore mounted once more and started across country, the cheering of the victors at El Caney sounding fainter and fainter behind me, while the growing storm of musketry ahead rose and fell in crackling gusts like the Chinese fire-cracker orgie at the height of their New Year feast.

THE DAY OF THE SURRENDER OF SANTIAGO

By James F. J. Archibald

EARLY on the morning of July 17th, mounted orderlies rode along the trenches encircling the fated city of Santiago de Cuba and sought the general officers of the line. "The commanding-general's compliments and the division and brigade commanders accompanied by their staff are to assemble at corps headquarters to witness the surrender of the Spanish forces."

That was all, and yet it told of the end of a campaign, the closing of a series of hardships such as men-at-arms are seldom required to endure.

A few days before General Miles and General Shafter had gone out between the lines and under the spreading branches of a magnificent tropical tree, that will stand a monument to the scene, had met General Toral, the Spanish leader, and had made the final agreement which would bind the surrender. Then General Miles and his staff left for Porto Rico in order not to rob his lieutenant of any of the glory

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of the day. This tree, under which the terms of surrender were signed, stands between the lines of the opposing forces about in the centre of the American line. It is scarred by many bullets from both sides, and was indeed a fitting canopy for the scene. This day's work was, of course, most important, but it was so quietly done and marked with so little ceremony, that except for a few close by the incident passed unnoticed, as these conferences had become of daily occurrence. Yet that was the end, the real close of that terrible struggle against a determined foe who was fighting a hopeless fight. With the news that the struggle was ended came a feeling of collapse. The men and officers alike began to feel weary. The excitement of a possible attack was gone. The order that announced the surrender to the men in the trenches closed by saying, "*There will be no cheering.*" Few felt like cheering, for they suddenly realized that they were tired—worn out by days of work and of fighting. The order prohibiting cheering was afterward explained by the fact that the negotiations for the surrender had not been completed, and our commander feared to excite the enemy.

Then passed two or three days of waiting and of conjectures as to what was to come. We had become used to truces, but during these there was the chance that at any moment they would end and the fighting commence again—but now it was all ended. The sick-reports of the regiments increased steadily from that day, and for the first time in the weeks of marching and fighting the rifles and the double row of cartridges in the belts became heavy.

When the order came for all generals with their staff-officers to assemble at corps headquarters, there was a subdued excitement that pervaded all headquarters. I was a guest of General McKibbin, who commanded the Second Brigade, Second Division, who had recently won his star by bravery in action, and I was invited to accompany his staff. We rode to division headquarters and joined General Lawton and proceeded to corps headquarters, where the generals from all along our ten miles or more of trenches were assembling. The commanding general's tent was on a small mound, and the open space around the little hill was crowded with staff officers and orderlies, who waited while their chiefs paid their respects to the corps commander.

While waiting, a correspondent came up accompanied by a couple of other writers and told of how they had just been refused, most emphatically, permission to enter the city or to see the surrender, except from the lines. I sought out General Shafter's chief aide, Lieutenant Miley, who did such heroic work during the battle of July 1st, 2d, and 3d, and asked permission and was refused in emphatic terms. Hardly had he done speaking when Captain McKittrick, of General Shafter's staff, came up and said, "The General asks me to invite you to accompany his staff to witness the surrender and the flag-raising in the city."

This permission to witness the events of that 17th of July was the greatest favor ever conferred upon me. To see the Stars and Stripes go slowly to the top of the mast on the palace was worth the hardships of the campaign many times over.

By the time all the general officers and their staffs had arrived there were about two hundred, and with their orderlies and a couple of troops of cavalry it made a goodly parade of brave men as they swung into the road toward Santiago.

General Shafter and "Fighting Joe" Wheeler led the way, and then came such a staff of general officers as are seldom gathered about a commander. Lawton and Kent, whose work in the days when death was on every hand will make a bright page in history. Ludlow, who left the engineer corps to make one of the bravest line officers our army has ever known, and who kept pushing the right of our line farther and farther around the city, building trenches and works for other brigades to occupy. Randolph, whose artillery brigade came to the front when roads had long since been pronounced impassable for guns. A host of other generals, whose deeds we have read and applauded. We turned from the road into an open field a few hundred yards beyond the tree where the preliminary meeting had taken place. As we rode toward the place of meeting, General Toral came forward with his staff. There was a striking contrast between the leaders of the two armies.

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General Shafter wore the same blue blouse that he had worn during the entire campaign. He was just the plain American soldier, but not so with the Spanish leader, for his uniform of blue linen was gorgeously decorated and resplendent with gold lace, and his breast was decked with medals of honor.

One might have thought it was a meeting of old friends and not the acknowledgment of defeat. Smiles everywhere and bright looks from the defeated Spaniards more marked than from our own officers. Intense interest and curiosity was shown on both sides, for this was the first time the opposing forces had been afforded a good look at each other.

Whatever mistakes or blunders may have been made during the campaign there were none on this day. General Shafter conducted the ceremonies with a grace worthy of an American leader.

General Toral rode forward and smilingly saluted General Shafter, who stretched forth his hand and heartily shook that of the Spanish general. He congratulated General Toral upon the bravery of his men and of their gallant defence of Santiago, and both expressed satisfaction that the campaign had closed. All this was communicated through an interpreter.

There was no giving up of General Toral's sword, as it had been previously arranged that the Spanish officers should retain their side-arms. A naval officer on foot stepped up to General Shafter and surrendered the one little gun-boat that had been left in the harbor when Cervera made his suicidal dash. The general thoughtfully apologized for not dismounting, saying that his size made remounting inconvenient. This little incident seems trivial when retold, but when one realizes how polite the Latin races are the courtesies shown them were timely indeed. Then followed a presentation of all the generals on both sides, after which the trumpets of a battalion of Spanish infantry struck up a lively march and the body of soldiers marched past the assembled officers with all their arms and equipments. They then halted a short distance away and deposited their arms and countermarched past the general without arms. This was the ceremony of the disarming of the Spanish forces, and later the entire army did the same thing, but time would not permit witnessing the entire force lay down their arms.

This formal surrender of the army took place about half-past nine, and immediately after General Shafter and General Wheeler turned and rode toward Santiago followed by the host of staff officers, the two troops of the Second United States Cavalry, and the Ninth United States Infantry. There was no advance guard, although the way into the city was lined with Spanish soldiers still armed, but confidence was placed in them and that confidence was not broken. Between the lines, and especially as we neared the city, the condition was terrible. All along the road were carcasses of horses, most of which still had the saddle, bridle, and in many cases saddle-bags full of effects, on the dead animals. This state of affairs showed the hasty retreat under a terrific fire the enemy experienced during the three day's battle. Shallow graves along the road had been scratched open by vultures and the odor was horrible in the extreme. The first barricade we encountered was the cleverly conceived barbed-wire entanglement that did not close the road but compelled one entering to zigzag, back and forth, so that entrance under fire would be next to impossible. Then came barricades of sand-filled barrels covering trenches. Side streets blocked with paving-stones, leaving loop-holes. The thick-walled houses were also loop-holed and would have made excellent fortifications. To have attempted to have taken the city by infantry assault would have meant the loss of thousands of our men.

As we rode through the streets toward the Plaza the way was lined by thousands of Spanish soldiers eager to see their conquerors, and to watch their expressions one might have thought we were coming as their guests. Many companies were drawn up and saluted or presented as we passed. Nearly all of the officers touched or lifted their caps, and their salutations were returned by many of our party. And why should they not feel that we were welcome? To them our coming meant food, it meant the end of three years' hard work and fighting in which they had no heart; it meant home. No wonder we were greeted as friends. When we rode into the Plaza up-

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on which the Governor's palace and the grand old cathedral faces, the same reception awaited us even from the Governor-General himself. The officers dismounted and went into the palace, while the Ninth Infantry cleared the centre of the Plaza and awaited orders.

General Leonardo Ross y Roderigues bade the generals and their staff welcome in a most cordial and effusive manner as we were ushered into the audience-hall of the palace. The generals were seated at one end of the hall, General Shafter and General Wheeler sitting beside the Governor-General, and they had not conferred long when His Eminence, the Archbishop Francisco Saenz de Uturi, attended by several of his order, arrived to perform his part of the surrender, for the Church is a wonderful power in Santiago. His robes of state of purple were rich, and he wore many decorations upon his breast. This was the same man who declared that with ten thousand men he would raise the Spanish standard over the capital at Washington. His interview with the American commander was of short duration and as he passed out of the palace and crossed the plaza to the cathedral a great deference was shown by the crowd to this Prince of the Church.

Shortly before twelve the officers came out of the Governor's palace and assembled in a group in the Plaza and awaited the event for which the great struggle had been made. In the centre of the square the cavalry band stood awaiting the approaching hour of noon. All eyes were fixed on the cathedral clock, and at five minutes before the sun was at its height the commanding officer of the Ninth Infantry gave the command "Attention;" it was echoed by the cavalry officer whose command was drawn up in the street facing the palace, and for full five minutes the troops stood without a movement. Captain McKittrick had meanwhile mounted to the roof and bent the flag to the halyards of the mast over the palace entrance. The space surrounding the square was packed with the Spanish officers and men and with the residents of Santiago. On one side of the Plaza the Spanish officers' club was crowded with members, café La Venus's windows and doors were packed, as in fact were all the buildings. The approach to the Cathedral opposite the Palace was a position of advantage well crowded. It was a respectful crowd, and one that assembled from mere curiosity. The Spanish officers showed plainly that their position was one that they keenly felt at heart.

The citizens of Santiago and the rank and file of the Spanish army gave evidence of real, unconcealed pleasure, and many raised their hats in salute to the flag.

Finally the five minutes of tense waiting was ended, and as the grand old cathedral chimes pealed forth the hour of noon, Captain McKittrick slowly hauled the flag to the masthead while the band played "The Star Spangled Banner," and the officers uncovered and the troops presented, and Santiago de Cuba became an American city. As the flag floated over the Palace the batteries in the trenches boomed the national salute, and band after band along the line took up the grand anthem. Then the men in the trenches yelled as only American soldiers can yell. It wasn't a a cheer, it was a good yell. All along that full ten miles of trenches the men gave vent to pent-up enthusiasm.

Not so in Santiago. We did not cheer. We did not feel like it, for victory has almost the sadness that I might imagine defeat would have, and when the band followed with "Stars and Stripes Forever," there was a feeling of sadness, for all about us were pinched, wan faces of the hungry citizens and the sorrowful faces of the defeated officers, who covered heavy hearts with gracious manner to their foe. There could not be too much said in praise of the manner in which the enemy's officers treated us on the very day when our flag replaced theirs, and no one would knowingly criticise the action of continuing the Spanish officials in power, or keeping the *guarda civile*, their famous regiment, on duty in the city. They were ready to do all in their power to make our day perfect, and yet I saw many a strong, brave Spaniard brush away a tear as their banner gave way to ours. The scene was intense in the extreme, yet no one felt like exulting. That evening at sunset I heard vespers chanted in the old Cathedral and heard an old priest pray for the success of the arms of Spain, but the sun set with the American flag floating over the city.

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A NEW YORK DAY BY C. D. GIBSON "EVENING"

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The Tenth Inning.

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The Cable Car

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Waiting for Tables at the Waldorf.

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In the Park.

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THE WORKERS—THE WEST

BY WALTER A. WYCKOFF

ILLUSTRATION BY W. R. LEIGH

VII—FROM CHICAGO TO DENVER

THE BARTON FARM, FARIBAULT COUNTY, MINNESOTA, July 6, 1892.

FOR a week past I have been Mr. Barton's hired man, but in the early morning I must take leave of the family and renew the long journey. More than once during the past year I have found it hard to say good-by to an employer, but that is altogether apart from the real sadness of the present farewell.

It might have been months ago, so strong has my attachment to Mr. Barton's family grown and so well do I feel that I know them, that Mr. Barton stopped me on the wayside as I was leaving Blue Earth City and offered me work on his farm. I hesitated, but finally agreed to accept his offer for a week. I am staggered now at realizing how near I came to missing an experience which will always be a cherished memory of my life.

With utmost hospitality I, a mere chance workman, picked up on the public highway, was taken in by the Bartons and made one of themselves; and during the days since I have shared their life of summer industry with hard work for all of us from five in the morning until nightfall, but healthful, worth-while work, and with it a home most daintily neat, and having an atmosphere of true refinement and of simple, genuine religion.

My pain at leaving is precisely that which one feels in the farewells which end the rare, half-born friendships of life. A voyage, perhaps, or a short sojourn in a foreign country proves the chance occasion of a meeting, and kindred hearts awaken to quick recognition of one another, and then their roads diverge and from the parting of the ways each bears a sorrow which is of the tragedy of existence. Who has not felt that sadness and seen its shadow fall over the face of nature and far over the coming days?

There is, in my mind, no smallest fear of fresh encounter with an untried world. I have long since lost all such feeling, and can set forth of a morning as light of heart, as free from anxious care as are the birds which share my early start, and with a sense of pure animal enjoyment which is, I sometimes dream, not far removed from their own.

And with small wonder can I be so careless, for ever since I left Chicago work has ceased to be a difficult thing to find and has grown to be an increasingly difficult matter to avoid. It has come to be a positive embarrassment, for every day I am stopped by the way and urged to go to work, and it is not easy to refuse men who are most evidently short-handed. I shall set out in the morning with six dollars—five earned from Mr. Barton and one remaining from my last employment—and I shall try to cover a wide strip of country before settling down to another job; but, upon the basis of my past experience, I am sure that on an average of at least once a day in the coming march some farmer will ask me to help him at his work. All through Illinois and from Minneapolis to this point, which is near the Iowa border, this has been my uniform experience.

It was late in the spring when I left Chicago. Almost continuous rains compelled me to defer my start from day to day until the month of May was far advanced, and then I stopped at Joliet and joined for a week a gang of laborers in the works of the Illinois Steel Company. So that it was the first of June before I found myself in the open country once more, after six months as a city workman. Even then the skies continued threatening, and frequent rains forced me from the soft loam of the country roads to a firmer footing on the line of the Rock Island Railway for most of the journey to the Mis-

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sissippi. I was relatively flush with wages earned at Joliet, and so was under no necessity to stop. But the chance of work never failed me, for not only in the rich farming region about Morris but also in the brick-kilns in the neighborhood of Ottawa and Utica I found abundant offers of a job.

From Davenport I went by rail to Minneapolis, for I had resolved to emerge for a week and attend the National Republican Convention in that city, and not days enough remained, when I reached the river, to admit of my walking there in time for the political gathering. But when the Convention closed I started again, penniless and afoot, on the long march which I have interrupted twice, once when working for a fine old Irish farmer near Belle Plain, and a second time when I accepted Mr. Barton's offer.

It is difficult to pass thus lightly over wide stretches of the journey. Under every casual sentence is a mine of what proved valuable experience to me: The days in the Steel Works, for example, as a member of a gang of foreign laborers and associated with an army of skilled and disciplined workmen, meeting some of them on familiar terms at the boarding-house and at the club, which is an interesting experiment on the part of the company. Then a tramp along the Illinois River through a rich country which teemed with vegetation in the luxuriance of the tropics; and a day's march on the railway with a veritable hobo who had lost his partner and cheerfully took up with me, and who proved to be a delightful fellow, by no means lost to manliness, from whom I parted most regretfully when a job was found for him in a brick-kiln near Ottawa. Then the Convention itself, with its vast array of party organization, and its highly dramatic incidents as affecting the careers of political leaders, and its strong undercurrents of personal and sectional ambition, and the interesting personages, and picturesque figures; all so intensely real and finely typical and keenly alive with national spirit, and splendidly representative of wide, heterogeneous empire bound together in marvellous union. And then a few days spent near Belle Plain, where, driven by the rain from the road, I found shelter in a farm-house shed and was eagerly seized upon by the farmer as a hired man, until one morning, when, as usual, I had risen at sunrise and had cleaned the stables and curried the horses and was milking the old white cow, the longing for the tramp laid sudden hold of me and soon after breakfast my eager feet were again on the main-travelled road. The storm had passed, the sun was shining from a cloudless sky, and a strong, cool wind was tossing the graceful branches of a cluster of American elms at the roadside as I left the farm, and was blowing through the dewy, dark recesses of a bit of fragrant woodland as I climbed the hill, giving the sense of infinite vitality; when I reached the summit there lay below me, embedded in deep green, one of the hundred exquisite lakes of southern Minnesota, with its rippling surface joyously dancing in the sunlight and adding a touch of magic beauty to the rich, undulating landscape of varying field and forest and deep meadow-land. All about me were the homes of original settlers, where yet live some of the very men and women who, only a generation ago, began to reclaim this paradise from a boundless waste of treeless prairie. Looking out upon it now from such a height, seeing its dense woodlands, the fields rank with standing grain, the farm-houses gleaming white in the sun, the blue sheets of living water, and the distant Minnesota threading its way by towns and villages along fertile banks, one could but dream of its future, when the crudeness will be gone, and close culture will have made it all a very garden of the Lord!

It was through such country as this that my way led me toward the Iowa border. I walked along the valley of the Minnesota by Le Sueur and St. Peter to Mankato, where I spent Sunday, and then, cutting over the ridge, I went by Lake Crystal to Garden City, and so through Vernon and Amboy to Winnebago and on to Blue Earth City.

Not often on the march am I offered a lift, but now and again I am picked up and hurried over some miles of the road, and it was one of the best of these windfalls that befell me on this particular journey. I had left Amboy only a few miles behind, and the long, dusty road stretched far to the south in the direction of Winne-

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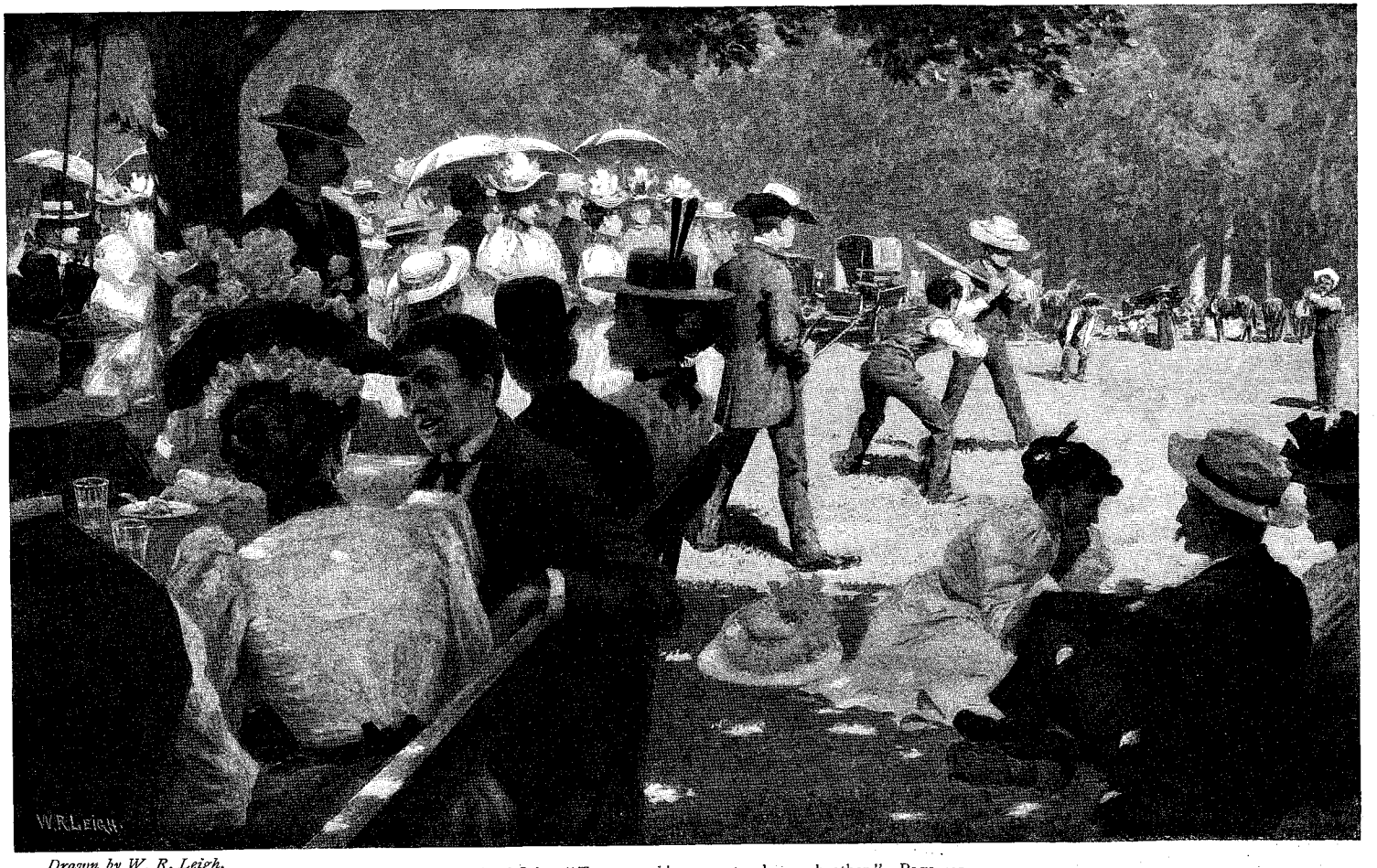

Drawn by W. R. Leigh.

The Fourth of July—"Two townships were to play each other."—Page 431.

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bago, where I meant to spend the night. The day was clear and gratefully warm; in the meadows had just begun the metallic music of the mowers, and on the air was the first fragrance of new-mown hay. Soon I caught the sound of the rapid drum of horses' hoofs behind me, and, turning, I saw a gentleman seated in a light open four-wheeler, driving a pair of Indian ponies at a spanking pace in my direction. He drew up beside me, and asked, pleasantly, whether I cared to ride. I lost no time in thanking him and in mounting to the seat at his side; in a moment more we were off at a ten-mile gait, and I was watching with delight the business-like movement of the ponies' pace, with their backs so straight and level that each might almost have held a coin without dropping it.

In the meantime Dr. Brooks (for so I shall call the gentleman, who was returning to Winnebago from a professional visit on the outskirts of his practice) was engaging me in conversation. We very naturally discussed the recent nominations and the issues of the coming general election, and then I had ample opportunity of learning much from him of actual local conditions.

He seemed to me to be singularly well informed. He had travelled widely over the West, and this particular region he had known familiarly since its early settlement. Every farm-house which we passed he pointed out to me, telling me the farmer's name meanwhile, and something of his history. There was a curious uniformity in the narrative. The life was rough enough in the beginning, no doubt, and of the essence of hard frontier struggle, but it sounded like a fairy tale as he told me of one man and another who had come out in the early days almost penniless from the East or the Middle West or, in some cases, from a foreign country, and had "squatted" on the soil; now these settlers had each a hundred and sixty acres under high cultivation and a good, substantial house and adequate barns and machinery and stock; they could secure money on easy terms at the local bank when they needed it, and the market value of their land had risen two hundred per cent. and even higher in the past twenty-five years.

I should have suspected a land-boomer in the doctor had there been anything aggressive or boastful in his manner, but he was speaking with the simple directness of one who knows and who needs no bluster to disguise ignorance or an ulterior motive.

I was deeply interested, and presently remarked that, coming as I did from the East, the demand for labor on the Western farms had been a surprise to me, and that I was sure that what he was telling me would sound strange to Eastern men, whose preconceptions of agrarian conditions at the West are formed largely from the representations of certain political parties which are recruited from the farming classes.

Dr. Brooks smiled indulgently, and kept his eyes straight ahead while he answered me.

"If you stay out here long enough," he said, "you'll find that there are two kinds of farmers in the West. There is one kind that know their business and that are farmers, and there's another kind that are a good deal more interested in politics than they are in farming. You can put it down as a pretty safe rule that the farmers who have the best knowledge of their business and who are the most industrious and frugal and economical are the least dissatisfied with their conditions and the least anxious to change them by political action; while the more inefficient and shiftless and thriftless a farmer is, the more likely he is to be a violent agitator for financial or political change.

"There seems to be a growing weakness among whole masses of our people," he went on, "which leads them to look to the Government for help instead of to themselves in their own industry and thrift. Not only the farmers are affected by it, for every demand upon the Government for special legislation in the interest of one class or another is evidence of this spirit. We need very much, as a people, to relearn the simple, common-sense maxims of Benjamin Franklin, and to practise them."

I told him something at this point of my past winter in Chicago—of an army of unemployed and of other armies of underpaid workers, and of hosts of sweat-shop victims who could scarcely be said to be lacking in industry and at least a measure of enforced economy.

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He listened patiently and with some curiosity, I thought, and when I had done he took up the subject quite eagerly.

"What you say is true enough," he answered. "We live in an age of high civilization, and civilization means city life, and that means great centres of population, and that gives rise to congested labor markets with all the want and misery which you describe. All this, as we have it now, in this country, is of comparatively recent growth, being complicated by the vast numbers of our ignorant immigrant population, and we have by no means adjusted ourselves to it yet. You tell me of an army of unemployed in Chicago, and I can tell you, in reply, of a chronic demand for help in this countryside, which I know well; a demand so great that within the limits of a few neighboring counties we could put fifty thousand men of the right kind to work."

"Yes," I said, "I have met with an amazing demand for workers ever since I left Chicago. But this is the busy season in the country; when the winter comes, would not the men who answered to the demand for agricultural laborers be forced out of employment again and back upon the chance livelihood of the towns?"

"Not unless they preferred it," he replied. "Of course the demand is exceptional at this season. How great it is you can infer when I tell you that, for the next five or six weeks, almost any sort of a man could get his board and a dollar a day, and men of fair skill and experience two and two dollars and a half a day, while the best men will command for certain kinds of work as high a wage as three dollars and a half a day besides their keep.

"But the point is that our farmers prefer to hire men by the month for the whole season. They want their help from the 1st of April until the end of November, and they are willing to pay an active, steady fellow twenty dollars a month and everything found, even to his washing. And the demand is so steady and the difficulty of getting good, industrious men so great, that multitudes of our farmers would be willing enough to keep the right sort of hands through the winter months and pay them something for the little that they could find for them to do, for the sake of having them through the spring and summer and autumn when men are hard to find."

. . . . . .

On the next day I reached Blue Earth City at noon, and spent a dime at a bakery for a midday meal, and then went bowling off toward the Iowa border at Elmore, which place I counted upon reaching by nightfall.

One dollar remained to me of my last store, and there is a marvellous fund of the feeling of independence in a dollar for one who is familiar with the sense of cowing, unmanning insecurity which comes of being penniless. Already I had stopped once in southern Minnesota, and so large a sum as a dollar would certainly see me well into Iowa, I was thinking, before I should be obliged to halt again to replenish my purse.

It was this view of the case which made me not very hospitable to the offer of a farmer who presently called to me with an inquiry as to whether I would work for him.

The incident was an every-day occurrence, and I felt at first only the usual embarrassment in my effort to evade the offer with some show of reason; but Mr. Barton, for it was he, asked me to at least give it a trial before deciding the matter, and, seeing in the suggestion an admirable opportunity for a short term of service, I replied that, if I concluded to stay at all, I could not consent to remain for longer than a week together, and must be held free to go at the end of the first week if I chose.

Mr. Barton agreed to this immediately, and invited me to a seat beside him on a load of wheat which he was taking to the mill. I said that I preferred to walk on to his farm, the direction of which he had pointed out to me and which was but a couple of miles down a side road.

At first every step which bore me away from the main-travelled road added to my uncertainty of mind. Was I acting wisely in stopping so soon again when I might easily push on for another fifty miles or more? Presently I came to a railway crossing, and sitting down to rest on the roadside, I thought the matter over, and decided finally to go on to the farm.

I had no difficulty in recognizing it from

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Mr. Barton's description. A row of poplars stood just within a trim picket-fence which enclosed the farm-house yard from the road. Opening the gate I walked up the foot-path which cut its way for a hundred yards through a well-kept lawn, shaded with fruit-trees, to the house standing on the crest of the ridge, surrounded by well-grown maples. It was the usual two-storied, white farm-house with green shutters, having a wing at the side with a porch in front of it overgrown with honeysuckle.

I had come armed with a message for Mrs. Barton from her husband; but for all that, an increasing feeling of embarrassment accompanied me up the walk, and when I knocked at the screen-door which opened upon the porch, I was sorely tempted for a moment to break and run. The inner door was open and through the screen I could see Mrs. Barton and one of her daughters, whom I shall call Miss Emily, ironing at opposite ends of a table, while another daughter, Miss Julia let us say, was sewing beside them. The faultless order and precision which had appeared in every external detail of the farm were in perfect keeping with what I could see of the interior of the home. It contained only the plainest furniture, but the room was redolent of a clean, cool, inviting comfort, perfectly suited to the needs of men who come in from long, hard work in the heat of the fields. The windows and outer doors were guarded by close-fitting screens; the inner wood-work was painted a light, delicate color, as fresh and clean as though newly applied; and the walls were covered with a simple, harmonious paper which matched well with the prevailing shade in the clean rag-carpet on the floor. A large rocker and a sofa, covered with Brussels carpet, were supplemented by a plentiful supply of plain chairs.

Miss Julia was the first to notice me; putting down her sewing, she stepped to the door and stood facing me from behind the screen.

"Is this Mr. Barton's house?" I asked.

"Yes," said his daughter.

"Well, he has sent me here with a message for Mrs. Barton," I went on; "and wishes me to say that he has hired me to work on the farm."

I was sadly ill at ease by this time, and very sorry that I had not accompanied Mr. Barton to the mill, and then to his home, and left to him all necessary explanations. But it was too late now for regrets, and Mrs. Barton, a sweet-faced, gentle little lady, had joined her daughter at the door.

"I did not know that father meant to hire any more men just now," she said, while a nervous alarm played in her timid eyes at sight of so rough an applicant for work.

I do all that I can to keep a respectable appearance, and never a day passes without the opportunity of a bath in a lake or a wayside stream, and sometimes I am so fortunate as to come upon two or three such chances for refreshment in a day's march. But a long course of wearing the same outer garments and sleeping in brick-kilns and hay-ricks must inevitably produce an effect in clothing which, accompanied by an unshaven face, gives rise to a somewhat scandalous figure.

I could only say, in reply to Mrs. Barton, that her husband's instructions to me were simply to deliver the message which I had brought, and then to await his coming at the farm.

She was by no means reassured, but her hospitality overcame her fear, and, unfastening the screen-door, she opened it with an invitation to me to come in.

The dust on my boots and the general condition of my dress became the instant source of poignant feeling as I stepped upon the speckless carpet and took a seat in a straight-backed wooden chair which shone as though the varnish were but newly dry.

The situation was unmistakably awkward, and, under the disturbing spell of it, I sat very straight in the chair with feet close together and my hands on my knees, anathematizing myself for stopping before there was any need for it and getting myself into a mess. Then I began to cast about for some excuse for going out-of-doors once more, so that I could cut and run for the road.

Out of purest kindness of heart Mrs. Barton was trying to set me at ease. There was some threat of rain, she remarked; and we had had a great deal of rain this spring, she added; and where had I met

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Mr. Barton? and when did he say that he would be home? she inquired.

My best efforts at responsiveness were dismal failures, and the gloom was growing denser when Miss Julia came to my rescue with a copy of *The Youth's Companion*, which she suggested that I might care to read while waiting.

Over and over again I read sections of continued "boys' stories" and a number of interesting anecdotes and tried to study out certain puzzles, but Mr. Barton did not come. Mrs. Barton and her daughters had immediately resumed their work and their conversation, and, with kind considerateness, had left me to the paper. The hot summer afternoon slowly dragged its length toward evening. Through breaks in rolling clouds, heavy with rain, the sun shone at intervals with piercing heat. A warm, damp, sun-lit air, laden with honeysuckle and the fragrance of strawberry-beds, came floating idly through the open doors and windows, bearing the droning hum of many bees, which was like a low accompaniment to the soft voices of the women. Moving up the lane with the stately, steady motion of an elephant, came presently a huge rick of hay, the horses almost concealed under the over-drooping load and two hired men seated comfortably on top.

Soon after this Mr. Barton arrived, and I went out to meet him in the yard and helped him unhitch the horses. Then he set me to ploughing potatoes in the garden with his youngest son, an intelligent, gentlemanlike lad of seventeen, who, as I discovered later, was preparing for college, for scarcely a day passed that his sister Julia, who teaches school in a neighboring town through the winters, did not find time to help him with his Algebra and Latin. When we were called to supper I found that my case was satisfactorily explained to the family, and that I could now read my title clear to a perfectly comfortable position among them.

Would that I could do justice to the exquisite charm which I began to feel at once in that simple, natural home-life! The men assembled at the call to supper from different quarters of the farm. There were five of us, Mr. Barton and his son Richard, and, besides me, two other hired men, Al, an inflexible Yankee transplanted from far down East, and Harry, a stalwart young Englishman of the grown-up "butcher's boy" variety, whose "h's" had grown to be a source of discomfort to him. We washed on the kitchen porch, and, contrary to the usual custom on the farms, we put on our coats before entering the dining-room, which is also the family sitting-room, where I had found Mrs. Barton and her daughters at work.

The table was spread with clean linen, and a napkin was at each place. Mr. Barton said grace in the midst of a reverent silence, which continued while we began upon a meal abundant enough for a hungry man and dainty enough for a lady.

After supper Harry and I went to fetch the cows, which had to be driven in from a pasture beyond a little river that flows through the farm. There were thirty-seven of them in all to be milked, but Miss Emily and Miss Julia lent a hand, so that it did not take long, and when the horses had been fed and their stalls made ready for the night, we men were free. In the dark, star-lit evening, which followed almost instantly upon the setting of the sun, we walked down to the river for the regular evening bath.

It is early yet for sight of the past week in true perspective, but even now its events take form in memory with a certain natural sequence. With only one exception, clear, radiant summer days have followed one another, days begun for us at five o'clock and spent in the hay-fields when the chores were done and breakfast over. Long days they were, full of hard work in the heat of the meadows, but there was the refreshing cool of the house at mid-day, and a dinner excellent in itself but to our whetted appetites a keen physical delight. And better even than dinner was supper at the end of the day's work in the fields, a delicious supper of cold meats and potatoes and home-made bread and milk and tea, and finally cake with strawberries from the garden. If anything could have been better than that it was when Richard and we three hired men took towels down to the river in the gloom of the early evening, and under the clear summer stars from the high embankment covered with soft turf, with the glitter of fire-flies all about us and the air full of the deep croaking of frogs and

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the sharp reiterations of the katydids, dove headlong into the dark, cool, flowing water. We swam about for a quarter of an hour and came out with scarcely a trace left in our muscles of the ache of the day's labor and then went to bed to eight hours of deepest sleep.

One was a rainy day when work in the fields was impossible, and we spent it in the barn running some of last year's wheat through the fanning mill and measuring and sacking it ready for shipment. Then Sunday came with its long, peaceful rest. Al and Harry secured each a buggy and were given the use of two of the farm horses, and, in their best Sunday black, they started after the chores were done to take their best girls to church and for a long drive in the afternoon.

The family attend church in Blue Earth City, but their rector has another parish and can preach here only on alternate Sundays. This was his Sunday in the other parish and there was a Sunday-school service here. The restful observance of the day seemed to me in most natural keeping with the deeply religious tone of the family life. Morning worship followed breakfast as usual; then came the preparation for church, and after the morning service and the mid-day meal, which was almost wholly prepared on Saturday, the afternoon was spent in reading. After a light supper in the evening Miss Julia played the harmonium in the parlor, and we all joined in singing hymns until bedtime.

If there is one scene more than another which I shall always remember as eminently characteristic of the household, it surely is that of morning prayers. No pressure of work, even at the very height of the haying season, is allowed to interfere with this act of worship. Immediately after breakfast the family group themselves about the dining-room, drawing off a little from the table, and Mr. Barton, taking down an old Bible from the mantel-shelf, seats himself in the rocker and begins to read the morning lesson. The passages have been from the prophecy of Ezekiel, and, stronger than any other association with that book, will hereafter be for me the sturdy figure of Mr. Barton in his working clothes, seated in a rocking-chair with his head bowed over a Bible as he reads, reverently, the oft-recurrent phrase:

> The Word of the Lord came again unto me saying, Son of Man, ——.

The prayer that followed has been always a simple, earnest appeal for help and guidance. It was as though our dependence upon God and His right to supreme devotion in every act of life was instinctively recognized, and that the worship was a natural expression of love to the Father of us all, thus renewing our wills and bringing us into captivity unto the obedience of Christ, and sending us forth to the duties of the day strong in the sense of the sacredness of work as service to the Lord, and of His presence with us as the source of all life and hope and strength.

Monday was the Fourth of July. Harry and Al were early off again with buggies and best girls, and Mr. Barton invited me to join the family in celebrating the day in town. We hitched a team to a four-seated market wagon, and Mr. Barton's son and his wife, who live on an adjoining farm, drove with us to Blue Earth City, where we were to attend the festivities and go for dinner to the home of a married daughter of Mr. Barton, whose husband is a merchant there.

All along the country roads converging toward the county-seat we saw lines of farmers' wagons driving to the common centre. There was great variety of equipage; some were very rude and plain, but others were exceedingly well appointed, and not a few of the low phaeton-buggy type rose to a degree of elegance.

Many of the nearer dwellers were walking in, and as we approached our destination the footpaths were crowded, chiefly with young men and boys, and the town itself, when we entered it, we found thronged with holiday-seekers, the women in light dresses and bright ribbons, the men in sober black, and all of them in their movements giving the sense of heavily conscientious merrymaking in spite of the glorious sunshine and the air that throbbed with the joy of a ripe summer's day.

When the horses were put up we fell in with the stream of people moving toward the main street, and there in the thick of

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the serious throng we stood on the curb watching a procession of local organizations file past, headed by a brass band from Winnebago, all gorgeous in new uniform and led by citizens on horseback as important and uncomfortable as the marshals in a St. Patrick's Day parade.

There was a common movement then of the crowd, through streets which cracked to the continuous discharge of explosives, toward a wood on the outskirts, where a rough booth had been erected and row on row of benches placed before it in the shade. We found seats near to the front, and presently there fell a hush upon the assembly which quieted the flutter of fans and the mingled interchange of neighborly conversation. A procession of little girls in white, with bright blue sashes, each wearing the name of a State or Territory in silver letters across the band of her sailor hat, which had long blue streamers behind, came filing in among the crowd, all intensely trim and self-conscious with their fingers protruding stiffly from white cotton mits. Following them were a minister and a schoolmaster and a small group of other prominent citizens, from among whom towered the tall, massive figure and the clean-cut, rugged, beardless face of an old ex-senator who was the orator of the day.

The little girls grouped themselves on benches which rose like steps from the ground to the level of the floor of the booth, and the citizens took seats assigned them on the platform. One of their number, the chairman of the occasion, introduced the minister, who led the company in prayer. Then the schoolmaster was presented as the reader of the Declaration of Independence. A few explanatory sentences in unconventional English served to bring vividly to the minds of the people the familiar circumstances of the signing of the Declaration, and then in sonorous, ringing voice he read, amid breathless stillness, the deep natural stillness of the woodland, the well-remembered phrases of that great document. There was no applause when he ceased, no outward demonstration of any kind, but through the great still company one could feel the strong movement of the sense of national life.

The ex-senator then rose to speak. He was himself a frontiersman, having known the Northwest from its early settlement and having represented it in Congress a generation ago, and he spoke to people whose history he knew and whose temper he thoroughly understood. It was inspiriting to catch the dominant note of what he said and to watch its effect upon his hearers. There was talk of national growth, but without boasting, and there was very serious reckoning of national problems, but without carping, and there was high appeal to national responsibility, but without canting, and when at the end, out of the wealth of his own personal association with the man, he spoke of Lincoln and enforced all that he had said with homely, cogent teachings drawn from the life and the words of the great apostle of the common people, the assembly was moved and stirred as no other appeal could have affected it.

After this the crowd scattered for dinner, most of the people re-entering the town, and the spirit of fun, no longer to be restrained by a conscientious sense of the seriousness of enjoyment, broke loose in a bit of genuine American horse-play, when a company of boys and young men, in most fantastic disguise, passed in grotesque procession through the streets, and for a few minutes the solemn crowds really lost self-consciousness in true *abandon* to the spontaneous sport.

The Barton family had soon gathered at the married daughter's home, and there with the greatest good cheer we had a picnic dinner of delightful cold meats, and the thinnest of bread and butter, and olives, and dainty home-made cakes, and the reddest of ripe cherries—all served to us as we sat just within the dining-room door or ranged in a semicircle about it in the shade on the lawn.

When it was over everyone was eager to start for the public green outside the town, where the afternoon's sports were to be held. It was not far, and we walked out, but almost a continuous stream of carriages was passing us in a common movement, and when we reached the bridge just outside the town the stream had narrowed to an unbroken line of vehicles moving slowly in single file. At the centre of the bridge which spans a narrow stream below the public green stood an interesting figure as we drew up. He was a tall, lean man of sixty, perhaps, but

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without a suggestion of old age in his lithe, sinewy frame; a Yankee by every gift of nature, with the sharply inquisitive face of a ferret and shrewd blue eyes with a gleam of humor in them and a little tuft of whiskers on his chin. Every vehicle, as it passed, underwent an interested scrutiny from him, and his whiskers worked comically up and down as he cordially greeted the occupants whom he knew. I was walking with Mr. Barton, and seeing us in the crowd on foot, he eagerly hailed Mr. Barton as a sympathetic old acquaintance.

"John," he said, "I was just thinking as I stood here how I was to the Fourth of July celebration in these parts thirty years ago to-day, in '62. And my gracious, it's hard to realize the change! Why, there warn't a team of horses in the hull county then, and everybody come on foot or else behind a yoke of oxen. But just look at that percession now! There ain't a ox-team in the hull outfit, and ther's some rigs here that's fine enough for the President to ride in."

The common presented a truly festive scene when we reached it. As large as a ten-acre lot, it was covered with a soft, rich turf and enclosed on three sides by beautiful woodland and on the fourth by the main-travelled road. Horses, tied in the shade along the outer rim of trees, were munching hay from piles which had been thrown down before them. Deserted vehicles, ranging from white-canopied prairie-schooners and rough market-carts to the smartest of new buggies, stood idly among the trees, and, with changing lights and shadows playing over them, were groups of picnickers seated on the mossy ground about white table-cloths which bore their viands, and some on rustic benches at rough tables hastily put up for the occasion.

But the dinner-hour was nearly over, and those who had picnicked in the woods were fast joining the crowds who poured in upon the common from the town. The peanut and popcorn and lemonade venders were out in force, and you could hear from many quarters the professional tones of fakirs who invited the crowds to throw rings at walking-sticks, or rubber balls at stuffed dolls for cigars, or to various tests of strength on a variety of ingenious machines. These had their votaries for a time, and there was much laughter and chaffing about the jousts, but the current of the crowd soon set overwhelmingly toward a quarter of the field where a base-ball game was being started. Two townships were to play each other. There was no organized nine in either, but a volunteer one was presently secured from both. Not without some difficulty, however. I saw one sturdy young farmer offer his services as pitcher, and his wife, who stood by with her baby in her arms, pleaded with him to desist.

"Charlie," she repeated with whining petulance, "you hadn't ought to; you *know* you hadn't ought to. Just think how stiff and sore you'll be to-morrow. You won't be fit for the haying." But the spirit of the sport was upon Charlie, and not only did he pitch for his township, but he took off his boots and played in stocking-feet to facilitate his base running.

Another young farmer, a gorgeous swell, with his best girl beside him in a phaeton-buggy, and with no end of a white waistcoat and a white cravat, and with a high, stiff collar chafing his well-burned neck, sat spectator to the scene for a time; then, unable to resist longer the demand for a catcher for his township nine, he asked the young woman to hold the horses, and, leaving his coat and waistcoat and high collar in her care, he caught a plucky game without a mask or a breast-pad and with only an indifferent glove, and he threw so well to second that the other side had to give up trying to steal that base.

It was a perfectly delightful game; not at all a duel of batteries, but like a contest between two newly organized rival freshman nines before any team-work has been developed, for both pitchers were hit freely, and there were plenty of the most engaging errors and the wildest of excited throwing, and at times a perfect merry-go-round of frantic base-running, during which it was difficult to keep track of the score.

We drove back to the farm in the cool of the evening in time for supper and the chores before nightfall, and at five o'clock on the next morning began again a day of work in the hay-fields.

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DENVER, COL., September 21, 1892.

It is a long cry from Mr. Barton's farm to this beautiful Western city, but the story of the journey can easily be shortened to a few pages, which will serve to picture its salient incidents. Even at this distance of time and space I cannot touch in passing upon my parting with the Barton family without feeling again the sense of home-sickness which accompanied me as, in the glory of an early July morning, I walked down the garden-path to the road, with her good-by and a gentle "God bless you!" from Mrs. Barton sounding in my ear, and a last repeated generous offer from Mr. Barton of a permanent home, if I would stay with them, almost following me to the gate. It was the best of the many chances which I have found open to men who are honestly in search of work and willing to work their way industriously and patiently to advancement. I have found many jobs thus far, and in scarcely one of them have I failed to see the means of winning promotion and improved position, while not a few have seemed to me to open a way to considerable business success to a man shrewd enough to seize it and persistent enough to develop it. Often, as I look back upon two thousand miles of country crossed—apart from the splendor of it—the almost overwhelming impression that it leaves of boundless empire wherein a growing, intelligent, industrious, God-fearing people are slowly working out great ends in industrial achievement and personal character and in national life, an impression which thrills one with a new-found knowledge and love of one's country, with her "glorious might of heaven-born freedom" and the resistless resurgence of her boundless energies, and, notwithstanding all waywardness, a deep-seated, unalterable consciousness of national responsibility to the most high God; apart from all this, the strongest sense which possesses one in any retrospect of a long, laborious expedition like mine, is that of a wide land, which teems with opportunities open to energy and patient toil. Local labor markets there are which are terribly crowded, as I found in Chicago to my cost. Awful suffering there is among workers who are in the clutch of illness, or, bound by ties which they cannot break, are unable to move to more favorable regions; pitiful degradation there is among many who lack imagination to see a way and the energy to pursue it, and who, without the congenital qualities which make for successful struggle, sink into the slough of purposeless idleness; deep depravity and unutterable misery there are in the great congested labor-centres, many of whose conditions are the price which we pay for our economic freedom. But the broad fact remains, that the sun never shone upon a race of civilized men whose responsibilities were greater and whose problems were more charged with the welfare of mankind, among whom energy and thrift and perseverance and ability were surer of their just rewards, and where there were so many and such various chances of successful and honorable career.

In leaving Mr. Barton's farm I found much the same external conditions as those with which I had grown familiar ever since I left Chicago. It was a rich agricultural region, and was inhabited throughout this section in curious, clearly defined communities. In one quarter was a German settlement, and in another a Norwegian, and a Swedish settlement in a third, while I heard of a French colony as a curiosity in another direction, and even an organization of Quakers. But there were native-born Americans in plenty, and chiefly of New England antecedents, as I found in my chance acquaintance with farmers by the way, and from observations of such a charming town as Algona, in northern Iowa, where I spent several days. On every hand it was borne in upon one, not merely from what appeared but from the invariable assurances of those who have lived long in the region, that among the foreign population no fact is more thoroughly established than that of its swift assimilation. So swift and sure a process is this said to be that the children born upon the soil, of immigrant parentage, seem to lose certain physical characteristics which would link them to an alien ancestry, and to take on others which approximate to recognized American types. Their children, in turn, are said to be natives of established character; but of them all none surpasses the first-comers, when once they are settled and grown familiar with our institutions, in a stanch, honest conserva-

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tism and in a loyal, patriotic devotion to their adopted country.

It was nearly the end of July when I reached Council Bluffs. I was well worn with walking, for the last two hundred miles I had covered in six days' march, and I was glad enough to stop for a time. But I did not wish to stop there, for my letters for several weeks past had been forwarded to Omaha, and were now awaiting me across the river. Unluckily for me, there was a five-cent toll for foot passengers on the bridge, and I had only one cent left.

It was the middle of an intensely hot afternoon. I was too tired to begin an immediate search for work, and so I took a seat on a bench in the shade of the public square, near to a fountain which played with a delicious sound of coolness under the trees. The park walks converged toward the fountain as a centre, and thither came the people who wished to rest in the shade or whose errands carried them through the public square. Presently a sharer of my bench got up and walked on, leaving behind him a copy of a local paper, which I eagerly seized upon and read and re-read until I became conscious of the dimming light of early evening. I was stiff and sore with the long, hot, dusty march, and uncomfortable at failing to get the letters upon which I had long counted, and I lacked utterly the energy to surmount even so slight a difficulty. But with the cool of the early evening came the natural hunger bred of a day's march, and the necessity of providing for that and a shelter for the night.

One of the streets of the city through which I had walked to the central square was named Fifth Avenue, and from one point on its pavement I could see through the open windows of a cheap hotel the tables in the dining-room spread for supper. There were screens at the windows and light cotton curtains, and the table-linen appeared clean and the shaded depth of the room looked to me, from the blistering pavement, like the subdued, fragrant coolness of real luxury.

I retraced my steps to the hotel and asked for work, but there was none for me. I found the way to the stables and applied there, but an old man with a long nose and a white, patriarchal beard told me that they were in no need of more men. This was very different from my experience in the country, where everyone was in need of men and one had not to ask for employment but was everywhere urged to accept it, and I began to wonder whether for the sake of work I should be forced out again to the farms.

Near this "Fifth Avenue" hotel I had noticed a livery-stable which fronted on one street and extended through to another bordering the public square. I went there next, and found its keeper seated comfortably in the wide, open doorway. Taciturn and non-committal at first, he confessed eventually to his needing a man in addition to the two already at work in the stable, and, after some questioning, he told me to come back at nine o'clock that evening and receive his decision.

I was supperless and without the means of securing anything to eat, and there remained an hour and a half before nine o'clock. In this predicament I had the good fortune to chance upon a delightful public library on the second floor of a building overlooking the square. It was like the library at Wilkesbarre in its charming accessibility; and, without a trace of the feeling of weariness or hunger left, I was reading ravenously, when, by some happy chance, I caught sight of a clock that was almost on the stroke of nine. With thanks, which were exceedingly short and abrupt, I returned the books to an attendant in the library and then bolted for Mr. Holden's livery-stable. He was standing in the door when I came up, and, without preliminary remarks,

"I will take you on," he said, and then he added, almost without a pause,

"I will give you twenty dollars a month and arrange for your board at the hotel (indicating the "Fifth Avenue" one), or thirty dollars a month and you manage for your own keep. You will sleep in the loft over the harness-room."

Without a moment's hesitation I accepted the first offer, and wishing us good-night Mr. Holden left the stable in charge of Ed, one of the other hired men, and me.

It was too late to get anything to eat at the hotel, and so I sat up with Ed and helped unhitch the horses and put up the traps as they came in. The last horse was

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housed by eleven o'clock. I then found that with the aid of the hose a capital bath was possible in the carriage-washing section of the stable, and then I went to bed on a cot in the well-ventilated loft, very content in the knowledge that I had found a good place and should have a breakfast in the morning.

Ed called me at five o'clock as he was going below, and when I followed him he assigned me the two rows of stalls next to his own, which contained twelve horses and which were to be my first care. All these stalls had to be cleaned and the horses fed before I was at liberty to go to breakfast, and it was with a royal appetite that about seven o'clock I applied at the hotel. It was a very decent hostelry, largely made use of by farmers apparently. I was at once accepted as an employé of Mr. Holden, and served to an excellent meal by a trim little waitress, at one of the very tables which I had looked in upon on the previous afternoon with such genuine longing, and with the feeling of its belonging to a degree of luxury far beyond my reach.

The twelve horses which had fallen to my share had all to be curried after breakfast and got ready for the day's orders. Calls for vehicles began to arrive in the middle of the morning, and they continued to come at intervals throughout the day, so that there was much hitching and unhitching to interfere with regular tasks.

Jake, the third hired man, was boss in the absence of the owner. He had long been in Mr. Holden's employ, and had a wife and several children in a home of his own somewhere in the outskirts of the city. All the feeding, and cleaning, and currying, and carriage-washing, fell to Ed and me, while Jake, in addition to a general superintendence, had as his special trust the care of all the harnesses. He took great pride in them, and certainly kept them in admirable condition. Ed was chief carriage-washer and next in command under Jake, while to me, when my regular work was done, fell the odd jobs of keeping the carriages oiled, and watering the horses at the proper hours, and lending a hand at the unloading of the hay and feed as they came in—of holding myself in readiness, in short, to do anything that anyone in the stable asked of me. A very good position it was, as I very soon found. I had no great difficulty in learning the various tasks, and in a stable which, even in the fierce heat of August, was always comfortable, and at forms of work which were always interesting, and with every cost of living provided for, I was clearing five dollars a week.

By no means were the demands of our work continuous. Nearly every afternoon we had an hour or two or even three together, when there was little to be done. I found a book-shop across the way from the stable, where second-hand books could be rented at the rate of six cents a week and the books exchanged as often as you pleased.

Then in the evenings, when we all had supped in turn, and the stalls had been made ready for the night, and the traps sent out in answer to the evening trade, Jake and Ed and I used to sit out in front, within easy hearing of the telephone-bell, with our chairs tilted against the stable wall and our feet caught by the heels on the chair rounds, and there we talked by the hour together, until Jake went home, and left Ed and me to care for the outstanding horses and traps, and lock up the stable for the night.

I was at a disadvantage in these conversations. Jake and Ed were Yankees, both of them shrewd, hard-headed, steady fellows. Jake was the father of a family, and Ed an unmarried man of three and thirty, who was working with all his might to pay off the mortgage on his father's farm back in Illinois. Both of them had had some district-school training, but nothing beyond, and while they had a perfectly intelligent knowledge of affairs which concerned them as men and as citizens, their farther intellectual horizon was limited.

One evening as we sat under the stars the talk turned upon astronomy, and Ed began to comment disparagingly upon the claims of astronomers of an ability to weigh the heavenly bodies, and to measure their distances from one another and from the earth. Jake heartily agreed with him, and insisted that not until a line could be carried from one to another, and each star weighed accurately in a scale, would he put any confidence in these pretended results. My attempt to point out that there were methods of determining weight and distance other than the very direct ones

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which they insisted upon, was very damaging to my reputation for intelligence, and was set down as of a piece with the general ignorance which I had shown in the work of a livery-stable. And when, later in the discussion, I stood out for the validity of the doctrine of the conservation of energy, against Ed's immediate demonstration of its falsity in the heaps of refuse which he pointed out were thrown every day from our stable alone, and which must to some degree effect a variation in the totality of matter—I found that my position in the crew was threatened with unpleasantness.

But in reality both Jake and Ed were exceedingly friendly to me. They were at pains from the first to teach me my work, and to give me a hint now and again, which counted for much in the matter of getting the job well in hand. Soon the days began to go by with astonishing rapidity. I had told Mr. Holden that I should not be with him very long, and at the end of two weeks I left the livery-stable with ten dollars and one cent in my pocket, minus the twelve cents which were due for book-hire, and which I felt had been well invested.

At Omaha I stopped for several days. Like Minneapolis and Denver, of the Western towns which I have seen, it is a splendid type of the American city of a generation's growth, where almost miraculous progress has been made in actual material development, and where the higher demands of civilization are responded to with an energy and enthusiasm which are inspiring, and which are prophetic of splendid results.

Then out I walked one perfect afternoon upon the level plains of Nebraska, with wild sunflowers in prolific bloom and square miles of Indian-corn fields standing lusty and stark to the very horizon with puffs of belated pollen powdering the warm red light, and the corn-silk turning black at the ends, and the long, drooping, cane-like blades beginning to show the ripe yellow of the autumn.

The mere writing down the bare fact of the journey stirs in one's blood again the joy of that free life. The boundlessness of the world and your boundless enjoyment of it, the multiplicity of abundant life and your blood-kinship with it all, some goal on the distant horizon and your "spirit leaping within you to be gone before you then!" There is scarcely a recollection of all the tramp through Illinois and Minnesota and Iowa and eastern Nebraska which is without the charm of a free, wandering life through a rich, beautiful country. What I saw of the wealth of a fertile region in central Illinois I found again enhanced in beauty and productiveness in southern Minnesota, and, varying in outward configuration but scarcely less attractive or fruitful, across the face of Iowa, losing only its variety as it modulates in Nebraska to the plains which slope upward gently for five hundred miles to the Rockies.

My mind throngs with the pictures of splendid cultivation, of leagues on leagues of farms which were had for the taking or were purchased from the Government at a dollar an acre, and where I saw countless comfortable homes and fields white to the harvest, with no demand so strong as the one for laborers.

It was not wealth in the sense of opulence, but it was the plenty which is beyond the fear of want that marked the character of that broad domain. The poor were there, and the suffering and the deeply discontented, and there were hard conditions of life and very sordid ones, but never the hopelessness which gives to town-bred destitution its quality of despair. In the gradual development of actual resources about you appeared to be the remedies of most of the obvious ills.

"This is a rich region," said a handsome young farmer who had offered me a lift one blistering hot day in Iowa—"this is a rich region, and it is more than rich, it is reliable. We never know a total failure of crops here; we can always make a living. This country for hundreds of miles around is a garden, and we live in the heart of it." And he was one of the discontented. I only regret that I have not space here for his interesting account of the tyranny of capital under which, from his point of view, the farmers live and work, and the imperative need of monetary reform as a means of bringing about their emancipation.

It was the thing which I had heard many times from many farmers at the West, only never presented with quite

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equal cogency before. The opposite views had been represented to me, and there was often a singular alternation of presentation within the course of a day or two, and I had come to recognize a comical uniformity between condition and views.

If I chanced upon a farmer who had no particular quarrel with the existing order of things, who was conservative and cautious and sceptical of the efficacy of change, I was quite sure to find that he was an admirable farmer, thrifty and energetic and industrious, with a thorough knowledge of his business down to a frugal care of minor details. But if, on the other hand, I fell in with a farmer who was clamorous for radical economic change, on the ground that he and his class were being ruined by the injustices of existing economic conditions, I soon began to feel a suspicion, which all my observation deepened into a conviction, that the man of this type was fundamentally a poor farmer; his buildings and fences were sure to be out of repair, and his stock showed signs of suffering for want of proper care, and the weeds grew thick in his corn, and his machines were left unhoused and suffered more from rust than ever they did from wear.

This would be absurd as a generalization with any claim to wide applicability, as would be any generalization based upon my casual experimenting; it was the comical uniformity of my experience in this case as in some others that impressed me.

The real difficulties of the situation for many of the Western farmers one could not fail to see. Apart from material misfortune and apart from sickness and ill-luck, there is the inexorableness of conditions which seem at times to hold them to a life of servitude with no escape from unprofitable drudgery, and from the carking care which burdens men who are hopelessly in the clutch of debt.

I grew impatient at times with the tone of Philistine patronage and superiority adopted by the sturdier farmers. Theirs was the harder work no doubt and theirs the shrewder carefulness and the more provident handling of their instruments, but even hard-won success is sometimes so strangely blind to the obligations which arise from the fact that subjective difficulties are as real and are often far more difficult of mastering than those which are objective. Often it appears at its worst as, with utter disregard of the duty of helpfulness, it chants its heartless creed in the terms of the fore-ordination which lightly dooms all the non-elect of high efficiency to the deep damnation of beggarly dependence or of endless failure in the struggle of life.

Two hundred miles west of Omaha the wages earned at the livery-stable in Council Bluffs were exhausted, and I was obliged to look for another job with which to replenish my store. I was following the line of the Union Pacific Railway, and, having spent my last cent one mid-day for a dinner, I went up to the first section-boss whom I met in the afternoon's walk and asked him for a job. He was a burly Irishman of massive figure. Without a moment's hesitation he told me that he was in no need of a man, but that Osborn, the boss of the next westward section, the thirty-second, with headquarters at Buda, he knew was looking for one.

About eight miles farther on I came upon Osborn and two men at work near the little station at Buda, a scant four miles east of Kearney, and it was as the Irishman had said, for instantly, upon my application, Osborn accepted me as a section-hand at wages of a dollar and a quarter a day for ten hours' work, and offered me board and lodgings at his home for three dollars a week, an arrangement with which I instantly closed.

For the remaining afternoon and until six o'clock I lay resting in the tall prairie grass in the shade of the railway station, and at seven o'clock on the next morning I began a term of three weeks' service as a section-hand under the orders of Osborn the boss, and with a strapping young Irishman, "Cuckoo" Sullivan by name, as my partner.

That was the last long stop before I reached Denver. And now, as I am about to leave this city for the remaining thousand miles of my journey, I look back over a summer and autumn spent in the country and in towns and villages of the thousand miles from the seaboard to Chicago, and then a winter and a spring within the limits of the foremost city of the Middle West, and then a summer in the vast farming region between Chicago

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and Minneapolis and Denver. A thousand miles remain, but with what eager anticipation do I look forward to them! I shall strike in among the mountains, and then leave to the natural development of events the determining of my westward journey. Whichever course it takes, my way must lie through the frontier, and by force of necessity I must come into contact with a life which is something other than the monotonous daily round of work. There will be mining regions with the chances of prospecting, and the ranches with the wide range of their free living, and Indian reservations to be crossed, and many lonely mountain-trails to be followed.

It was never without interest and charm, this summer's walk with its intervals of work, over a thousand miles of the mid-continent. It varied in beauty with every day's march, and even the dead level of the Nebraska prairies as the Indian corn-fields grew thinner and faded completely into boundless plains of sage-brush, where the alkali lay white on the glittering soil, and the bleaching skeletons of cattle joined their mute appeal to the cloudless sky for water to quench a burning thirst—even here was an attraction and an interest of its own.

Days ago I caught sight of the mountains rising from out the level plain, and, through the haze of distance and above the mists which shrouded their gaunt sides, I saw their "silent pinnacles of aged snow" appearing clear against the blue of high heaven. Now, as I have drawn nearer in this marvellous air, a hundred miles of the range stand out in glorious vividness of color and of every detail of configuration, and my heart leaps again to the joy of their companionship, and I realize with a tingling of blood that the best of the journey, in any sense of adventure, lies before me in the life which they hold upon their slopes and fertile valleys, and in the gloomy depths of their vast cañons.

(To be concluded in November.)

"WHO GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS"

By Grace Ellery Channing

THE written thought, the printed word
  Are ships that sail the sea;
And Time, the Ocean, gives account
  Of many an argosy.

Some safe with merchandise make port
  That lowly ventured thence,
Nor ever steered them by a thought
  Beyond safe opulence.

And some (the stateliest embassies
  That ever filled the eye!)
With song and band that left the land—
Veiled ones, who watch and understand,
  Tell where their fragments lie!

Some are the mighty liners;
  Where the long sea-surge rolls
Through storm and night, through sun and light

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They carry safe in all despite
  Their cabin-lists of souls.

And some wherever keel may grate
  Or prow may cut the foam,
Are pilots of the treacherous waves,
Through piled-up years, through years of graves,
  Bringing the millions home.

Some are fair pleasure-craft that bore
  White sails into the sun,
Catching the momentary light;
A day's gay dance—then the long night
  When the day's dance is done.

And some on deeds of mercy fare,
  And some on deeds of war,
With grim, great cannon set to kill,
Or kind gold grain to feed and fill
  Life that was Death's before.

But most (make light thy breath to these,
  O winds of destiny!)
Are fisher-boats that plough the seas—
Oh, not for happy isles of ease,
Nor gold fruit of Hesperides!—
But bread—bread from the hungry seas,
For children at their mothers' knees,
  And mothers yet to be!

But laughs that sea with tempest;
  Boats are its boisterous sport.
Ten million have set boldly forth
  And ten are come to port.

Oh, well the mariner may stand
  For a bold course and true;
A ship well manned, a voyage well planned,
  If he will sail it through.
And happy is that mariner
  And voyage, whate'er its start,
When the long *molo* is well past,
Who finds the anchor holding fast,
The light shine in the dark at last,
  And harbor in some heart.

Yet—for the voyage is glorious,
  The great sea wide and free—
Up coward anchor; set the sail;
Steer for the open; should Time fail,
  Remains Eternity!

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JOHNNY'S JOB

By Octave Thanet

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST

THE day was so warm that the men at the steel-works were all mopping their brows with the back of their hands. Nevertheless the furnaces were flaming and the great red and black iron sheds were penetrated with the incessant pounding roar of the rolls.

Johnny Burke, the new heater's-helper, cast a keen glance out of his long-lashed Irish gray eyes at Larsen, the heater. The tall Swede's face was flushed and strange of expression; he flung his tools noisily into the bosh. Both the drag-down and the charger glanced askance at him, exchanging opinions in pantomime; but Johnny did not speak to either of them, he walked over to the roller. That great man was tapping the rolls with his tongs, whistling softly.

"Say," said Johnny in his ear, "something's the matter with Larsen, he ain't been round to reverse the furnace for half an hour. I reversed it, myself, a little while ago, I didn't like to before; but the bridge was 'most awash—all melting!"

The roller nodded. "I told the rougher the next piece of hard iron he got from him to send it back; he would before only he's a friend of Knute's. Well, so'm I a friend of Knute's; but we can't have the turn spoiled with cracked iron."

"Looks like he had a jag on him," said Johnny, in a dispassionate way.

"That's it," the roller returned, gloomily, "he's had some sort of trouble with his wife. Jealous *I* guess; and he was drinking yesterday. Never knew him to drink before. But these sober fellers, when they get to drinking, go all to pieces. It's an awful pity. Knute's a pretty good feller. Say, do you think you can kinder watch the furnace? Go right ahead, he won't notice!"

"I guess so," said Johnny; but his heart swelled within him. "I had a heater's job last."

"How'd you lose it?"

"Strike. We lost it; and they didn't take on all the men. There was a lot of married men wanted to get back, bad; they didn't want to move. And I was single and foot-loose—so I skipped. Well, maybe"—flushing with his effort to be candid—"maybe they wouldn't have took me on if I'd asked. I didn't ask."

"I guess you're white," said the roller; "well, keep your eye on things!"

He gazed after Johnny's curly black head and handsome profile with a new interest, but far from suspecting that he had heard the disappointment of Johnny's life. To be sure Johnny had said nothing of the girl.

Johnny was a new man, taken on a week ago, on Leroy's recommendation. Leroy was an old friend of Knute Larsen's. Knute was popular in the works, not only in his own little realm, the eight-inch mill, where the heater has almost equal powers with the roller, but in the other mills and in the office. To the office there was one exception, the assistant superintendent. He was a young man who rated his own knowledge high. During the superintendent's absence he was in charge; and he had already had a dispute with Knute about the "scrap." The "scrap" was of his own adventurous buying; and, naturally, when the turns were disappointing he blamed the heaters, blamed the rollers and blamed Knute Larsen more than all.

Knute, however, only blamed the "scrap;" he did not pass his superior's bad temper on to Johnny; and Johnny was grateful.

He respected Larsen, not only because he was a remarkably good heater, who always sent out "nice soft iron," but because he was tall—Johnny himself being very short. Knute had soft blue eyes and a yellow beard. He was taciturn but cheerful in his silent way; and liked to listen to other men's jokes, smiling with his eyes. The last man, one would think, to jeopard his high wages by drinking. "A married man, too," thought Johnny, severely, "if I ever get married"—he flushed and his eye

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sparkled; and he stood for a moment absently gazing at nothing, while his whole life seemed to drift before him.

First he saw himself a little straightening boy, barely nine, dizzy with the glory of working in an iron-mill and having wages of his own to bring home to his mother every fortnight. His father was dead. He had three sisters, all younger than he; he was the man of the family, his mother always called him, "Mother's man." His poor mother! even after all those years the lump climbed into Johnny's throat as he remembered how the three little sisters had all died in one dreadful week of diphtheria, and how he stood alone by his mother, beside the last and smallest little grave. Somehow the shade of little Rosy "who was so cute" was most vivid to him of all; and his mother's grief for her baby was heartbreaking. "But I've got you, son," she sobbed, "mother's little man — O Johnny, be *careful!*"

I fear Johnny was hardly careful in the way that she meant; he had the name of being "the recklessest little devil in the works;" and his mother's hair would have turned gray could she have viewed him cheerily dodging the wriggling, glowing red serpents that dove at him from the finishing rolls. But he was careful of his mother; he learned to put a stout front on his hardships, to keep his kicks and cuffs to himself and hide his burns and get up in the black winter mornings without calling, although his muscles had not rested from last night's ache; and he would make faces for the pain, while he dressed. He thought of none of those things now; his lips were working and he brushed the wet out of his eyes because he remembered how happy his mother was when he was made strand boy, happier than she had been since the little girls died. She laughed, she laughed out loud! "Think of you only thirteen and earning most as much as your ma! Oh, if your pa could see you this day! If he could know how you've been mother's man"—and then she kissed him and sorely scared him by crying bitterly. Was it, as she said, for the joy and for remembering how proud his father had always been of his only son, or was it because she knew she had the sickness on her? "I'm glad I got the raise that week," muttered Johnny, his eyes dimming. Next week, he had no mother to be glad for him. He went to live with his aunt. She was sorry for the lad, who made no complaints and only cried at night for his mother, but she had married a widower with six small children, each one, she was accustomed to say, bad in a different way from the others, so she had scant leisure for "mothering" Johnny. At fifteen Johnny felt himself a man; and not a youngster in the works got so many cuffs and oaths from the roughers whose tongs he was using the minute their backs were turned. Plenty of kindness the roughers gave him, between deserved reproofs for meddling; and he picked up ambition and rude notions of honor and a reverence for the Amalgamated Association. The Lodge of the Association and the Lodge of the Knights of Pythias gave Johnny most of his education, both moral and intellectual. Never did either association or order have a catechumen who listened more eagerly to teachings of the fraternal duties of brothers in the lodge.

"It's the most wonderful thing in the world," mused Johnny often, during the first years of his membership. "Well, I guess there's one thing that beats 'em all," he thought to-day, "beats even the knights." And Johnny sighed. For that one thing was love. When Johnny was twenty-five, he fell in love. It was soon after he got his job as heater; and a light heart is easy to move. She was a clerk in a dry-goods shop; our English cousins would call it a haberdasher's. She boarded at Mrs. Heller's, only two blocks away from Johnny's aunt's house, a clean, quiet place, very respectable and not expensive. Johnny still boarded with his aunt. He could have found a pleasanter place for his money; and he didn't enjoy the nightly companionship of his youngest cousin, known in the family circle as "Kicker;" but no one else would sleep with the child, and his aunt needed the board money; hence Johnny stayed and paid it, scrupulously in advance. He furnished his bare little room, making it so comfortable that his aunt always gave it to her mother-in-law when she visited them, while Johnny camped elsewhere—with Kicker. The girl, Miss Dora Glenn (Johnny knew her name before he knew her), rode a bicycle. Johnny also rode a bicycle; and almost daily, returning from his work, he met Miss Glenn

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returning from hers. He admired her riding; then he admired her. One day, his heart curdled beholding a desperate "object-struck" beginner, a man of herculean frame, charge down on a baby-carriage, and Miss Glenn pedal swiftly in between the doomed infant and the human catapult. Johnny scorching down to her arrived in time to see the collision and hear the crash. She was not hurt—the man had toppled over at a touch; one can scarcely say that he lost his balance, he having so little balance to lose—but her wheel was broken. Johnny mended it; after he had given the unhappy beginner his opinion of a man that couldn't steer, coming out on the street. "You best *walk* home," says Johnny, sternly; "and be thankful you ain't a murderer; you ain't safe on a wheel!"

The giant limped meekly away, pushing his unharmed wheel; while Johnny addressed himself to repairs, assisted by Miss Glenn. She had taken off her gloves. Once her hand touched his. It was a very white hand and felt cool and lovely smooth; and somehow, although it was so different, Johnny's memory flashed back to the touch of his mother's hand on his cheek. "Ma'd like her," he thought. "Oh, I wish I could tell ma about her."

He noticed that she did not talk like the Pennsylvania girls; and long afterward, the rich, leisurely cadences of her voice lived on his ear. He always thought of her with a reflection of the tingling throb his heart gave him, as she flew past, straight into the path of that mountain of a man.

"Knew he'd bowl her over, but bound to save the baby!" thought Johnny, enthusiastically, "Oh, ain't she got sand! And she's a perfect lady, too."

After this incident, whenever they met she smiled and Johnny took off his cap. The second week he ventured to observe the road was bad for wheeling, or it was a warm day, merely in passing. He thought about her a great deal; and he thought more about his mother and his father than he had in a long time. He consulted a carpenter of his acquaintance in regard to the price of houses. At the lodge of the association, during the social half hour after the business session, he made one of the most vigorous speeches ever there made, on the subject of steel men wasting their wages in riotous good times. As Johnny, while never known to be visibly under the influence of that which biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder, had prided himself on the hardness of his head rather than on keeping out of temptation and, indeed, had been nicknamed "the tank" by less capable and envious drinkers, this austerity drew much talk. Johnny, himself, felt that he had burned his festive bridges behind him.

The following week he had two photographs taken (in his uniform as a Knight of Pythias, his hand on his sword-hilt). Saturday night he put the best two of the dozen in his pocket and after an hour of scrubbing and dressing, took his way to the Heller's.

It was a June night; and Miss Glenn might be sitting out on the piazza with the family. So in truth it fell out. Miss Glenn was rocking beside Mrs. Heller.

They both rose to greet him. He had never seen her except on her wheel or beside it. Her trailing, shimmering black skirt made her look very tall; and there was a dainty air about her pink shirt-waist and snowy lawn tie. "She's an elegant appearing lady!" thought Johnny, making his best bow to the accompaniment of Mrs. Heller's introduction.

"So you ain't married yet?" says Mrs. Heller, by way of setting every one at ease.

"No, ma'am; but I'm thinking of it," says Johnny, forcing his eyes up to Miss Glenn's face and turning scarlet. It seemed to him that he had almost made her an offer of his hand. He cleared his husky voice and plunged ahead. "I'm getting six and seven dollars a day; and I hope to make more when I get used to heating. I've got a hundred and twenty-two dollars in the bank. I don't think a man has got any right to marry unless he can give his wife a house of their own."

If his voice would not roll up like a ball in his throat he could say more, a great deal more; but how could he talk when he had to keep swallowing? He essayed a smile—at Mrs. Heller; and he felt the drops rolling down his neck and wilting his beautiful white collar.

"That's awful good wages," said Mrs. Heller, cordially.

"I should *say!*" Miss Glenn agreed. Again to-day he felt the glow of her bright dark eyes on him; and his heart bounded.

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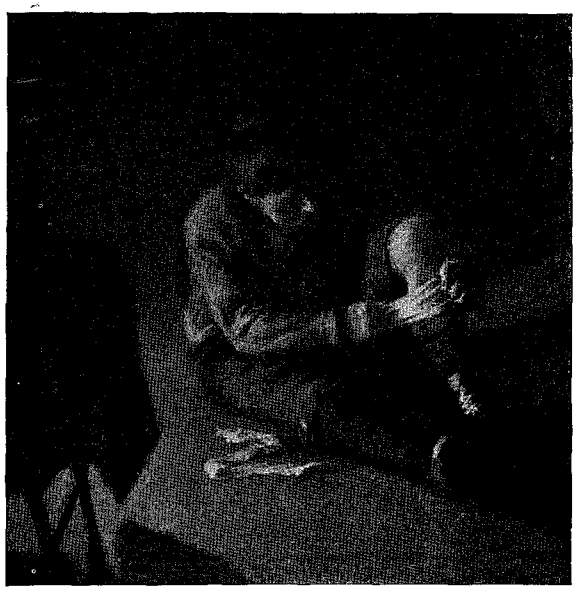

. . . learned to put a stout front on his hardships . . . and hide his burns.—Page 440.

"You must be high up, Johnny," said Mrs. Heller, "rougher or heater—you'd never get that much, finishing."

"Sure," said Johnny, modestly, "I'm heater for the twelve-inch——"

"My! but you're young to be a heater, Johnny! Wasn't you scared first day you went on? You know Heller was a heater, and he told me he was dreadful scared the first week lest he'd burn the breast out of the furnace or some sech awful thing."

"Well, I was too," admitted Johnny. "I guess I ain't all over being scared, yet; you see there are so many bad things you can do, to the furnace or the iron."

"That's so," the heater's widow assented, shaking her head; "you're jest like your pa, Johnny, so conscientious."

Johnny, in an access of gratitude, pulled out the photographs and asked her if she could give them house-room. He remembered with a thrill how Miss Glenn's graceful brown head looked, bent over the pictures. He remembered how he lost his constraint and waxed fluent explaining the objects of the Knights of Pythias. But he could not muster daring enough to ask her to accept one of the pictures. Instead, out of his grateful heart, he asked Mrs. Heller, her daughter, and her little son (too young to be left at home) and Miss Glenn to go driving Sunday afternoon; and he took them in a surrey with two handsome horses that the clerk of the livery-stable told him were never allowed to go without a stable-driver; but he said that for a dollar extra he, Johnny, being known to be a careful man, should be given the fiery steeds. Johnny did not find them fiery; but he had the pleasure of passing over the clerk's cautions to Mrs. Heller; and she sat on the back seat with her children, clasping them in her arms and calling "whoa!" loudly every time one of the horses lashed a fly; and Miss Dora was on the front seat with him; and the gates of paradise swung open.

But the days went by without his adventuring any further confusion. Twice he rode in the park with her, once on Saturday evening, once on Sunday afternoon. He told her of his parents, of his hopes, of his ambitions, he told her of everything but his love; and that was so timid, so worshipful that he could not bring himself to speech. She told him that she was an orphan with one sister who was married and always begging her to try for employment in the town where she lived. "Sometimes I think I will," she said. "I was born West and I love it there, I get homesick for the Mississippi River. I hate the big cities—like this. I love a town where there are trees on the streets and all the folks have yards to their houses. And I *love* to see the river."

"Yes, a river's a great thing," said Johnny; "I don't know when I learned to swim, I was so little. Once we lived right on the river and my mother was so 'fraid I'd get drownded. But she wasn't after she saw me swim."

"Mrs. Heller says you saved a little boy from drowning, once."

"'Shaw, that was nothing, the kid fell in the cistern and all I had to do was to tread water." Johnny was tempted to tell of the man that he had saved in the river; but he thought that would look like bragging and held his peace.

She was riding, slowly, her eyes on the grass plots that swam before them as they

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passed. Her brown hair took sunnier glints in the twilight glow, the delicate oval of her cheek was flushed. She was pretty, as thousands of American girls are pretty, but in that light, with the gentle thought in her eyes, she looked an angel to her lover. He caught his breath. "If I get married, my wife shall live where she pleases if I can only get good work," said he, frowning and grasping the handle-bar with a grip of steel.

He did not see her face or he would have seen that she grew red; but she laughed and exclaimed, "Oh, what a beautiful road to scorch!"

Johnny could not understand whether she wanted to put him off; but he was too shy to persist. He bent over his handle-bar.

The next day the long threatening strike began. Johnny had no job; no right, he thought, to speak. "I'll wait until we win and I'm back," he said. And they did not win. That was a hard month to Johnny, a hard decision to make, to relinquish his fair hopes and go on the road for a job. But, swearing at his luck, Johnny chose a heavy heart instead of a loaded conscience; and went dismally to Mrs. Heller to tell them that he must go. "My sakes alive!" cried Mrs. Heller, waving her pudgy hands in the air, "didn't you know it? Miss Glenn's *gone*. Her sister's been writing and writing; and she decided yesterday she'd go. She left her good-by for you; and hoped if you was ever in Fairport, Ia., you'd come to see her."

Johnny's cheeks were a kind of blue white. His teeth came together with a click. His nostrils widened. Mrs. Heller turned away from his miserable eyes.

"I—I give her one of your photographs afore she went, Johnny," said she; "you don't mind."

Johnny laughed. "I guess I don't. I guess you're an awful good friend of mine. Good-by, Mrs. Heller, a friend of mine knows a Mr. Leroy in Fairport. He's president of the Labor Council; and I'll get a letter to him. There's a new steel works in Fairport or just 'cross the river. I'm going to try for a job, there. What—what's Miss Dora's address?"

But Miss Dora had left no address. "Maybe's a little town; and I don't need it," said Johnny, stoutly. He took the night train for the West, leaving consolation gifts for his weeping aunt and the cousins, and carrying away a very scanty remainder of his savings. "Oh, I'll get along," he said to the boys at the train; and he would not borrow and went away smiling; and nobody saw the puckered face bent over the back of the car-seat as the flaming chimneys fell behind. "Think

Johnny mended it.—Page 441.

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"Miss Glenn's *gone*."—Page 443.

of them boys, who are all stone-broke and just got their jobs back, wanting to lend *me* money," he gurgled to the roar of the train, "I'll never find no such friends anywhere else!"

He was desperately lonely the first week in Fairport. He would have been more lonely but for Harry Leroy, who asked him once to supper at his own house and gave him a good word with Knute Larsen and the superintendent of the Edgewater Steel Works, and lent him papers to read.

He walked the streets and rode on the street-railways and bought papers of pins or thread or needles or a cake of soap in every dry-goods shop in the city of Fairport; but not once did he see the face that haunted his heart.

Not once until this morning; and because of this morning, because of an eye-blink of a face at a car-window whirling by—just as he turned to go his way to the works—he stood now viewing the panorama of his life, and sure that for this all had been worth the living.

He roused himself to attend to the drafts of the furnace. Knute was lurching about in a heavy-gaited way smiling feebly did anyone speak to him; and making futile attempts to focus his glassy eyeballs on the speaker.

"You go to the window and get a breath of air," said Johnny. "I'll talk to the boss."

"Where's Larsen?" said the assistant superintendent.

"He's 'most sick to-day; it's so hot."

"It's infernal weather," grumbled the young man; but he looked after Knute's swaying back in a way that Johnny did not like.

A few minutes later Johnny, having gone to the window himself for a gasp of relief from the dead heat of the mill, heard the assistant and the time-keeper talking. They were in the roadway below and did not see him.

"I guess there is," the time-keeper was saying in answer to some question. "I noticed he was wrong when I was in there, taking time; he couldn't hardly answer me; but it may be the heat."

"Doesn't look like it," said the assistant, "if he is drunk, he'll go, that's all. It's too cursed risky! Johnny Burke used to be a heater and he can take the place. I'm not going to have a mess at the eight-inch to report to the old man, to-morrow." They passed on; and Johnny went back

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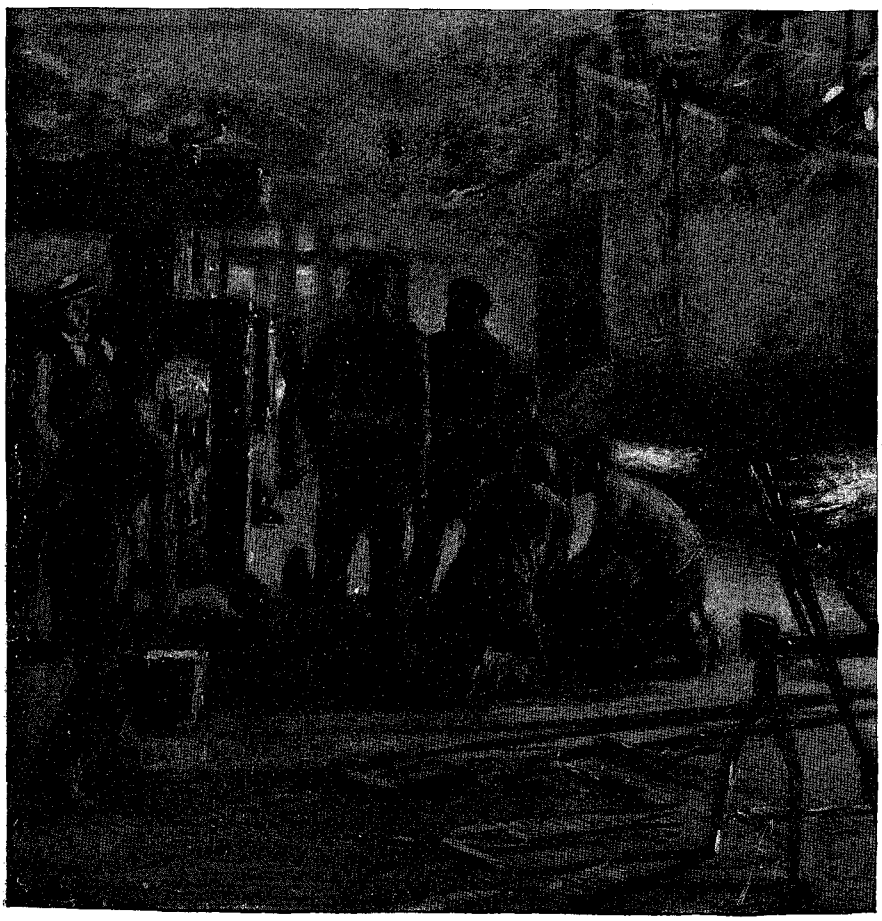
to the furnace thinking, "I'll give Knute a hint; he ain't showing good sense."

But there was Knute, prone on the sand-heap beside the furnace, in the scorching heat, his purple face full in the glow. Johnny did not look at his face. He looked, his eyes hardening, at the photograph slipping out of the drunken hand. It was a woman's face; and the face was Dora Glenn's. Johnny set his teeth and strode to the window. There was a throbbing in the back of his head; he couldn't breathe.

"Trouble with his wife!" And Dora was his wife. They hadn't been married a month; yet he was quarrelling with her and getting drunk. He felt no anger against the girl. "She didn't promise me nothing," he groaned, "she ain't to blame for me being a fool. Oh God! I didn't have a *look* from her that I got the right to remember against her." It was a forlorn comfort that she wasn't to blame. She wasn't to blame with that brute either. He knew that. A sickening rage at the man who could treat her so turned him dizzy. "I'll not lift a hand for him"—that was his first conscious thought—"I won't scab any man's job; but I am not going to try to save his for him, he can take his chances by——!"

Out of the corner of his eye he had a vision of the young boss at the straightening beds. "I ain't going to look round," said Johnny, doggedly. Therefore he stared out of the window in time to see Harry Leroy on his way to the office with a message about the Cochrane Company's steel. Leroy sent him a friendly smile and a hail: "Don't forget you take supper with me, Saturday. We'll have chicken!"



"I was bathing him with it," Johnny explained, promptly.—Page 446.

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"I guess he'll be all right."—Page 447.

Johnny's head sank. He waited a second longer. "Oh, Lord, I *got* to do it," he groaned. "I couldn't look him in the face if I didn't. Knute's a brother knight, too!"

With that he rushed off to Knute. The assistant superintendent was walking toward him from the other direction. But Johnny reached the insensible man first, had the whiskey flask out and was bathing the purple face, at the same instant calling loudly on Bill the drag-down and George the charger.

"Get him to the faucet, get some ice-water!" roared Johnny above the din; "he's prostrated by the heat! Tell the boss, some of you boys!"

"Whiskey sunstroke I guess," said the superintendent, sniffing.

"I was bathing him with it," Johnny explained, promptly; "he was hot and dry's a board!"

"That's it," agreed the roller, bustling up, "he complained of his head to me, this morning."

"And he said he couldn't sweat a mite and he felt all burning up!" chimed in George; while Bill proffered testimony in the same strain. The united stress of opinion was too much for the assistant superintendent's nerve; after all, it might be sunstroke, anyhow the men would swear that it was; and there was the old man to consider; he watched them drenching Knute with ice-water; and all he said was; "He's coming round all right. He better go home;" and so walked away.

But Knute had his own mind about going home. He opened his eyes, into which the light was creeping, and stared at Johnny. "Did I lose my job?" said he.

"No, you're all right," said Johnny.

"You boys kept it for me? It vas 'bout my vife. See's good vomans, but see's gone back on me. See? I guess I kill myself."

"Oh, rats!" said Johnny; "here, get up; the boss thinks it sunstroke and you can go home."

"No, I don't go home," said Knute, sitting up, "the old mans, fore he vent, said to try to git sixty t'ousand of half-inch round—I git it, dis turn. Dot's vy I drink—to make me strong, 'cause my head is wrong dis hot wedder."

Despite the roller's protestations he staggered to his feet. "Yonny vill help me," he said, "I git along."

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As for Johnny he laid every nerve to work to guard Larsen, and to make his estimate of the turn good. He would not think; he would not feel; he had the billets to watch and the furnace. Sixty thousand was a big turn. But when the weight was posted on the board, Bill and George came to slap him on the back as well as Larsen; and Larsen's eyes brightened. He was quite sober, now. "I'm mooch obliged to you boys," he said, "dot's a good turn. Yonny is a good heater. Good-by."

He shook hands with the roller and the finisher, with the roughers and his own helpers. Then, he took out his knife and handed it to one of the straightening boys, saying, "You got dat knife, Hughey, I gif him to you."

Hughey grinned; but the men exchanged uneasy glances and talked to each other, as Knute walked off to his locker for his coat. They would have drafted Johnny into the conversation, but he had slipped outside. "It's none of my business if he does try to kill himself, best thing for her, I guess." In this fashion he muttered to himself, nevertheless not mending his pace, going more slowly, in fact, with each word. "Supposing he is a brother knight—it's none of my business." He stood still. "The way those Pittsburg knights stood by me ain't got nothing to do with it!" He turned on his heel. "D—— it!" He walked back to the works.

Little groups of the men were all along the road, and in the second group he saw George the charger lending a sympathetic arm to Knute, Bill and the roller walking on the other side. The roller's brow cleared at sight of Johnny; he lagged behind for a moment's confidence. "We're going to put Knute on the car that goes to his house; I guess he'll be all right, then, don't you?"

"I guess you and I best get on the car with him, on the sly. Maybe he didn't mean nothing by his talk, but Swedes kill themselves awful easy."

"That's right," sighed the roller. "Well, my wife is sure there's been an accident if I'm ten minutes behind time, but I'll go with you; we'll let Georgy and Bill go home."

George and Bill accordingly put Knute on the car, after Johnny and the roller had nodded good-by, and Knute had insisted on shaking hands over again, not saying anything except, "I vas much obliged," to each. There was no difficulty in getting a rear position on the strap; and Knute, in front, did not suspect his two comrades' presence. He sat with his eyes on the brick pavements and the maple-trees, and the houses half-hidden by the foliage. "It's singular," mused the roller, with the artless confidence of the average street-car traveller that his remarks will reach no other ear than that into which they are poured, "it's singular the trouble women make the most sensible men. Now 'till just lately, since he's been married, I'd have bet money on Knute's sense. But he's crazy over this girl. She *is* pretty; but she's kinder giddy, I guess, too, nothing wrong, just thoughtless. I saw her once out riding on her wheel, and a floor-walker down at Kingman's was riding with her, a pretty little feller all dressed up in plaid stockings. Now Knute's not pretty. I guess he didn't like it. He fairly worshipped her, though. You ought to see the house he bought! He gave her a gold watch and chain—say, what's he doing now? Can you see?"

Johnny reported: "He's writing on a leaf of his memorandum-book. He's torn it out and folded it up; and now, he's putting it into an envelope that's addressed already—in ink."

"That don't look right a little bit."

Johnny shook his head. It was queer, but a reluctant compassion was wrestling with the jealous hatred that clawed at his heart. Knute loved her, too. *He* had meant to give her a gold watch and chain for a wedding-gift; but Knute had given it to her instead. "He's getting up!" said the roller.

"'Sposing he sees us, coming out!" said Johnny. But Larsen left the car by the other door. They followed him to the street, and kept him in sight from a safe distance. He went into the post-office, came out directly, walked a short block and signalled a bridge car. The bridge cars cross the Mississippi to Fairport.

"My wife will have a fit," moaned the roller, "but we've got to see this thing through. Ketch on, Johnny, and don't let him see you!"

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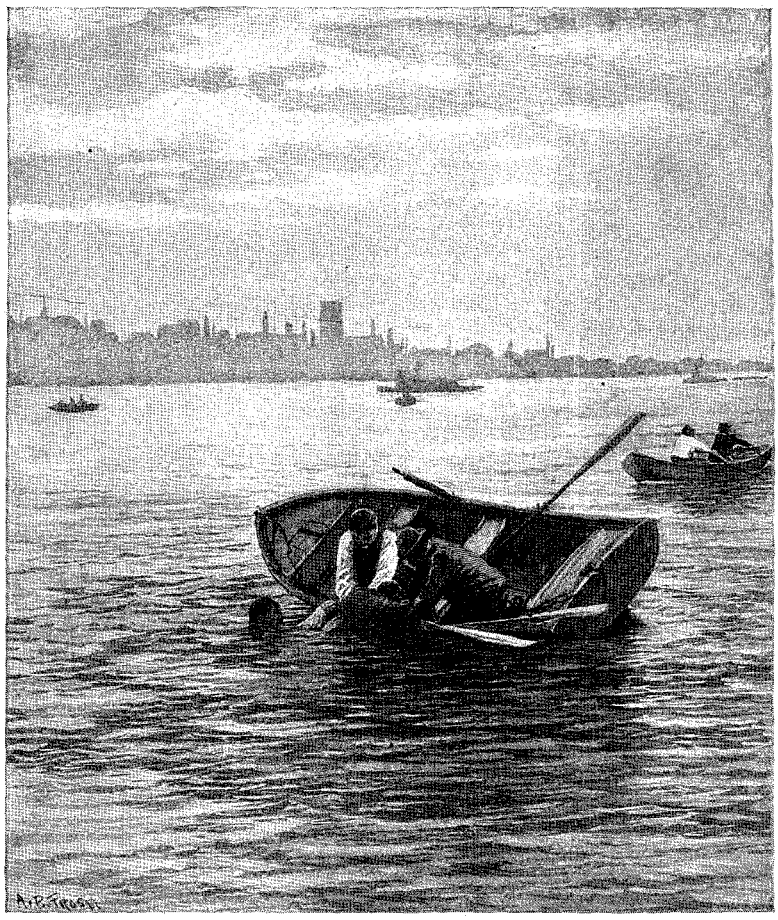

They pulled him into the boat.—Page 449.

They stood on the rear platform; and, as before, Larsen was sitting well in front, where they could only see the back of his head. He sat motionless, his gaze on the water, which was now kindling myriad opalescent hues under the golden torch in the west. A procession of wagons, carriages, phaetons, and last of all, one smart victoria with jingling chains on the horses' harness and a beautiful, dark-haired woman sitting behind the coachman drifted past them on the opposite roadway. "She looks a little like Knute's wife," said the roller; "did you see Knute's shoulders jump? Say, I'm getting nervous."

"So am I," said Johnny; "but we're most across—he's up!"

He was up, reaching for the cord stopping the car. He turned and passed them. "He'll wonder what we're doing here," the roller whispered, leaning on Johnny's nimbler wit. "What had we better say? You answer!"

But Knute's eyes turned, once, full on them, did not waver nor lighten; he went by with his strained, unseeing gaze; and nothing in the grisly chase had given them the chill of this blind passage. Their eyes met. "By ——, he means to do it," the roller said, under his breath; and Johnny nodded, rising. They were on the bridge floor, not a minute behind the Swede; but he was already standing at the farther side of the railing.

"Larsen, *stop!*" shouted Johnny, vaulting over after him.

He never looked back; he flung his arms above his head and sprang. At the very instant of motion Johnny's hands grabbed

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his flannel shirt; but the stuff parted, and Johnny was reeling with the splash in his ears. The roller clutched him to save him from a fall. "Get a boat!" cried Johnny. "*I* can hold him—le' go!"

He had sprung after Knute, but in very different shape, circling like an arrow, his hands, like the arrow-head, protecting his body as he dived. How lucky his coat was on his arm instead of on his shoulders! How lucky he had untied his shoes in the cars on the suspicion of this very need! Where was the fellow's head? *There!* Look at him thrashing with his long arms! How his eyes bulged!

"Keep still! I'll save you!" yelled Johnny; and all the while his arms went like oars, and each magnificent kick of his steel-like legs was hurling him through the water.

He came up behind Knute; but even as his hand was outstretched the head sank. He dived for it, and it rose to the surface, dripping, the hair flat on the forehead, the face no longer a man's, only a mask of fear, with bared teeth, and painted eyeballs.

"Now you're all right!" called Johnny, cheerfully. "I got you. Quit kicking, or I'll duck you!"

It is said that suicides are easy to save, having used up all their will-power in the last desperate act. Knute hardly struggled, for which one may give the reason cited, or take Johnny's praise for fact. "You're acting bully!" cried Johnny. "You know you don't want to drown *me*, too!"

He could hear voices and the frantic rattle and splash of oars. The danger went to his Irish blood like whiskey. "I'm all right," he sang out; "you fellows keep the stroke!"

"For God's sake, keep up, Johnny! We're coming, Johnny! You keep up a *minnit!*" It was the roller's voice, and it cracked under a sob. Johnny bawled back: "*I'm* all right. He's quiet as a kitten—I'll duck you if you dast to stir!"

But Knute did not stir; and when they had pulled him into the boat, he lay with neither breath nor quiver, and Johnny (towed at the stern to lighten the boat) gave animated orders according to his experience. "He's breathing all right, but tilt his head and get the water out of him—now work his arms and rub him. Get his flask out of his pocket and give him a taste—there, I told you he was all right!"

"He's coming to," bawled the roller. "Say, what if he makes a break?"

"He won't," said Johnny; "but sit on his head if he does."

Knute, however, was like a man stunned, making no resistance, and meekly consenting to be put in a hack, with his two friends, and driven home.

"I make you lots of trouble, boys," he murmured in apology.

"Yes, you do," returned the roller, severely, "and you like to have drownded Johnny! I couldn't swim, or else you'd have drownded me, too. Now, what I want to know is: Are you going to try this d—— trick again?"

The Swede had been smiling feebly, but at the words some sinister memory burned in his melancholy eyes.

"I don't know. I can't tell. I got so much troubles."

"No trouble's so bad you can't bear it like a man," said Johnny. He felt something tugging at his heart, something that hurt it, yet lifted it. He had never felt that way before; and suddenly he, too, remembered, and added, humbly, "especially if you have good friends."

"And a good wife," added the roller, with increased severity. "I've no doubt she's scared to death about you this minute—and so's mine about me. I bet she's been to the grocery, ringing up the Edgewater to know if there's been an accident, or Sam Swift has been hurt. Say, what was that letter you mailed——"

Knute sat up with a spring. "Can't dot man drive faster?" he cried, "I yust remember I tole my vife——"

"I only hope she hasn't run out to catch you herself; and we can't find her," was the roller's dismal augury. "Poor thing! I guess she's 'most crazy."

But he prodded Johnny's side with his elbow and bestowed on him a furtive smile, implying that he secretly regarded Mrs. Larsen's fright with satisfaction.

Knute sank back on the seat; and the roller eyed his troubled countenance and nodded, until his good nature prompted some homely consolation. "I guess you'll understand each other better after this, Knute. It's going to come out all right."

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Johnny sat in his wet clothes and shivered. The night was turning cold, after the terrible day. His exhilaration, which was no more than the effervescence of peril, was all gone, he felt cold in his heart; and his one longing was to make an excuse to jump out of the hack and run. "No, you don't, Johnny Burke," he kept saying to himself, "get a brace on you!" But he choked and went white when the carriage stopped. He opened the door and sprang out first. He was aware of a pretty cottage and of red geraniums, and a plank walk—but then, he staggered and grew faint, for it was her face flying toward them.

She flung herself into the carriage-door. "Tell me first, I'll tell her," she began in a tone like ice; she was pale, but she was not screaming or fainting, except that she gasped and suddenly broke into a little choking laugh as she saw Knute.

"Oh, Knute, how could you?" she cried. "Elly's so frightened, she went to the police, herself, to beg them look for you; she's just come back—Elly, Knute's all right!"

The other woman, who looked like Dora, but was not Dora, the woman whose picture he had seen, had passed Johnny and was sobbing in Knute's arms.

"You get him into the house and get off his wet clothes, soon's you can, ma'am," said the roller, who rose to the level of the situation with the ripe composure of a ten years' married man. "I'll explain to Miss Glenn how you come to have a husband here, instead of in the Mississippi." The single glimpse Johnny had of the faces of husband and wife as she drew him into the house, assured him that whatever the trouble between them, it had shrivelled out of knowledge in the terror and anguish of the last hour. "She loves him," Johnny thought, reverently; and with the thought came another under which he leaned quickly against the side of the porch. "He's weak with his exertions," explained the roller, "and no wonder. Let me tell you." Johnny was obliged to sit down while the roller depicted the scene in such startling colors that he did not know his own experience. "Knute's a giant, and he struggled awfully—my—my gracious! my heart was in my mouth, I thought he'd pull him under; but Johnny was calm as if he was in a ball-room—look here, excuse me, I haven't introduced him to you, I *am* rattled, that's a fact. Miss Glenn, Mr. Burke."

"I know Mr. Burke well," she said, "he's a friend of mine." She held out her hand, her beautiful white hand, smiling. But, suddenly, her lips quivered and the tears rose to her eyes. "Oh, I haven't thanked you!" she said, "I *can't*. How brave you are!" Dimly Johnny realized that she was looking at him as she had never looked at him, before.

The roller sent his eyes from one young face to the other; and a smile slowly dawned on his features. "Well, Miss Dora," said he, pleasantly, "I guess I'll be going, my wife's waiting. Don't hurry, Johnny." And he walked away whistling.

At the street corner he cast a glance behind. The two young figures were still standing, bathed in the enchanted glow of sunset, and Johnny was still holding the girl's hand.

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THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

THE TEST OF ENDURANCE

1779–1781

AS the year 1778 was closing, the scene of action was shifted from the North to the South. All eyes at the time were fixed on the events which began with the appearance of the British in Georgia, and, so far as this period is concerned, the habit has continued, in large measure, down to the present day. Thus it happens that these two years in the North, in the Congress and the camp, as well as over seas, are less well known, less rightly valued than any other period of the Revolutionary War. That this should be so was, at the time, wholly natural. The fall of Savannah, and its subsequent defence against the French and Americans, the capture of Charleston, the rapid success of the British arms, the defeat of Gates, the gradual development and hard fighting of Greene's great campaign, all drew the attention and filled the minds of men everywhere. Yet, important as these events were, the vital point still remained where Washington and his army watched the Hudson and kept the enemy pinioned in New York. If that army had failed or dissolved, the English forces would have swept down from the North to meet their brethren in the South, and nothing could have saved Greene then, for the one primary condition of his campaign was that no British soldiers should come from the North to break his communications, cut off his supplies, and take him in the rear. None came from the North. None could come. With a singleness of purpose and a strategical soundness which has never been fully appreciated, Washington clung to the central zone of the Middle States. Whatever came, he was determined that the British should never get the line of the Hudson and divide New England—whence he drew most of his troops—from the great middle colonies. Neither Burgoyne on the North, nor Cornwallis on the South, could draw him from his position. Attacks on the extremities he knew were not deadly, and he felt sure that they could be repulsed; but if the centre was once pierced, then dire peril was at hand. So long as he kept an army together and the line of the Hudson open, so long as he could move at will, either eastward into New England, or southward into Virginia, he knew that the ultimate success of the Revolution was merely a question of time. The period of active fighting in the North was over; that of waiting—dreary, trying, monotonous waiting—had set in, and it lasted until the moment which Washington was watching for arrived—the great moment when a decisive stroke could be given which would end the war. Two years the waiting and watching went on—years of patience, suffering, and trial. Nothing was done that led straight to anything; nothing but the holding fast which was to bring the final victory.

Very hard to understand now was the victory thus achieved by keeping the army in existence and the Revolution alive during that time of sullen, dogged waiting. Everywhere were visible signs of exhaustion, of longings to have done with the business before it was really finished. Over seas the symptoms of fatigue were painfully apparent. England, as has always been the case when she is sore bested—and never was she in worse plight than then—was making a bold front to the enemies who ringed her round. She was suffering enormously. American war-ships

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and privateers were tearing her commerce to pieces. Her naval prestige was hurt to the quick by John Paul Jones taking the Serapis in a hand-to-hand fight and circling Great Britain, wrecking and pillaging on land and sea. A race of seamen as bold and hardy as her own, flying the flag of her revolted colonies, swarmed along the highways of her commerce, and even in the English Channel were seizing her merchantmen and crippling her trade. Insurance rates rose ruinously, and English merchants faced losses which they would have deemed impossible five years before. France and Spain had both gone to war with her, threatened her coasts, employed her fleets, and soon beleaguered her great sentinel fortress at Gibraltar. Wherever her vast possessions extended, wherever her drum-beat was heard, there was war; in the Indian Ocean, as well as the Antilles, no colony was safe, and there was now no Pitt to guide the forces as in the days when she humbled the power of the House of Bourbon. But England set her teeth and would not yet cry hold. Her European enemies were suffering, too, and worse than she, for they were both unsound within, politically and financially. In France the disease which the monarchy had planted and which the Revolution alone could cure was already deeply felt. France was beginning to long for rest, and, despite her early energy in the American cause, she was ready to sacrifice that cause to her own interests at any moment. France desired peace—an ill omen for America, with its revolution only half fought out. With the ally of France the condition was even worse. Spain was corrupt, broken, rotten to the core, merely hiding her decrepitude under the mask of an empire which had once been great. Dragged into the war by France, she had no love whatever for the Americans—desired only to prey upon them and get what she could from the wreck of the British Empire. She, too, was feeling the strain of war, exhaustion was upon her, and she, too, longed for peace.

In such a situation, amid these powers of the Old World occupied only with their own interests and enfeebled by their own maladies, the fortunes of the young nation, struggling painfully into life on the other side of the Atlantic were in sufficiently evil case. The work of saving them fell heavily upon the envoys of Congress, manfully battling for their cause in the midst of these adverse and selfish forces.

Help came to them and to the Revolution as it had come to the American armies so often, from the blunders of their adversary. Instead of trying to conciliate, England grew more and more offensive to all the neutral powers, and especially to those which were weak. She seized and searched their ships, interfered with their trade, and assumed to exercise an arrogant control over all their commerce. Hence protracted bickerings, protocols, notes, and all the machinery of diplomacy put into violent action with much running hither and thither of eminent persons and much speeding about of dusty couriers riding post haste with despatches. It is very difficult and not very profitable to follow these performances with their turns and windings and futilities of all sorts. But out of these dim and confused discussions came two results of real importance to the world, and particularly to the American revolution. One was the neutrality of the Northern powers headed by Russia and her redoubtable Empress, aimed against England, very troublesome and crippling to her in the days of a conflict which had grown world-wide. The other result of real importance and meaning was England's making war upon the Dutch. This was pure aggression born of a desire to break down a power once a formidable rival and still a competitor in trade. The Dutch were innocent enough, their only real crime having been to refuse to become England's ally. But innocence or guilt made no difference, England made war upon them. She dealt a last fatal blow to the nation which had shattered the power of Spain, played an equal part among the great states of Europe and given to England herself the one great man among her modern kings. Holland sank eventually under the attack, but England added one more foe to those who now surrounded her in her "splendid isolation," and she threw open to her revolted colonies another money-market, rich in capital which went forth in loans to the Americans, quick enough to take advantage of such an opportunity.

In the United States in 1779 the same relaxation of energy was apparent. Con-

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gress passed the winter and spring in long debates as to the terms of peace. Gerard, the French Minister, was active among the members urging them to accept conditions which involved every sort of sacrifice, largely for the benefit of Spain. So eager was the desire for peace that a strong party in Congress backed up all the wishes of the French envoy. At one time it looked as if the navigation of the Mississippi might be given up, and the great Northeastern fisheries were actually abandoned. Finally Congress evaded both issues by resolving to send an envoy to Spain, for which post John Jay was chosen, and meantime to insist on the navigation of the Mississippi, while the matter of the fisheries was put over to a future treaty with Great Britain. In other respects the instructions were weak, with a plaintive desire to bring the war to an end at almost any price running all through them.

So Congress spent most of its time and strength in discussing the means of getting peace when the war was not yet fought out, and did little or nothing to sustain that war which was flagrant about it. Thirty thousand men at least were needed for any effective movement against New York, and the army was not a third of that number, and was dwindling instead of growing. Washington came to Philadelphia and passed a month there with Congress, urging, reasoning, explaining, beginning now to press for better union and a strong central government. Then he went back to the camp to continue the urgings and reasonings and stern advice on many subjects by letter. Not until March did Congress even vote additional battalions, and although this was well, voting men was by no means the same thing as getting them. The finances were in frightful disorder. Many great wars, perhaps most of them, have been fought on irredeemable paper, and it is no doubt true that this was probably the quickest, if not the only resource of Congress at the beginning. But to fight on paper money alone, to raise no money by taxation, in fact to get no money at all from the people was an impossible scheme. Yet this was precisely what Congress attempted to do, and they had no other supply to look to except foreign loans which were uncertain and insufficient. So one emission of bills succeeded another, and the continental money sank rapidly, while speculators and forestallers throve on the disorders of the currency, and the government, poor though it might be, was robbed and plundered. The popular spirit relaxed its temper, encouraged thereto by the foreign alliances and disheartened by the domestic disorders and the greed of those who amassed fortunes from the fluctuations of prices and fattened on the public distress. It looked as if the American Revolution, rising victorious on the field of battle, might sink and wither away under the poison of civil and social disorder and debility.

Bad as all these things were in their effect upon the American cause and upon the people themselves, the actual personal suffering fell to the lot of the army by whose existence the revolution was sustained. Officers and men went unpaid for long periods, and when they received their pay it was in a paper currency which depreciated in their hands even before they could spend it or send it to their families. Hence great difficulty in holding the army together, and still greater difficulty in recruiting it. With lack of pay went lack of every provision and munition of war, and, as a consequence, ill-clothed, ill-armed, ill-fed soldiers. In the midst of these grinding cares and trials stood Washington, with the problem of existence always at his door, with the great duty of success ever present at his side, and with only the patriotism of his men and his own grim courage and tenacity of purpose to support him. Under the pressure of hard facts one plan after another had to be given up. A vigorous offensive campaign which would drive the British from the country was impossible. The next best thing was to keep them shut up where they were, and to hold fast, as had so wisely and steadily been done to the great central position in the valley of the Hudson, at the mouth of the great river whence blows could be struck hard and quickly either in New England or the Middle States which must never be separated no matter what happened.

So Washington resumed the defensive and watched and waited. To much purpose, as it in due course appeared, for the British seemed unable to make any effective movement, and lay cooped up in New

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York close to their ships, with their vigilant foe always hovering near. Not until Washington could get an efficient army and the command of the sea would he be able to strike a fatal blow, and no man could tell when those conditions would come to pass. The silent general knew just what he needed, and equally well that he had it not. So he waited, unable to attack and ready to fight. The test of endurance had begun.

The British on their side displayed activity only in spasmodic dashes here and there, of little meaning and petty results. General Matthews, with 2,500 men, went to Virginia, made a burning, pillaging raid, destroyed a certain number of houses and tobacco ships, and came back with his futilities to New York. Tryon, once royal governor of New York, led another expedition of 2,600 men into Connecticut. Here, as in Virginia, burning and pillaging and some sharp skirmishes with militia, who managed to leave their marks on the king's troops. Villages, churches, houses, vessels, went up in smoke. A black trail marked the line followed by Tryon's raiders, and then he likewise returned to New York as empty in solid results as Matthews, and with a certain amount of destroyed property and increased hatred from the Americans to his credit.

The worthlessness of these performances and the utter uselessness of such plundering forays were quite apparent to Washington, and, except for the suffering of the people upon whom they fell, troubled him little. But there was another movement of the enemy which awakened his keenest interest, because in it he saw possibilities of real danger. Clinton, after the return of Matthews, had gone up the river and taken possession of Stony Point and Verplanck's Point, driving off the Americans and securing in this way control of Kings Ferry, an important line of communication between New York and New Jersey. Here was something which looked as if it had meaning. Perhaps an idea had come to Clinton, and possibly he was intending to master the Hudson Valley by building a line of formidable posts along the river. Certain it was that he had put a force of five hundred men at Stony Point, and was actively completing and strengthening the works there. If Clinton had any plan of this perilous sort it must be nipped at the start. No British posts must be advanced to the North to endanger the American stronghold at West Point, which dominated and closed the river. So Washington decided to take Stony Point, and, as was his habit, chose the best man for the work, because in a desperate undertaking like this everything depended on the leader. His choice fell on Anthony Wayne, then a brigadier-general and one of Washington's favorite officers. Wayne came of fighting stock. His grandfather, a Yorkshireman, nearly a century before had gone to Ireland where he commanded a company of dragoons under William of Orange at the battle of the Boyne. From Ireland he had immigrated to the frontiers of Pennsylvania, and there his grandson was born in 1745. The family was in easy circumstances, and the boy received a good education, became a surveyor, and was trusted in important business by Franklin and other leading men of Philadelphia. He took an eager interest and active part in politics, but when the note of war came the spirit of the old captain of dragoons who had followed Dutch William blazed up in him and he went at once into the army. From that time forward he was constantly in the field. On the Northern frontier, in New York and New Jersey, and in the campaign about Philadelphia, Wayne, who had risen rapidly to general's rank, was always in the heat of every action. "Wherever there is fighting there is Wayne, for that is his business," was said of him at the time, and said most truly. He was always fighting with great dash, courage, and success, and extricating himself by his quickness and intrepidity from the dangers into which his reckless daring sometimes led him. "Black Snake" the Indians called him then, and many years later, when he had beaten them under the walls of an English post in very complete and memorable fashion, they named him "Tornado." He was fine-looking, soldierly, a great stickler for handsome dress and perfect equipment, so much so that some of the officers christened him "Dandy Wayne," but the men who loved and followed him called him "Mad Anthony," and the popular name has followed him in history. Such was the man whom Washington picked out for

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the perilous task he wanted to have performed. Tradition says that when Washington asked Wayne if he would storm Stony Point, Wayne replied, "I will storm hell if you will plan it." A very honest bit of genuine speech this; quite instructive, too, in its way, and worth the consideration of the modern critic who doubts Washington's military capacity in which the man who risked his life upon it had entire confidence.

At all events so it fell out. Washington planned and Wayne stormed and carried out his chief's arrangements to the letter. By this time Stony Point had been strongly fortified, and the approach was difficult. On July 15th, Wayne and his troops left Sandy Beach and made their way through the mountains by a hard march along gorges and over swamps, until on the 16th, at eight o'clock in the evening, they were in the rear of the fort and within a mile and a half of the works. Wayne divided his force into two columns, one under Colonel Febiger on the right, the other under Colonel Butler on the left. At the extremity of each wing was a storming-party of a hundred to a hundred and fifty men who had volunteered for the duty and who marched with unloaded muskets, trusting wholly to the bayonet. At the head of each storming-party was a forlorn hope of twenty men. The reserve was composed of Lee's Light Horse, and three hundred men under General Muhlenburg constituted the covering-party. Not until the lines were formed did Wayne tell his men the errand on which they had come. Then, in accordance with Washington's direction, each man fixed a piece of white paper in his cap, and the watchword "The Fort is Ours," was given out. All was quickly done, for every detail had been accurately arranged. As soon as the columns were formed they moved rapidly forward. Murphy and his North Carolinians in the centre were delayed by the tide in crossing the morass, and as they came through they met an outpost. The alarm was given and a heavy fire of grapeshot and musketry opened upon them. On they went as if they were the only troops on the field, and every other column and division did the same. Wayne himself led the right wing. As he crossed the abattis a musket-ball struck him on the head, bringing him down and wounding him slightly. Dazed as he was by the blow, he called out that if he was mortally hurt he wanted to die in the fort, and his aides picked him up and bore him forward. The rush of the well-directed columns was irresistible. So swift and steady was the movement that they passed the abattis and went up and over the breast-works without check or hesitation. All was finished in a few minutes. Some heavy firing from the works, a short sharp rush, a clash and push of bayonets in the darkness, and the Americans poured into the fort. They lost 98 men in killed and wounded, the British 94, while practically all the rest of the garrison to the number of 25 officers and 447 men were taken prisoners. All the guns and munitions of war, valued at nearly $160,000, fell into the hands of the victors. The Americans, having won their fight in very complete fashion, levelled the works and withdrew. Soon afterward Clinton again occupied the Point, but only to abandon it finally in the autumn. The plan of taking possession of the Hudson by a series of fortified posts, if seriously intended, had been peremptorily stopped, and a sudden disaster had come to the British. It was a very gallant feat of arms, admirably planned, and bravely, punctually, and accurately performed. The unsteadiness of the Brandywine and of Germantown had disappeared, and the discipline of Valley Forge was very plain here to the eyes of all mankind. The men who had fought behind intrenchments at Bunker Hill had been made into soldiers able to assault works held by the best troops of England. The raw material was good to start with, and someone aided by experience had evidently been at work upon it.

A month later the Americans were still further encouraged by another daring exploit. This time the leader was Major Harry Lee, of the Light Horse, and the attack was made on one of the strongest of the enemy's posts. Paulus Hook, where Jersey City now stands, was a low, sandy spur of land running well out into the river. At that time it was merely the point where the ferry-boat from New York landed, and whence the stage for Philadelphia started. The only buildings were the Tavern and stables for the use of the coaches and their

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passengers, and the house of the guardian of the ferry. But the position was one of great natural military strength, in addition to being the vital point on the direct road to the South. Between the Hook and the main land was a morass, washed and often flooded by the tide, and crossed only by a narrow causeway used by the coaches and easily defended. Taking possession of this point when they first occupied New York, the British fortified it strongly with block-houses and redoubts, while on the water-side it was within easy reach of the city, and protected by the men-of-war. A more difficult place to reach it would have been difficult to conceive, and Washington had grave doubts as to making an attempt to surprise it, but finally gave a reluctant approval. Lee then had the roads and the surrounding country thoroughly examined, and sent out a scouting party under Captain Allen McLane, who prepared the way. Lee himself started on the morning of August 18th, and marching through the woods became separated from the Virginia contingent, which led to many subsequent charges and counter-charges of little moment now, but very bitter then. Whatever the reasons, certain it is that Lee found himself close to the Hook at midnight with only a hundred and fifty men. He knew that the ordinary garrison regiment and Van Buskirk's Loyal Americans amounted to at least two hundred. He did not know that VanBuskirk had left the Hook that very night with a hundred and thirty men to attack an American post, and that their place had been taken by Hessians from New York, some of the best of the regular troops. Had he known all, however, it would probably have made but little difference. He was as daring and reckless as Wayne, and the knowledge that he had only a hundred and fifty men did not check or frighten him. He had come to attack, and said that if he could not take the fort, he would at least die in it. So he gave the watchword "Be Firm," and started. It was after three o'clock, the tide was rising and the men struggled across the morass in silence. When they reached the ditch they plunged into the water, and then at last the garrison heard them and opened fire. But it was too late, and the Americans were too quick. Up they came, out of the ditch and into the works. A few Hessians threw themselves into one block-house; about a dozen of the British were killed and wounded, and five Americans. One hundred and fifty-nine British soldiers surrendered, and with them Lee withdrew at once, for relief was already on its way from New York. It was not very easy to retreat with prisoners outnumbering his own force, and Lee had some hard marching and narrow escapes; but by his swiftness and energy he came through successfully, bringing his captives with him. Paulus Hook led to nothing except so far as it cooled the British and strengthened their purpose to stay close in New York, a very desirable feeling for the Americans to cultivate. We may read now the alarm and disgust it caused to the English officers in the letter of General Pattison to Lord Townshend. The joy on the American side corresponded to the depression on that of their enemies. It was becoming very clear that soldiers capable of storming posts like Stony Point and Paulus Hook lacked now only numbers and equipment to be able to face any troops in the open field. A long distance had been traversed from the panic-stricken flight at Kip's Bay to the firm unyielding charge over earth-works and into redoubts of the men who, without question or misgiving, followed "Mad Anthony Wayne" and "Light Horse Harry" in the darkness of those summer nights.

Little else was done by the Americans in the campaign, if such it could be called, of 1779. An elaborately prepared expedition against the British post at Castine, on the Penobscot, went to wreck and ruin. Both troops and ships were ill-commanded. The former landed, but failed to carry the works, and Sir George Collier, arriving with a sixty-four gun-ship and five frigates, destroyed two of the American vessels and compelled the burning of the rest. The troops took to the woods and made their way home as best they could. It was a dispiriting outcome of an attempt made with high hopes and great effort.

In New York Sullivan led an expedition against the Six Nations. He did not bring these allies of the Crown to action, but he burned their villages, marched through their country, showed them that the king could not protect them, cooled their zeal

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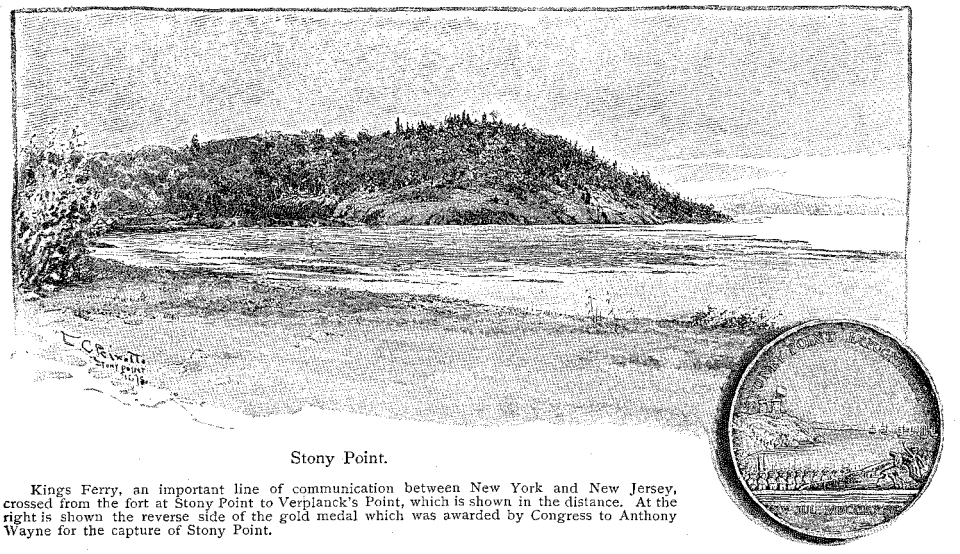

Stony Point.

Kings Ferry, an important line of communication between New York and New Jersey, crossed from the fort at Stony Point to Verplanck's Point, which is shown in the distance. At the right is shown the reverse side of the gold medal which was awarded by Congress to Anthony Wayne for the capture of Stony Point.

and checked the recurring danger of Indian inroads upon the settlements.

The rest of the fighting in the North did not rise above small raids and petty affairs of outposts and partisan bands. Yet when the campaign closed, desultory as all its operations had been, the solid gain, which we can estimate now far better than could be done at the time, was all with the Americans. Clinton had been forced to abandon Rhode Island, and all New England was once more in American hands. He also felt compelled to withdraw from Stony Point and Verplanck's Point, and the Americans again took possession of Kings Ferry and controlled all the upper country. The British were confined more closely than ever to the city of New York, and Washington still held the great line of the Hudson in an iron grasp, and was master of the New England and Middle States clear from an enemy, firmly united and with free communications open between them. The first stage in the test for endurance had been passed successfully.

Then came the winter, one of unusual severity, with heavy snows and severe frosts. Military operations were out of the question, but the dreary months had to be lived through. It was a sore trial, and all the appeals of the Commander-in-chief to Congress for aid were vain. The executive part of the government, such as it was, stood motionless and paralyzed, while the army was unpaid, provisions to feed the men could be gathered only with the utmost difficulty, and nothing effective was done to fill the thinning ranks. Much of the noblest and best work of the Revolution, that most instinct with patriotism was done in these winter camps by the half-starved, unpaid officers and men who formed the American army, and who, by their grim tenacity and stubborn endurance, kept that army in existence and the American Revolution with it. Very hard to bear then, very difficult to realize now, not picturesque or soul-stirring, like the battles and sieges which every one knows by heart, this holding the army together, and yet worthy of all praise and remembrance, for it was by this feat that the Revolution was largely won. In the midst of it all was Washington, facing facts unflinchingly, looking ahead, planning, advising generally with no result, but sometimes getting a little done when much was impossible. Altogether a very noble and human figure contending against many weaknesses, stupidities, and hindrances of all sort, with a courage and patience which merit the consideration of all subsequent generations.

As Washington foresaw, without recruits and proper support from the drooping Congress, his army dwindled. In May he appears to have had only seven thousand men; a month later less than four thousand, to hold the Middle and Eastern

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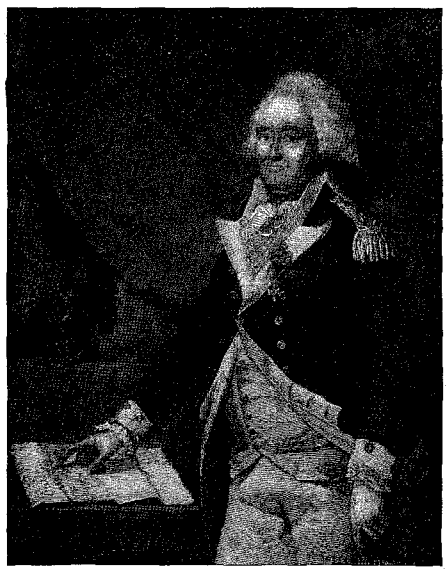
States. Bad news came from the South that Charleston had surrendered, and at that dark moment Knyphausen, with a powerful force, advanced into New Jersey. The militia turned out promptly, they were seasoned to war by this time, and, although greatly outnumbered, they fought stubbornly and fell back slowly before the British. At Springfield Maxwell made a determined stand, inflicted severe loss on the Hessians, and gave time for Washington to come up and take a position so strong that Knyphausen, although he had twice as many men, did not venture to attack, and began his retreat, the Americans following him closely and engaging his rear successfully. The expedition degenerated into a plundering raid, was checked and accomplished nothing.



Anthony Wayne.

From an unpublished portrait by Henry Elouiz, 1795. Reproduced by permission of C. S. Bradford, Esq.

Soon after Clinton returned from the success at Charleston. He made a movement into New Jersey to aid that of Knyphausen, while, at the same time, he sent troops to threaten the American communications on the Hudson. Washington dealt with the latter diversion, while Greene prepared to give battle at Springfield. But after a heavy cannonade the British withdrew, suffering not a little on the retreat from the American attacks and crossed over to Staten Island. The New Jersey campaign, if anything so serious had been intended, faded away harmlessly. It was the last attempt of the British to do anything of an offensive and far-reaching character by military operations in the North, and with the return of Clinton to New York not only their last but their best opportunity ended. When they invaded New Jersey, Washington was at his very weakest, and the public spirit was depressed and shaken by the disasters in the South. Clinton outnumbered his opponent four to one, yet he failed to push his advantage home, and Washington stayed the advance of the British with his inferior force and threw them back on New York. The chance could never come again, for now a new factor appeared which made any aggressive action by the British hopeless. Unable to defeat Washington alone, or to shatter his small but determined army, it was clearly out of the question to make any impression upon him when backed by a fine force of French regular troops, and on July 10, 1780, those troops, to the number of six thousand, and led by DeRochambeau, arrived in Newport. Clinton made a show of going to attack them, but it was only a show, and the real effort was concentrated in writing a grumbling letter to the ministry and demanding reinforcements. It must be admitted that, ineffective as Clinton was in this instance, he was right in his judgment of the situation. The arrival of a French army made the cause of England hopeless in the North without large reinforcements and capable commanders, neither of which she was able to furnish. But although the coming of the French was in reality decisive, at the moment it was fruitful to Washington only in disappointed hopes and frustrated plans. The effect on the country was to make people believe that with these well-equipped allies the war was really at an end, and that no further effort on their part was needed. This idea filled Washington with anger and disgust, not merely because it was utterly unfounded, but because to him it seemed entirely ignoble. He had always said and believed that the Revolution must be won by Americans, could be won in no other way, and would not be worth winning

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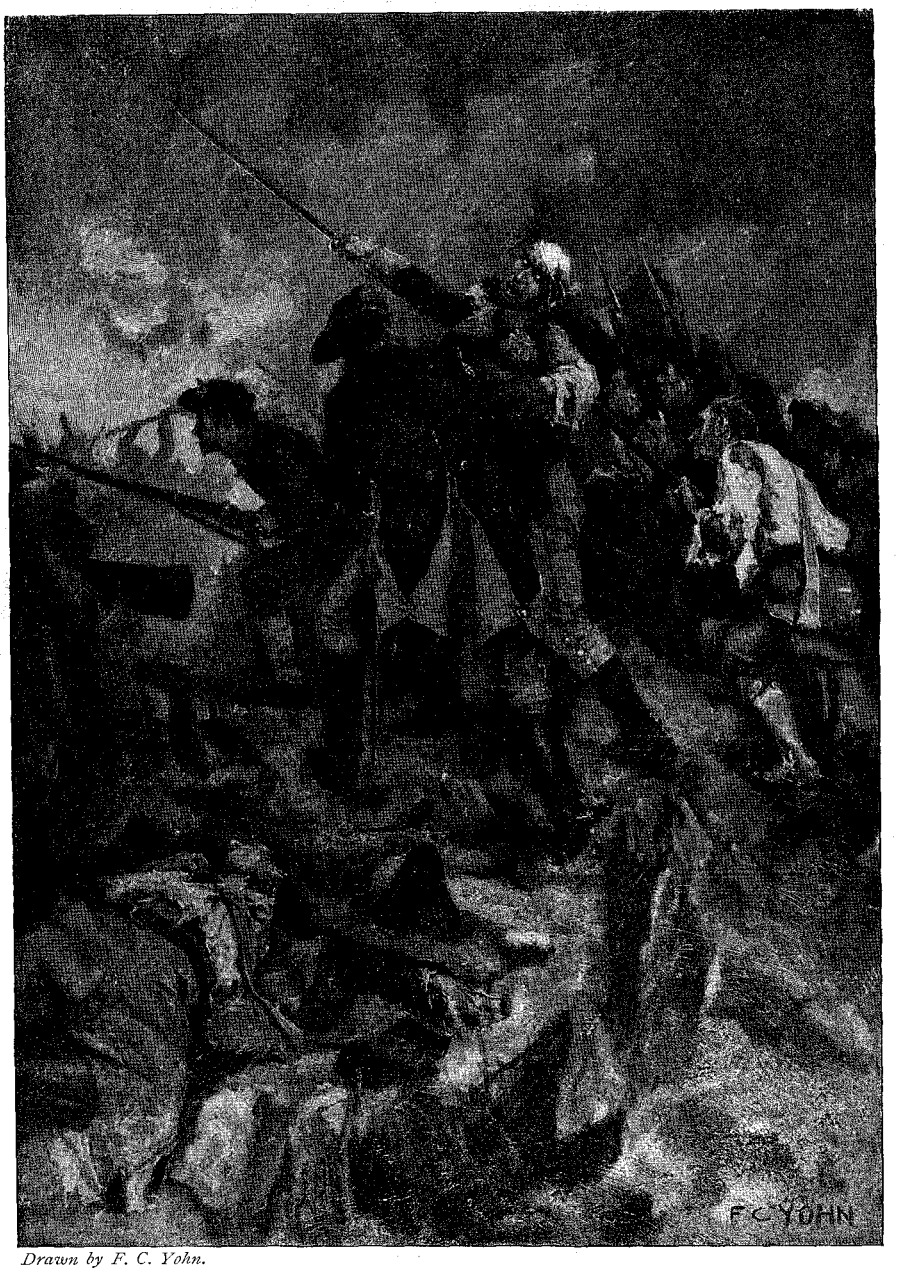

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The Capture of Stony Point by Wayne.

As Wayne was crossing the abattis a musket-ball struck him on the head. Dazed as he was by the blow, he called out that if he was mortally hurt he wanted to die in the fort, and his aides picked him up and bore him forward.—Page 455.

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otherwise. He rejoiced in the coming of the French because he felt it ought to spur Congress and people alike to renewed exertions, and when it acted as a sedative and his own army seemed still to diminish instead of increase, he was filled with mortification and anxiety. His one idea, with this new support of the French open to him, was to fight, and to that end he tried every plan, but all in vain. One difficulty after another appeared. His own army was short of powder and supplies, and the new levies dragged slowly in. Still these were his old familiar enemies, and he could have dealt with them as he always did in some fashion. Those on the side of the French were more serious. The French ships could not get into the harbor of New York, there was sickness in the army, the British threatened Newport, and finally blockaded it, and Rochambeau would not move without the second detachment, which was expected, but which was securely shut up by the English fleet at Brest. A very trying time it was to all concerned, but chiefly to the man upon whom the great responsibilities rested. So the summer slipped away, full of trial, irritation, and disappointment, with nothing done and nothing attempted. A summer of appeals to the French, and of stern letters to Congress, in which we can read to-day all the bitterness of spirit which filled the man of action who knew just what he wanted to do, who longed to strike, and who was yet bound hand and foot.

Major Henry Lee.
("Light Horse Harry.")
From a painting by C. W. Peale in 1788.

From the time when the French landed, Washington had wished to meet Rochambeau, for vigorous as his letters were, he knew the importance of a personal meeting. But he did not dare to leave his army or the great river to which he had clung so desperately for so many weary months, knowing that there he held the enemy by the throat. At last, as summer was passing into autumn, it seemed as if he could go with safety, and on September 18th, he left Greene in command and started for Hartford where he met De Rochambeau on the 20th. He was a man of few holidays, and this little change from the long and dreary anxiety of the army and the camp was pleasant to him. His spirits rose as he rode, and the heartfelt greetings of the people in the towns as he passed to and from Hartford touched and moved him deeply. Pleasant indeed was this little bit of sunshine, coming in the midst of days darkened with care and never ending, often fruitless toil, and yet it was only the prelude to one of the hardest trials Washington was called to bear. It seems as if this uneasiness and unwillingness to leave the army were almost prophetic, but even the most troubled and foreboding fancy could not have pictured the ugly reality which he was suddenly called upon to meet face to face.

Benedict Arnold was a native of Rhode Island. Descended from an early governor of the colony, whose name he bore, he represented one of the oldest and best families in the State. He was well educated, but ran away at the age of fifteen to join the Northern army in the old French war, and then wearying of his service, he deserted and came home alone through the wilderness. This was the beginning of a life of reckless adventure in peace and war. From his escapade on the frontier he turned to earn his own living in the modest capacity of an apothecary's clerk. Then he became an apothecary and bookseller himself, made money and abandoned these quiet avocations for the life of a

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Drawn by C. O. DeLand.

The Capture of Paulus Hook by Major Lee.

Up they came out of the ditch and into the works.—Page 456.

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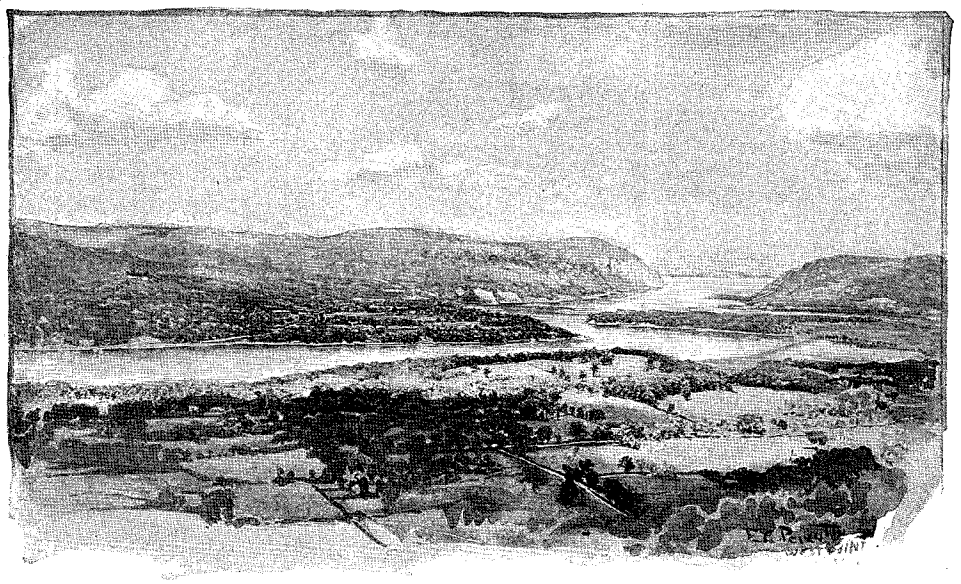
merchant. He carried on commerce with Canada, the West Indies, and Europe, made many voyages on his own ships, something much more congenial to him than standing behind a shop-counter, saw the world, had adventures, and shot a British captain in a duel for calling him "a d—d Yankee." He was conspicuous for good looks, physical strength and high



The Hudson River at West Point.

The Beverly Robinson house, from which Arnold escaped to the Vulture, stood among the trees directly opposite West Point.

personal courage. He was in New Haven when the news arrived of the fight at Lexington. To such a temperament the note of war was an irresitible appeal, and he offered to lead the Governor's Guards at once to the scene of action. The general in command thought that regular orders should be awaited, the select-men of the town refused ammunition, and Arnold thereupon threatened to break open the magazine, bore down resistance, got the powder and marched to Cambridge. From that time forward he was in the forefront of the fighting. He was with Allen at Ticonderoga, and captured St. Johns. He returned to Cambridge and obtained command of the expedition to Canada from the East, which was to meet that of Montgomery descending the St. Lawrence from the West. His march across the Maine wilderness was one of the most desperate ever made, but he brought his men through after inconceivable hardships and sufferings and laid siege to Quebec. He headed the assault upon the town in the bitter cold of New Year's eve, and was badly wounded. Still he held on all through the winter, keeping Quebec besieged, was relieved in the spring, and then shared in the retreat of the Americans before the British advance. On Lake Champlain he gathered a fleet of small vessels and fought a fierce and stubborn action with the British. He was defeated by superiority of numbers, but he brought off part of his ships and all his surviving men to Ticonderoga. In this gallant fight, comparatively little known and never fully appreciated, Arnold so crippled his enemy that he prevented the advance of Carleton that year, and this was a potent cause in the delays which brought Burgoyne and the great peril of the Revolution to wreck the following summer. In that decisive campaign he played a brilliant part. At Freeman's Farm he repulsed the attempt to turn the left, and if supported would have won a complete victory. But Gates supported

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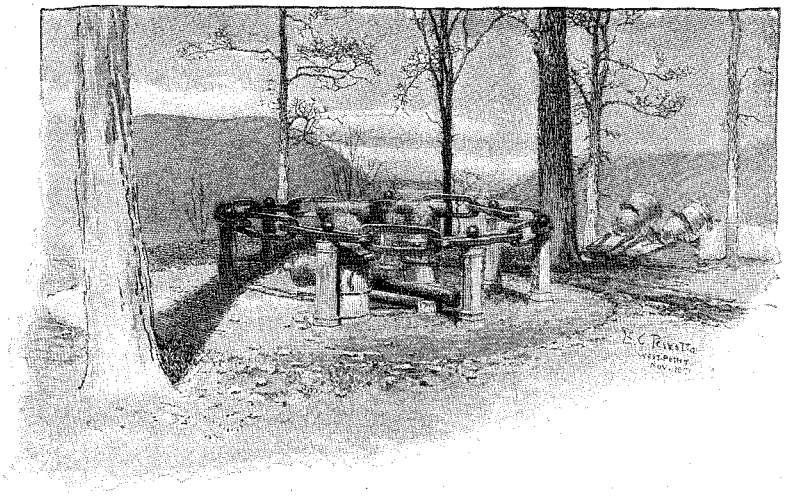
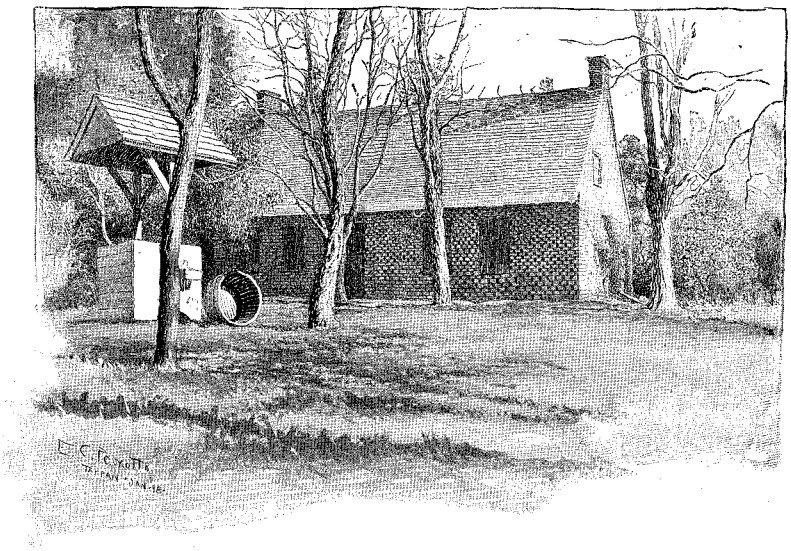


Part of the Great Chain (now in the collection of relics at West Point) which was Stretched Across the Hudson Between West Point and Constitution Island to Obstruct Navigation.

Each link is more than two feet long and weighs one hundred and forty pounds. The chain was held in place by a series of logs and anchors.

no one, and had no conception of how to win a battle. After the fight Arnold gave way to his temper, never of the pleasantest, and an angry quarrel ensued; Arnold was thereupon relieved, but not actually superseded, and remained in the camp. In the battle of October 7th, without orders, he went upon the field as a volunteer, and in a series of splendid charges broke the British lines and flung them back shattered beyond recovery. Again he was badly wounded in the same leg as at Quebec, and was carried on a litter to Albany, where he had a slow recovery. Congress at last did him the tardy justice of a commission, which gave him his rightful seniority, and as he was still too lame for active service, he was put in command at Philadelphia after its evacuation by the British.



Headquarters at Tappan from which the Order for André's Execution was Issued.

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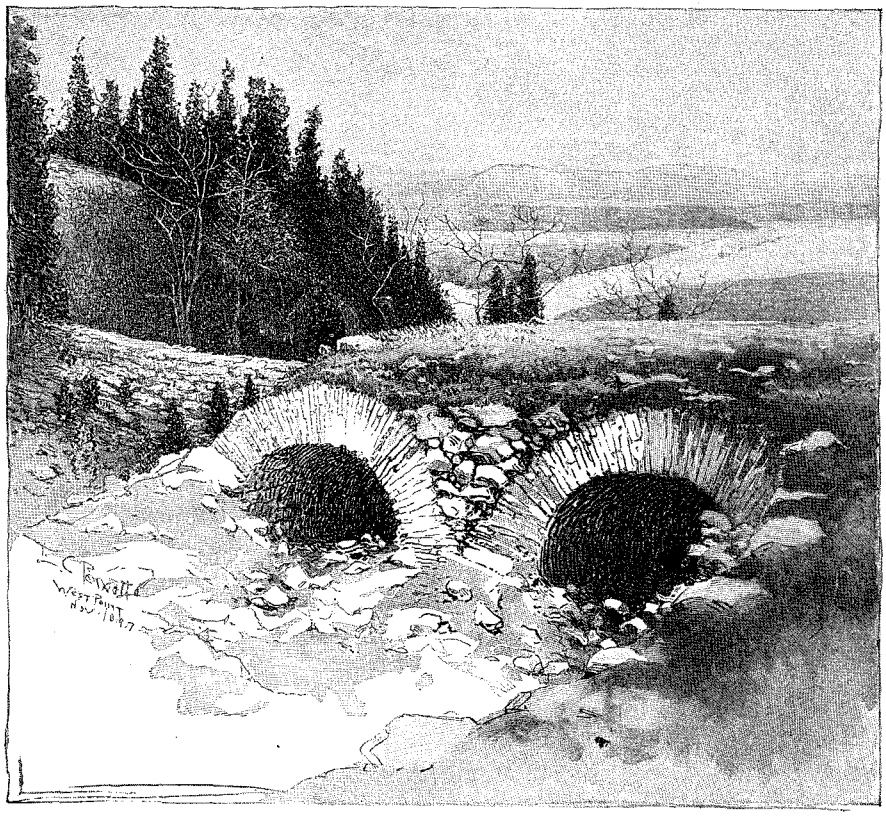

Old Fort Putnam—the Key to the Defences at West Point—Showing the Magazines.
In the distance are Constitution Island and the Hudson River.

Thus came the turning-point of his life. A very brilliant record up to this time was his, none more so in the American army. Great qualities were in this man, great force for good or evil, say some of those critics who are wise after the event. But very plain even then to all men were the military talents, the disregard of danger, the readiness for every peril, and a wild dare-devil spirit which shrank from nothing. That spirit had led him through the Maine woods, over the walls of Quebec, across the decks of the ships at Valcour Bay and into the thick of the British squadrons in New York. It had endeared him to Washington, who loved above all men a ready, fearless fighter, indifferent to responsibilities and careless of danger. These were the qualities which made him one of the heroes of the army and of the popular imagination. But that same dare-devil temper and reckless spirit which stopped at nothing were quite capable of going as unhesitatingly in one direction as another. We now know that Arnold had neither morals nor convictions, and a man so destitute of honor and conscience, when utterly reckless and fearless of consequence, is the most dangerous man that can be produced.

Had Arnold never been compelled to leave the field he might have come down to us as one of the bravest and best of our Revolutionary soldiers. He left the field to command in a city, with the opportunity of wrong-doing, and all the base qualities of a thoroughly sordid and immoral nature hidden under a splendid personal courage and the display of real military talents which had asserted themselves often on the day of battle then came out. In Philadelphia he married Miss Shippen, the handsome daughter of a Tory family. Then he lived among loyalists and heard their talk. Then he spent money and gambled away his fortune, so that at the end of two years he found himself in sore straits. He had a

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quarrel with Joseph Reed, charges were preferred, and a committee of Congress acquitted him. More accusations were made, but a court-martial acquitted him on the serious charges, and Washington, in reprimanding him as required by the court, really gave him high praise because he thought Arnold a persecuted man. There is no excuse for Arnold in all this, for Congress had a singular aptness in favoring the inferior and frowning upon the best officers. They treated Morgan and Greene little better than they did Arnold, until events sternly taught them the necessary lesson. That these attacks angered Arnold is not to be questioned, but that which really moved him was the fact that he was poor, and the conviction that the American Revolution, then in the desperate stress of sullen endurance, had failed. To a man with the rat instinct largely developed, that was enough. The dare-devil courage, the keen mind, and the cold heart would do the rest.

Washington followed up his laudatory reprimand by offering Arnold the command of one of the wings of the army, which the latter declined, on the ground that his wounds still forbade active service. The real reason was that since early in the spring he had been in communication with the British, writing, under a feigned name, to Major André of Clinton's staff, and in order to make profitable terms for his treachery, it was necessary that he should have something to sell. A division of the Continental army was not salable, and could not be delivered. Hence the refusal, and much active effort and intrigue, which finally procured for him the command of West Point. All Arnold's communications with André were under the fit guise of a commercial correspondence, and here at last was a valuable piece of property to barter and sell. West Point had been selected by Washington as the position where he could best hold the Hudson fast and prevent any advance of the enemy up the valley, either by land or water. The place had been elaborately and strongly fortified, and no less than three thousand men garrisoned the works. It was almost impregnable to attack, its loss would have been a grievous disaster to the American cause, and the British determined to buy and Arnold to sell it. He took command early in August, and at once attempted to open communications through Beverly Robinson with reference ostensibly to that gentleman's confiscated property. Washington checked this scheme innocently but effectively by deciding that such matters belonged to the civil and not to the military authority. Still Clinton insisted that there must be a personal interview with his agent, and various abortive attempts were made to bring about a meeting. At last, on the night of September 21st, Arnold contrived to have André brought off by Joshua Hett Smith from the sloop-of-war Vulture, which was lying in the river below the Point. The young Englishman was directed not to go within the American lines, not to change his uniform, and to accept no papers. With a light heart André landed at Long Clove, where Arnold met him, and the two mounted and rode through Haverstraw to Smith's home, inside the American lines. André had disobeyed his first order. Then the conspirators went to work. Clinton was to come up the river with ships from Rodney's fleet, surprise West Point on September 25th; and Arnold, having scattered his men, was to promptly surrender and then lure Washington to come with reinforcements to destruction. Arnold was to receive as reward a commission as Brigadier-General in the British army, and a sum of money. It was all "hire and salary, not revenge." These interesting negotiations consumed much time, and the day was well advanced when they ended. While they were pending, there was a sound of firing, and the conspirators saw from the window an American battery shell the Vulture and force her to drop down the river. An uncomfortable sight this for André, but Arnold bore it with entire philosophy apparently, and rode off, leaving his guest to get back to New York as best he might. He provided him with passes and also papers, plans of the fort and the like. André accepted these papers, and violated his second instruction. The day wore slowly away, and André began to think of his escape. Then it appeared that Smith, a very careful person, had no notion of running the risk of taking his guest off to the Vulture. So it was agreed that they should go by land. André then changed his uniform

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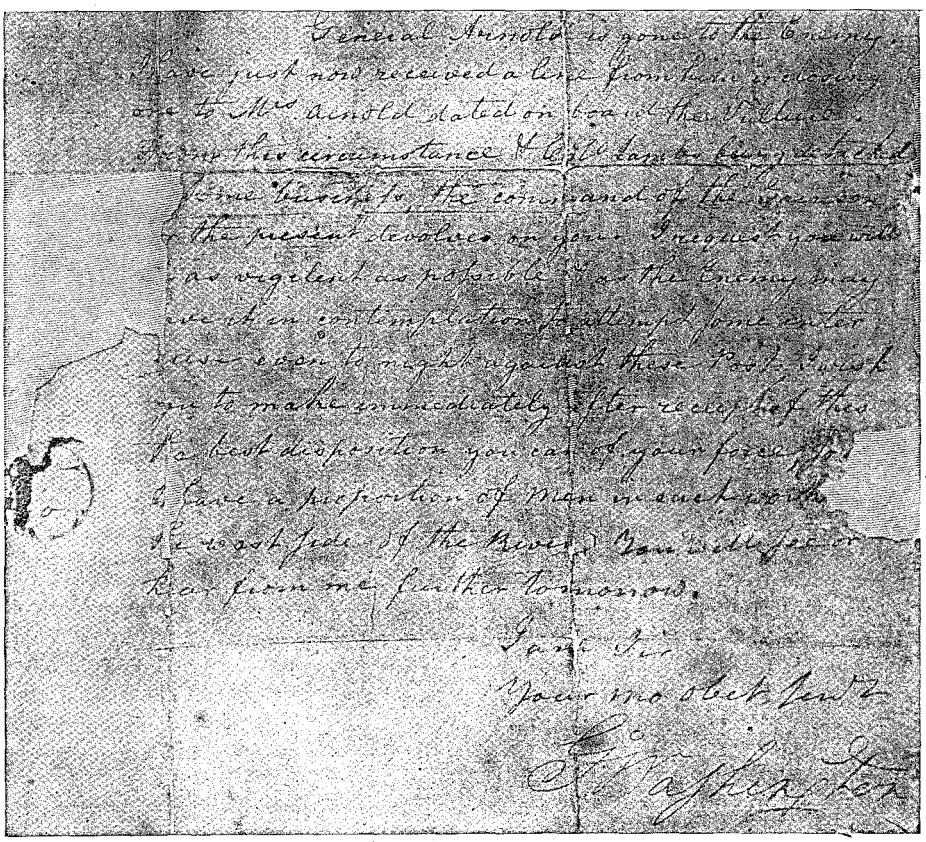
and put on ordinary clothes. He thus broke his third and last instruction, and was now in every respect within the definition of a spy. They started at dusk, passed through the American lines, spent the night at a house in the neighborhood, and resumed their march in the early morning. After having proceeded a little way, the careful and innocent Smith parted from his guest, and went back to report to Arnold that all was well. André rode on cheerfully, feeling that all danger was over. He was crossing the neutral ground, and would soon reach the British lines. Suddenly, out of the bushes came three men, rough-looking fellows, one in a refugee's uniform, who bade the traveller stand. André was in the region of the guerillas, who belonged to one party or the other in name, and fought steadily for their own hand. André concluded that these men were "cowboys," partisans of his own side, and ordered them to give way, as he was a British officer. It appeared, however, that dress had misled him. These unwelcome persons were "Skinners," as the American guerillas were pleasantly called. A very unpleasant discovery this to a British officer travelling in disguise from the American lines. So Arnold's pass was produced, but with little effect on these highly irregular combatants. Then bribes were tried. André thought that if he could have given enough, they would have released him. But events at least are on the side of the "Skinners." They were three in number —Paulding, Williams, and Van Wart. They searched André, found the fatal papers in his boots, and Paulding, being able to read, an accomplishment not shared by his companions, at once with great justice, pronounced the prisoner a spy, and said subsequently that after finding the papers ten thousand guineas would not have



Dated: Headquarters, Robinson's House, September 25, 1780.

Letter from General Washington to Colonel Wade, apprising him of Arnold's treason.
(Reproduced in fac-simile for the first time.—By permission of Stuart C. Wade, Esq.)

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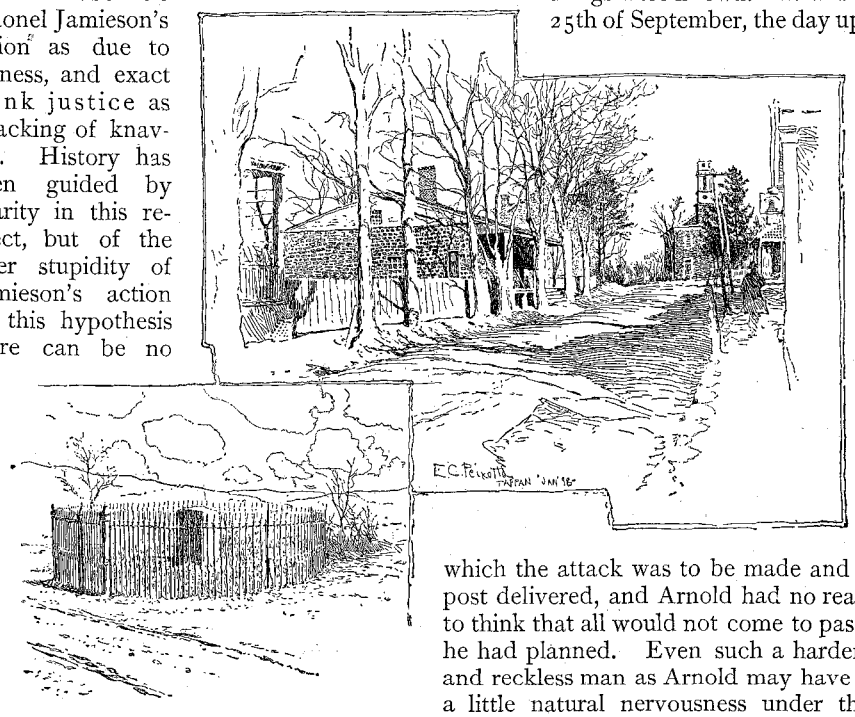
bought André's freedom. Certain it is that they refused his very handsome offers, took him to Northcastle, and won a secure and very well-earned place in history by their firm and intelligent action.

Colonel Jamieson, to whom they delivered their captive, was either less intelligent, or less honest than the rough free lances of the neutral ground. Charity would describe Colonel Jamieson's action as due to dulness, and exact frank justice as smacking of knavery. History has been guided by charity in this respect, but of the utter stupidity of Jamieson's action on this hypothesis there can be no doubt. He ordered that André be taken to Arnold's headquarters, with a letter from himself explaining the circumstances, and that the papers be sent to Washington. If this amiable arrangement had been carried out, all would have gone well and André would have escaped. But luckily intelligence and honesty had not wholly departed from Northcastle. Major Benjamin Tallmadge, returning from a scout, saw the blunder that had been committed and forced Jamieson to recall André and his escort, although he could not prevent the despatch of the letter to Arnold. Under the guard of Sergeant John Dean and his men, vigilant and incorruptible, André was held fast and taken out of Jamieson's reach to New Salem. When the young officer saw that the game was up he revealed his name and rank and wrote a letter to Washington, making the same confession. The conspiracy had failed, for the message which was to bring Clinton and the British fleet had been stopped, and one of the conspirators was in the toils.



The House in which André was Imprisoned is Shown on the Left (above). The Inclosed Stone (below) Marks the Place where André was Executed.

At West Point, however, none of these things were known. It was the 25th of September, the day upon which the attack was to be made and the post delivered, and Arnold had no reason to think that all would not come to pass as he had planned. Even such a hardened and reckless man as Arnold may have felt a little natural nervousness under these conditions. If he did, the first event of the day was not likely to console him, for at breakfast appeared Hamilton and McHenry, aides of the commander-in-chief. Washington had returned sooner than had been expected, and it was going to be extremely difficult to betray West Point under his very eyes. The General himself had turned off to look at some redoubts, and telling his aides that like all young men they were in love with Mrs. Arnold, had bade them ride on to the Robinson house. So a pleasant party sat down to breakfast, one of them revolving many things in his mind about which he did not converse. Presently a note was brought to Arnold. He read it with but slight appearance of emotion, said he must go to West Point, and left the room. The note was Jamieson's letter. The plot

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was discovered; all that remained was flight. To his wife, who followed him from the room, he told what had happened. She fainted, and Arnold, pausing at the breakfast-room to say that Mrs. Arnold was ill, rushed from the house, flung himself into his barge, and under pretense of a flag of truce was rowed to the "Vulture." The treason had failed, and the traitor had escaped.

Washington came to the house, had a hasty breakfast, and went over to West Point to visit the works. When he reached the fort, no salute broke the quiet of the morning, no guard turned out to receive him, no commandant was there to greet him. Surprised not to find Arnold, he made the tour of the works, and then returned to the house to be met, as he came up from the river, by Hamilton with the Jamieson letter. Washington took the blow with the iron self-control of which he alone was capable. To Lafayette and Knox, when he showed the letter, he merely said, "Whom can we trust now?" for the idea that the conspiracy might be widespread was that which first absorbed his mind. But there was no confusion. The orders went thick and fast. Hamilton was sent to try to intercept Arnold, unfortunately too late. To Wade went the message: "Arnold has gone to the enemy. You are in command. Be vigilant." Every precaution was taken, every arrangement made, every danger guarded against. There was really little need, for Arnold had no accomplices. He had meant to have no sharer in the rewards, and he had no partners in his crime. When night came, Washington said to Captain Webster, who commanded the guard, "I believe I can trust you," and the son of that brave New Hampshire soldier in all his brilliant career never won a higher meed of praise. Throughout the night the sentry outside the room of the commander-in-chief heard him pacing up and down, the steady footfall sounding clear in the still autumn night. Washington had said nothing and done everything at the moment the blow fell, but when night came and he was alone, he could neither sleep nor rest. It was not alone the imminent peril to his cause which filled his mind, but the thought of the traitor. He had trusted Arnold because he so admired his fighting qualities, he had helped him and stood by him, and the villain had sold his post, tried to wreck the Revolution, and fled to the enemy. It was very hard to bear in silence, but all Washington said afterward was that in his opinion it was a mistake to suppose that Arnold suffered from remorse, because he was incapable of it.

The rest of the story is easily told. André was tried and condemned as a spy. No other verdict was possible. He was hanged and met his death with the perfect courage of a well-bred and gallant gentleman. Joshua Hett Smith, the cautious and elusive, was also tried, slipped through the fingers of justice, and lived to write, many years after, an account of the conspiracy from his own point of view. Arnold received his reward in money and rank, served in the British army, and left descendants who in England rose to distinction in later days.

Thus the treason came to naught. If it had succeeded it would have been a grave disaster, but would not have changed the course or outcome of the Revolution. It failed, and had no result whatever except upon the two conspirators. There hangs about it the mystery and attraction which always attach to dark plottings pregnant with possibilities, but there is nothing in it but the individual interest which is inseparable from such a fate as that of André, and such an unusual exhibition of cold and sordid perfidy as that of Arnold.

So the summer ended. No military operations had been attempted, and Clinton had tried in vain to substitute bribery and treachery for a campaign in the field. The French had arrived, but despite Washington's efforts, all combinations for an active movement had failed. The second stage in the trial of endurance had closed, and both sides retired to winter quarters, Clinton to New York, and Washington to New Jersey, where he provided for his men in a line of cantonments. The American army was still in existence, the line of the Hudson was still in Washington's unyielding grasp, and the last scene of the war was about to open.

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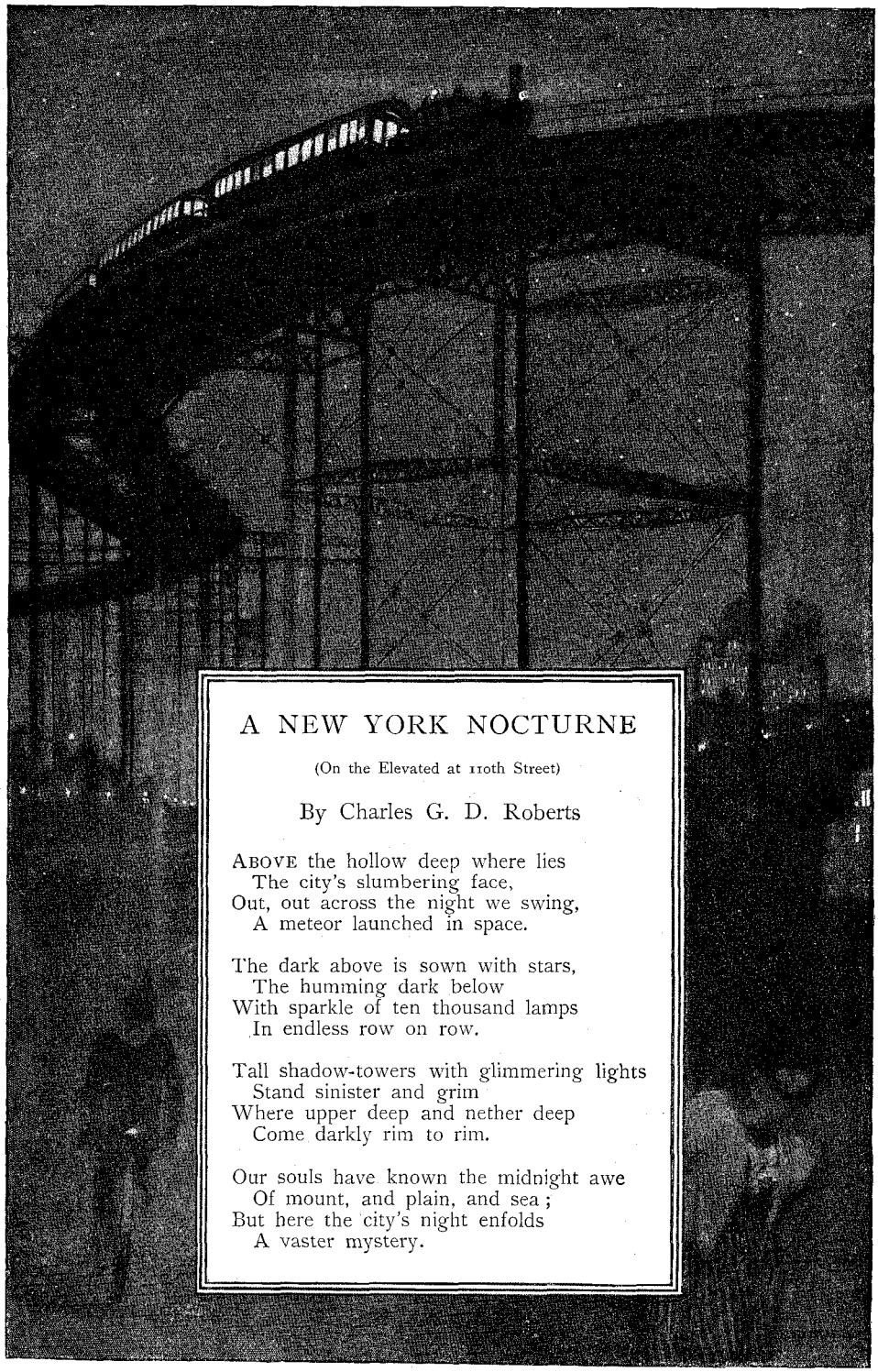

A NEW YORK NOCTURNE

(On the Elevated at 110th Street)

By Charles G. D. Roberts

ABOVE the hollow deep where lies
  The city's slumbering face,
Out, out across the night we swing,
  A meteor launched in space.

The dark above is sown with stars,
  The humming dark below
With sparkle of ten thousand lamps
  In endless row on row.

Tall shadow-towers with glimmering lights
  Stand sinister and grim
Where upper deep and nether deep
  Come darkly rim to rim.

Our souls have known the midnight awe
  Of mount, and plain, and sea;
But here the city's night enfolds
  A vaster mystery.

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RED ROCK

A CHRONICLE OF RECONSTRUCTION

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE Court opened a day or two after the party at Red Rock. It will not be pertinent to go in detail into the trial of Jacquelin's and Rupert's case. The examination of the plaintiff's witnesses occupied two days. The investigation was fought at every point by Still's counsel, and the Judge almost uniformly ruled in favor of their objections. Steve Allen had hard work to maintain his composure. His eyes flashed and a cloud lowered on his brow as he noted exception after exception, until the Court, began to head him off from even this protection by ruling, whenever he rose, that he was out of order. When Court adjourned the second day, except that Still had not indorsed any credit on the bonds, no fraud had been shown in his title to them. The defendant's counsel were jubilant, and that night debated whether they should call any witnesses at all. Leech was against it. He was confident of a decision in his favor. Mr. Bagby was acquiescent. But Major Welch insisted that at least he should go on the stand to state his connection with the case. He did not intend that it should appear of record that his name was connected with a charge of fraud, and that when he had had the opportunity to go on the stand and deny it he had failed to do so. So next day the Defence began to take evidence, and after they began to introduce witnesses it was necessary to go fully into the case. It was, however, plain sailing. Thus the second day wore away. An undisputed bond of Mr. Gray's was put in proof. It was dated at the outbreak of the war, and was the bond given for money to help equip the Red Rock company. This bond was taken from the bundle of papers in the old suit which Still had brought, and the other papers in the file were left spread out on the bar, ready for the big bond in dispute to be offered in evidence. For the purpose of connecting the large bond with his trip to the far South it became necessary to prove the time when Still went South. An attempt was made to do this, but the witnesses put on the stand to prove it, on cross-examination got mixed up and differed among themselves by several years. It was night now, and Leech was anxious to close the case. It had been going so smoothly that Leech had begun to be reckless. He glanced around the court-house.

"Is there no one here who was present when you went, or came back?" he asked Still, with a frown of impatience. Still looked about him.

"Yes, there's a nigger. He was there both when I went away and when I came back. He used to work about the house." He pointed to Doan, who stood behind the bar in the throng of spectators. "But I don't want to put him on," he whispered. "I don't like him."

"Oh! nonsense. It's only a single fact, and if we can prove it by him, it's as good as by a hundred." Leech turned and spoke to Doan aloud from his seat.

"Come around and be sworn."

Doan was told by Leech that he need not sit down, as there was only one question to be asked; so he stood just in front of the bar, where the papers were spread on it. Leech put his question.

"Do you know when Mr. Still was sent South by Mr. Gray?"

"Yes, suh. Cose I does. I was right dyah. See him de night he come back."

"Well, tell those gentlemen when it was." Doan looked puzzled. "What year it was, I mean," said Leech. He leant over and fingered the big bond lying

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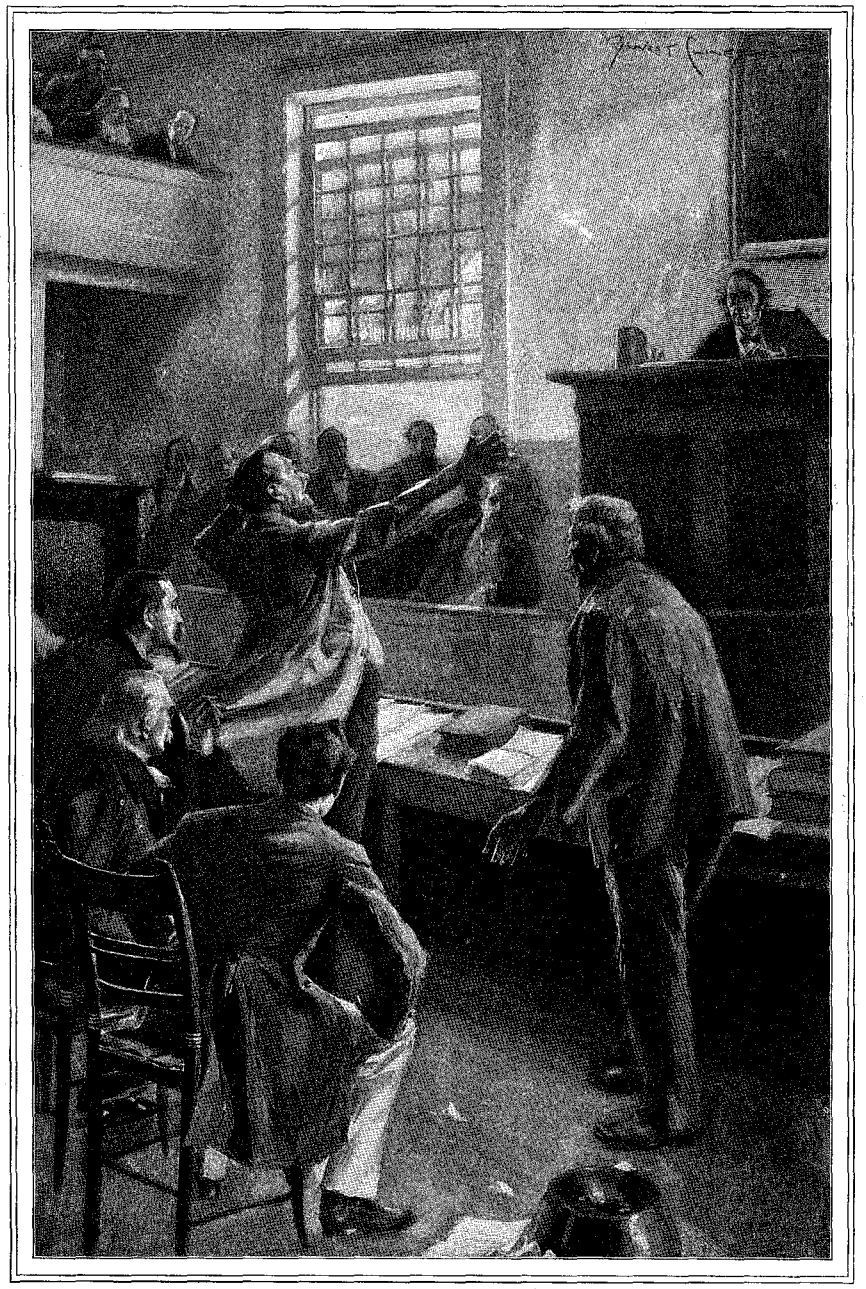

Still sprung to his feet in uncontrollable agitation, his face livid.—Page 473.

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on the bar before him, preparatory to putting it in evidence. The act seemed to arouse the negro's intellect.

"Well, I don' know nothin' 'bout what year 'twuz, boss," he said, "but I knows *when* 'twuz."

"Well, *when* was it? And how do you know when it was?" Leech asked sharply.

"'Twuz when de big picture o' de ghos' in de gret hall fall down de lass' time jes' b'fo' de war. Mr. Still had jes' come back from de Souf' de day befo', an' him and Marster wuz in de gret hall togerr, talkin' 'bout things, and Mr. Still had jes' ontie he pocket-book an' gin Marster back de papers, when de win' blow 'em on de flo', an' de picture come down out de frame 'quebang' most 'pon top my haid."

"Stop him! For God's sake, stop him," muttered Still, clutching at Leech's arm. The lawyer did not catch his words, and turned to him. Still was deadly pale.

"Stop him," he murmured. Leech saw something had happened.

"Hold on. Stop! How do you know this?" His tone was suddenly combative.

"Hi! I wuz right dyah onder it, and it leetle mo' fall 'pon top my haid. 'Twuz in de Spring, and I wuz paintin' de hearth wid red paint, and Marster an' de overseer wuz talkin' togerr at de secretary by de winder 'bout de new plantation down Souf, an' I wuz doin' mo' lis'nin' 'n paintin', cuz when I heah Mr. Still say he hadn' buyed all de lan' an' niggers Marster 'spected him to buy, and had done bring he bond back, I wuz wonderin' ef dee'd sen' any o' our black folks down Souf; and thunder-storm come up right sudden, an' b'fo' dee pull de winder down, blowed dem papers what Mr. Still teck out he pocket an' gi' to Marster, off de secretary down on de flo', and slam de do' so hard de old Ingin-Killer fall right out de frame mos' 'pon top my haid. Yas, suh, I wuz dyah, sho'!"

Still, with white face, was clutching Leech's arm, making him signals to stop the witness. But Doan was too well launched to stop. He flowed on easily.

"I tell you I didn' like it much nohow. An' Mr. Still didn' like it much nurr."

"Stop him!" whispered Still, agonizingly.

"Here, this is all nonsense," broke in Leech, angrily. "You don't know what Mr. Still thought." But Doan was by this time at his ease, enjoying the taste of publicity.

"Yas, suh, I does. Cuz I hear him say so. I holp him nail de picture back after Marster had done put dem very papers Mr. Still gi' him back in de hole behine it. An' I hear Mr. Still tell Marster 't ef it wuz him he'd be skeered, cuz dee say 'twuz bad luck to anybody in de house ef de picture fall; and Marster say he wa'n't' skeered; dat ef anything happen to him he could trust Mr. Still, an' he'd put de papers in de hole behine de picture, so ef anyone ever fine 'em dee'd see what a faithful man he had, he had trus' him wid he bonds for thousans o' dollars, an' he brung 'em back, an' he gwine nail de picture up now so 'twon' come down no mo'."

"Oh! Your master said he felt he could trust Mr. Still?" said Leech, brightening, catching this crumb of comfort. "And he nailed the picture up securely?"

"Yas, suh; I holped him. Marster sont me to teck Marse Rupert out, cuz he wuz dabblin' he little byah foots in de paint on de hearth, trackin' up de flo', an' had done step'pon one o' de papers whar blow down an' mark it up, an' he tell me when I come back to bring hammer an' nails to nail de picture up, an' so I done."

Still was again squeezing his counsel's arm painfully, whispering him to stop the witness.

"You can stand aside," said Leech, contemptuously. Still gave a sigh of relief, and Doan was slowly turning to go.

"Hold on." It was Steve's deep voice. Jacquelin was whispering to him, eagerly.

He rose slowly to get the bond lying on the bar. Before he could reach it, however, McRaffle, who was one of the counsel associated with Leech, partly resenting the neglect of himself and wishing to earn his fee, leant forward. He would at least ask one question.

"You nailed it up securely, and that was the last time it fell." He spoke rather in affirmation than question.

"Nor, suh, it done fell down two or three times since den. Hit fall de day Marster wuz kilt, an' hit fall de evenin'

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Mr. Still dyah got de papers out de hole agin. Dat's de evenin' Mr. Leech dyah 'rest Marse Jack."

Hiram Still sprung to his feet in uncontrollable agitation, his face livid. Every eye was turned on him, and Leech caught him and pulled him forcibly down into his seat, rising in his place and addressing the Court.

"If your honor please," he said, "all of this is irrelevant. I have no idea what it is all about, but it has no bearing whatever on this case—a lot of stuff about a picture falling down, and I shall ask you to exclude it all from the jury."

"But I will show whether or not it is relevant," said Steve, springing to his feet. He had picked up the bond from the bar and held it firmly. His voice had a new ring in it.

Leech turned on him angrily, but caught his eye and quieted down, and addressed the Court again.

"I will show how impossible it is for it to be accepted. Can you read or write?" he asked Doan, who stood much puzzled by what was going on.

"Nor, suh."

"And you cannot tell one paper from another, can you?"

"Nor, suh. But ef de paper Mr. Still got out from behine de picture dat evenin' I see him git up in de hole after you brung Marse Jack away is de one I see him gi' Marster an' see him put in dyah, hit's got Marse Rupert's foot-track 'pon it; least his toe-tracks, whar he'd been dabblin' in de fresh paint on de hearth; cuz dat's de reason Marster meck me cyar him out, cuz he step 'pon de paper whar blown down on de hall flo' wid red paint and track up de flo' runnin' after it." (Here Steve with a bow handed the bond across to Major Welch.) "I see Marster when he put de paper in de bundle an' Mr. Still put it up in de hole behine de picture, an' I see Mr. Still when he git up in de hole an' teck it out de evenin' de picture fall down after Mistis an' all de white folks come 'way to come to de cote-house after Marse Jack. Ef it's de same paper hit's got he toe-marks on hit in red paint, cuz I can show you de tracks on de hall flo' now. Hit's dim, but hit's dyah on de flo' still. Ef you go dyah wid me I can show't to you."

At this moment Major Welch, who had been holding the bond in his hand, and had studied it carefully, leant forward and held it out to the negro.

Still, with a gasp, made a grab for Leech, and Leech reached for the paper, but Major Welch put him aside without even looking at him.

"Did you ever see that paper before?" he asked Doan. Doan's face lit up and he gave an ejaculation of surprise and pleasure.

"Yas, suh; dat's de very paper I'se talkin' 'bout." He took it and held it triumphantly, turning it so it could be seen. "Dyah's Marse Rupert's little toe-marks 'pon hit now—jes like I tell you." And as the paper was viewed, there, without doubt, were the prints—incontestably the mark of five little toes, as the exclamation of the spectators certified.

Leech rose and renewed his motion.

The Judge sustained it, and ruled out Doan's testimony, to which Steve excepted. Then Leech calmly offered the bond in evidence, and announced that they were through and wanted no argument.

Steve Allen offered to put Doan on the stand as his witness, but Leech objected; the plaintiffs had closed their case, he said. And so the Court ruled. Steve Allen claimed the right to put the witness on the stand, asserting that it was rebuttal. But the Court was firm. The Judge declined to "hear ghost-stories." Steve insisted, and the Court ordered him to take his seat: he was "out of order," the case was "closed." He should instruct the jury to bring in a verdict that no fraud had been shown, and the defendants would receive a decree accordingly.

On this Steve suddenly flamed out. He would like to know when he had been in order in that Court, he said. It was a gross outrage; an outrage on decency; the rulings of the Court were a cover for fraud.

"Take your seat, sir," thundered the Judge. "I will commit you for contempt." The anger of the Judge cooled Steve's.

"If you do, it will certainly be for *contempt*," he said, recovering his composure, and with it a more insolent manner than before.

"I will put you in jail, sir!"

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"It has no terrors for me. It is more honorable than your Court."

"I will disbar you!" roared the Judge.

"You have substantially done it in this case."

The Judge was foaming. He turned to the clerk and commanded him to enter an order immediately striking Steve's name from the roll of attorneys practising in that Court, and ordered the Sheriff to take him into custody. The excitement was intense.

At this moment Jacquelin rose. His calm manner and assured voice quieted the hubbub; the Judge looked at him and waited, an expression of curiosity on his face. As his counsel was disbarred, Jacquelin said, he should ask the Court to allow him to represent himself at this juncture, and also his brother, who was still a minor. He calmly stated the series of events that had prevented their knowing before the facts that had just been disclosed and which made everything clear, and he asked leave to amend their bill, or to file a new one on the ground of after-discovered evidence. With the new light thrown on the case, he traced Still's action, step by step, and suddenly wound up with a charge that he had arrested his brother to get him out of the way and destroy the danger of his testimony. A roar of applause broke from the white men present, in whom a ray of hope began to shine once more. Jacquelin sat down.

Of all the people in the court-room the Judge was the most calm. He was as motionless as a sphinx. There was a brief pause of deathly stillness. The Judge slowly turned his eyes, looked at Leech, and waited. The latter's face lit up. He stirred, put his hand on the bar, and leant forward preparatory to rising. Before he could make another motion, Major Welch rose. Every eye turned on him. The silence became almost palpable. Major Welch's face was pale, and the lines, as seen in the dim light of the candles, appeared to have deepened in it.

"If your Honor please," he began, "I am a defendant in this case and hold, as a purchaser under the other defendant, a considerable part of the property sought to be recovered by the plaintiffs. I bought it honestly and paid for it, believing that it was the land of the man from whom I bought, and I still hold it. I wish to say that as far as I am concerned—so far as relates to the part of the property formerly belonging to Mr. Jacquelin Gray and his brother, now held by me I am satisfied. It will not be necessary for the plaintiffs to take the step that has just been proposed, of filing a new bill. From certain facts that have come to my own knowledge and which I did not understand before, but on which, what has just taken place has thrown a full light, I am quite satisfied. And if the complainants will prepare a proper deed reconveying the land—my part of the land—to them, I will execute it without further delay, and will make such restitution as I can. I have lost what I put into it, which is a considerable part of all I possessed in the world. But there is one thing I have not lost, and I do not propose to lose it. I shall expect them to make a declaration of record that every transaction, so far as I, at least, was concerned, was free from any taint of suspicion." For the first time he turned and faced the bar. His voice, which had been grave and low, if firm, suddenly became strong and full, with a ring in it of pride. He sat down, still amid a deathly silence. The next moment, from all through the court-room there was a cheer that almost took the roof off. The Judge scowled and rapped; but it was beyond him, and in spite of his efforts to restore order, it went on wildly—cheer after cheer, not only for the act, but for the man.

Ruth, who all through the scene had been sitting beside her mother, holding her arm tightly, her face as white as her handkerchief, in a fit of uncontrollable emotion burst into tears and threw herself into her mother's arms. Mrs. Welch's eyes were glistening and her face was lit up by a glow which she did not always permit to rest there.

Old Mr. Bagby had sat half dazed at his client's action, wonder, dissatisfaction, and pride all contending in his countenance for mastery. Before his client was through, pride conquered, and as Major Welch sat down the old fellow leant forward, placed his hand on the back of Major Welch's, and closed it firmly. That was all.

As Major Welch finished speaking, Jacquelin sprang to his feet. His face was almost as white as the Major's.

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"If the Court please——" he began. "I wish to make a statement."

"Sit down," said the Judge, angrily shouting to the Sheriff to restore order. Jacquelin sat down, and the cheers began to subside.

Just at that moment there was a crash outside, close to the window. A restive horse had broken loose. There was a shrill neigh and the quick trample of feet as he dashed away. Hiram Still sank forward and rolled from his chair in a heap on the floor.

The Court adjourned for the night, and the crowd poured out of the court-room.

As Ruth and her mother came out, the darkened green was full of groups of men all eagerly discussing the occurrence and its probable effects on the case. Major Welch's name was on every lip.

"Danged if I believe he's a Yankee, anyway!" said a voice in the darkness, as Ruth and Mrs. Welch passed by—a theory which gained this much credit, that several admitted that "he certainly was more like our people than like Yankees." One, after reflection, said:

"Well, maybe there's some of 'em better than them we know about."

The ladies passed on in the darkness, Ruth with a pride in her heart that not a nobler man lived on earth in any latitude whatever.

Hiram Still was taken over to the tavern and Dr. Cary attended him; and later in the night the report was current that it was only a fit he had had, and that he was recovering.

Meantime Leech and Still's other counsel held a consultation, and after that Leech was closeted with the Judge in his room for an hour, and when he left, having learned that Major Welch had gone home, he mounted his horse and rode away in the darkness, in the direction of Red Rock.

The next morning the Judge adjourned his court for the term. The illness of Still, the chief party in the cause, was the ground assigned, and it was admitted that it was a good ground.

It soon became known that Still was not going to give up the suit. It was so authoritatively announced by Leech.

"If Major Welch was fool enough," Leech said, "to turn tail at a nigger's lies, which he had been bribed to tell, and fling away a good plantation, it was none of their business. But they were going to fight and win their case."

The Judge left the county, and Still, having recovered sufficiently, was moved to his home.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

In a few months Still had recovered sufficiently to be taken to a watering-place for his health, it was said, and Leech was engaged in other parts of the State, looking after his prospective canvass for the governorship. Dr. Still was absent, dutifully looking after his father, and, rumor said, also looking after his own prospects in another field. Whether these reports were all true or not, the three men were all absent from the county, and the county breathed more freely by reason thereof. It was an unquestioned fact that when they were absent peace returned.

It was, however, but a calm before the storm.

Jacquelin had once more brought his suit. It was an amended bill, this time against Still alone. Major Welch had insisted on reconveying his part of the land to Jacquelin. He said he could not sleep with that land in his possession. So Jacquelin was the owner of it, and Major Welch took it on a lease.

The suit matured and once more the term of Court was approaching. There was more hope of its success this time, and the people of the county were in better spirits. There was talk of Rupert coming home. He had been in the West with Captain Thurston, acting as a volunteer scout, and had distinguished himself for his bravery. One particular act of gallantry, indeed, had attracted much attention. In a fight with the Indians, a negro trooper belonging to one of the companies had been wounded, and had fallen from his horse. Rupert had heard his cries and had gone back under a heavy fire, and, lifting him on his horse had brought him off. The first that was heard of it in the county was through a letter of Captain Thurston's to Miss Welch. When Rupert was written to about it, he said he could not let Steve and Jack have all the honors; "and the fact is," he added,

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"when I heard that negro boy calling I could not leave him to save my life."

Within a month after this Captain Thurston's company had come back from the West, and there was talk of efforts being made to have the old prosecution against Rupert dismissed, and it was rumored that he would come home and testify at the trial.

In view of these facts, the old county was in better spirits than it had enjoyed for some time.

Dr. Washington Still's attentions to his father, however, after that gentleman's attack at the trial of the Red Rock case, were not so filial as they were reported to be; had the truth been known, he was not so attentive to his father's interest as he was to that of another member of the Still family. Whilst the trial and its strange denouement had affected the elder Still to the point of bringing on a slight attack of paralysis, it affected Dr. Still also very seriously, though in a different way.

After the entertainment at Red Rock, Dr. Still fancied that he saw much improvement in his chances with Miss Krafton. She appeared to be more pleased with his society than formerly. He had expected to impress her with Red Rock, and she had been impressed. The pictures had particularly struck her. She referred to the suit, of which she had heard. Dr. Still scouted the idea of their title being questioned. His grandfather had lived there, and his father had been born on the place. He did not mention the house in which his father had been born.

Yes, Miss Krafton was manifestly interested, and the doctor began to have more hope of his success than he had ever had. He allowed himself to fall really in love with her.

His father's connection with the bonds of his former employer suddenly threatened to overthrow the whole structure that Wash Still was so carefully building. Miss Krafton might not have believed the story if it had been confined to Mr. Gray and Mr. Still; but when Major Welch accepted it and, as was stated, had even reconveyed his property to Mr. Gray, it was a different thing.

Miss Krafton had conceived a high opinion of Major Welch. He was so different from everyone else she had seen at the entertainment at Red Rock or had met at her father's table. She knew of the Welches' high social standing. She had met Miss Welch, and had been delighted with her also. The partial similarity of their situations had drawn her to Ruth, and she had come to admire her more than any girl she knew. When the story of the Red Rock suit came out, Miss Krafton's curiosity was aroused. She wrote to Miss Welch and asked her about it.

When Dr. Still called on Miss Krafton next after she had made this inquiry, as he waited in her drawing-room, his eye fell on a letter lying open on a table. He thought he recognized the hand-writing as that of Miss Welch, and as he looked at it to verify this he caught the name "Red Rock." He could not resist the temptation to read what she said, and, picking up the letter, he glanced at the first page. It began with a formal regret that she could not accept Miss Krafton's invitation to visit her, and then said:

"As to your request to tell you the true story of Mr. Hiram Still's connection with the Red Rock case, which the papers have been so full of, I feel—" What it was that she felt Wash did not discover, for at this point the page ended, and just then there was a rustle of skirts close outside the door and he replaced the letter only in time to turn and meet Miss Krafton as she entered. He had never seen her so handsome; but there was something in her manner to him which he had never felt before. She was cold, he thought, almost contemptuous. He wondered if she could have seen him through the door reading her letter. She launched out in such eulogy of Major Welch and of Mrs. Welch that Dr. Still was quite overwhelmed. He attempted to change the opinion of them that she held; but with disastrous results. She declared that if she were a man she would rather starve than have a dollar that was not gotten honestly; and if ever she married, it would be to a man like Major Welch.

Dr. Still looked at her in a half-dazed way, and as he gazed a curious expression came over his face.

"Well, some women are innocent," he thought, as he came down the steps.

When he reached home his father was waiting for him. The young man attacked

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him so furiously that his father was overwhelmed. He began to try to defend himself. He had done nothing, he declared; but whatever he had done had been for *his* sake.

Dr. Still broke out in a fury:

"For my sake! That's your plea! And a pretty mess you've made of it. Just as I was about to succeed—to make me the talk of the State!—to make me appear the son of a—thief! You've stood in my way all my life. But for you I might have been anything. I *am* ashamed of you—I've always been ashamed of you—but I did not think you'd have been such a—fool!" He walked up and down the room, wringing his hands and clutching the air.

"Washy—Washy—hear me," pleaded the older man, rising from his arm-chair and, with outstretched hands, trying to follow him.

Wash Still made a gesture half of contempt and half of anger and burst out of the door.

As his son slammed the door behind him, Hiram Still stood for a moment, turned unsteadily to his chair, threw up his hands, and tottering, fell full length on the floor.

When it was most unexpected, Leech made a move which shook the old county to its circumference. One Sunday morning Leech sprung the trap he had been preparing. It was a complete surprise and a complete success. And when he counted his victims, he had, with the exception of Steve Allen, bagged every man in the county from whom he had ever received an affront, or against whom he had a personal grudge. During the night before, two bodies of soldiery had marched into the county from opposite directions, and when morning broke the county-seat was invested by a little army accompanying McRaffle, as a civil officer of the Government to make arrests and take possession, while squads had branched off to outlying places to capture and bring in those against whom the enmity of the authorities was directed.

Captain Allen escaped. Jerry had got wind of the raid just a few moments before the soldiers appeared and had told Jacquelin, and Jacquelin had warned Steve, who had saddled his horse and got away by riding straight across the court-yard, taking the fences as he came to them.

Dr. Cary heard of the raid and of the arrest of his friends that morning as he came home from a sick-bedside where he had spent the night. He was tired and fagged, but he said he must go down to the court-house and see about the matter. Mrs. Cary and Blair tried to dissuade him. He needed rest.

"They may arrest you if you go."

"They cannot possibly have anything against me," he said. "But if they should, it would make no difference. I must go and see about my friends." Mrs. Cary admitted this.

So he rode off. Mrs. Cary and Blair looked wistfully after him as he passed slowly down the road through the apple-trees. He rode more slowly now than he used to do, and not so erect in the saddle.

He found the roads picketed as in time of war, but the pickets let him through. He had scarcely entered the village before he met Leech. He was bustling about with a bundle of books under his thin arm. The Doctor greeted him coldly, and Leech returned the greeting almost warmly. He was really pleased to see the Doctor.

The Doctor expressed his astonishment and indignation at the step that had been taken. Leech was deprecatory.

"I have heard that I am wanted also," said the Doctor, calmly. "I am present to answer any charge that can be brought against me."

Leech smiled, almost sadly. He had no doubt in the world that the Doctor could do so. Really he himself had very little knowledge of the matter, and none at all as to the Doctor's case. The Doctor could probably find out by applying to the officer in command. He passed on, leaving the old gentleman in doubt. Within ten minutes after that Dr. Cary was arrested by an officer accompanied by a file of soldiers. When he reached Leech's house he found more of his old friends assembled there than he could have found anywhere else in the county that day.

The prisoners were first marched to Leech's big house, and were called out one by one and taken into a room, where they were arraigned before McRaffle, as a Com-

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missioner, on the charge of treason and rebellion. The specific act was the night-attack on the jail. The witnesses were the jailer, Perdue, and a negro who had been in jail that night. Leech himself was present, and was the director of the prosecution. He sat beside the Commissioner, and instructed him in every case.

When Dr. Cary's turn came, neither he nor anyone else had any doubt that he would be at once discharged. He had taken no part whatever in the attack on the jail, and had tried to dissuade from it those who made the assault, failing in which he had waited to render what professional aid might be necessary. When he was brought in before Leech, he was sensible at once of some sort of change in the man. Leech had evidently prepared to act a part. He was dressed in a long black coat with a white tie, which gave him a quasi-clerical touch, and his expression had taken on a sympathetic character. A light almost tender, if it had not been so joyous, beamed from his mild blue eyes, and when he spoke his voice had a singular whine of apparent self-abnegation. The Doctor was instantly conscious of the change in him. "The tiger is loose in this man," he said to himself. Leech himself called the Commissioner's attention to the Doctor's presence, and greeted him sadly. The Doctor acknowledged the salute gravely, and stated to the Commissioner his views as to the error that led to his arrest. Before he was through, however, he was addressing Leech. A glint shone in Leech's eyes for a second.

"Yes, it would seem so," he said, reflectively, with a twang in his voice. "I should think that all that would be necessary would be for you to mention it to the Court." He looked at the Commissioner as if for corroboration.

"Why, you are the real power," said the Doctor; "you are the one who has authority."

"Oh, no, my dear sir; you do me too much honor," and Leech smiled, almost wanly. "I am but the humble instrument of the law. I bind and loose only as it is given me, my dear sir." His voice had grown nasal and his blue eyes beamed. He laid his hand tenderly on the Doctor's shoulder, and smiled half sadly. The Doctor moved a step farther off.

"Very well; I am not afraid. Only don't 'my dear sir' me, if you please. I shall state frankly all I know about the matter, and expect to be discharged now and at once."

"Yes, that's right. No doubt of it. I shall be glad to do what I can to further your wishes. I will speak to the Commissioner." He smiled blandly.

He did so, holding a long whispered conversation with McRaffle, and the Doctor's case was taken up. The Doctor made his statement and made it fully and frankly, and it was taken down. When it was finished, however, he was not discharged. He was asked to give the names of those who were in the mob that night, and refused. Leech approached and tenderly and solicitously urged him to do so. "My dear sir, don't you see how impossible it will be for me to assist you if you persist in what is really a contempt of court?"

"Do you suppose I would tell you to save my life?" said Dr. Cary.

Leech shook his head sadly. He was really grieved.

The Doctor was held "on his own confession," the Commissioner said. Old Mr. Langstaff was sent on in the same way.

It was late in the afternoon when the prisoners were conducted to prison. Leech himself headed the procession, walking with impressive solemnity a little in advance of the guard.

As Dr. Cary passed into the jail he involuntarily stooped. As a matter of fact, the entrance was considerably higher than that of his cottage at home. As the heavy door closed behind the prisoners there was such a wild shout of triumph from the ebony crowd that surged about the space outside that the dull, indifferent soldiers in line before the door looked up and scowled with side glances and muttered speeches to each other, while across the streets on the outskirts the white men gathered together in groups and talked in low tones, their faces dark with impotent rage, but none the less dangerous, because they too were bound by shackles.

By nightfall the village was overflowing, and men were still arriving. The two words heard oftenest were "the Government" and "Leech." Suddenly the two had become one. Leech was the Government, and the Government was Leech: no lon-

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ger merely the State—the carpet-bag government; but the Government. He represented and was represented by the blue-coated, silent, impassive men who were quartered in the court-house, and moved indifferently among the citizens, disliked, but careless whether it were so or not. The carpet-bagger had suddenly ceased to be a mere individual—he had become a power. For the first time he was not only hated, but feared. Men who had braved his militia, which had outnumbered them twenty to one, who had outscowled him face to face a hundred times, now sank their voices as he passed. Leech was quick to note the difference, and his heart swelled with pride. He felt that he was feared, and it was unction to his spirit. He had bided his time and had triumphed. Waiting till they least expected it, he had at one blow struck down every enemy. They were under his feet. They knew it, and they feared him. He meant them to know it and to fear him. For this reason he had sat by the Commissioner all day and instructed him; for this reason he had led the march to the jail.

But had he struck down all? No, one had escaped. At the thought, Leech's smile died away. His chief enemy, the one he most hated and feared, was wanting. It was Steve Allen that he was after—Steve Allen, who had scouted and braved and defied him so often; who had derided him and stung him and thwarted him. He had planned the whole affair for Steve, and now his enemy had slipped through his fingers. It turned all the rest of his success into failure. His triumph changed to dust and ashes on his lips.

Next day Leech headed a squad himself—not a small one—and visited every house in the neighborhood that Steve frequented, searching the houses and proclaiming his determination to have him, alive or dead.

Among other places he went to Dr. Cary's. But he was doomed to disappointment. Mrs. Cary and Miss Blair had gone down to the court-house to look after the Doctor, and the family was represented by Mammy Krenda, whose dark looks and hostile attitude implied too much for Leech to try her. He contented himself with announcing to her that he was hunting for Steve Allen, and had a warrant for his arrest.

"Yes, I heah you huntin' for him," said the old woman, quietly. "Well, you better mine some day he don't go huntin' for you. When he's ready I reckon you'll fine him."

"I mean to have him, alive or dead," said Leech. "It don't make any difference to me," he laughed.

"No, I heah say you say dat," replied the old woman, placidly. "Well, 'twould meck right smart difference to him, I spec'—an' when you push folks dat fur, you'se got to have mighty sho' stan'in' place."

This piece of philosophy did not strike home to Leech at the time; but a little later it came back to him.

He returned to the court-house without having accomplished his mission. On his arrival at the court-house that evening, however, he found that old Tarquin was there, he having driven his mistress down, and he summoned the old man before him. When Tarquin was brought in he looked so stately and showed so much dignity that Leech for a moment had a feeling that perhaps he had made a mistake. McRaffle was present, sitting with that inscrutable look on his dark face, and the Commissioner had already gained a reputation for as much severity in his new office as rumor had connected with his name in a less authorized capacity. Leech charged that he knew where Captain Allen was, and that he had just as well tell. He did not wish to be severe with him, but it was his duty as a representative of the Government to ascertain; and while on one side was the penalty of the law, on the other was a high reward. When he was through there was an expression very like scorn on Tarquin's face.

"I don't know where he is, Colonel Leech," he said, "but do you suppose I would tell you if I did? If I betrayed a gentleman, I couldn' look my master in the face." Leech was taken aback.

"Here, that's all nonsense," he snarled; "I'm the Government, and I'll make you tell. If you don't tell I'll send you to jail; that's what I'll do."

"You have already sent better gentlemen there," said the old servant, quietly.

Leech suddenly tried another course,

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and began to argue. It was his duty to the Government which had set him free, and would pay handsomely.

"Colonel Leech, my master offered me my freedom before the war, and I wouldn't take it. You may get some poor creatures to betray with such a bribe, but no gentleman will sell himself," said Tarquin. Leech could not help enjoying the scowl that came on McRaffle's face. But the old man was oblivious of it.

Leech took out his pocket-book.

"Here; I was just trying you," he said, with a well-feigned smile. He extracted a dollar note and held it out.

"Nor, suh; I don't want your money," said Tarquin, calmly. He bowed coldly, and, turning slowly, walked out.

Leech sat for a moment in deep reflection. A strange feeling came to him, as if he were in a cage with some wild animal whose keeper he had driven away and which he had petted and fed until it had gotten beyond him. He could control it only by continually feeding it, and it was steadily demanding more and more. Would the supply from which he had drawn give out? And then what would happen? He was aroused from his thoughts by McRaffle, who gave a short laugh.

"Called your hand, rather; didn't he?"

Leech tried hard to look composed.

"Why didn't you turn him over to me? I'd have got it out of him. Trouble about you is, you don't know the game. You are all right when your hand's full; but you haven't got the courage to bet on your hand if it's weak. But if you can't get them you can others. You leave it to me and I'll find out where he is."

"Well, go on and do it, and don't talk so much about it," snarled Leech, angrily. "I mean to have him, alive or dead."

"And I rather think you'd prefer the latter," sneered McRaffle, darkly.

"No; Vengeance belongeth unto God." His tone was unctuous.

"Look here, Leech;" said the other, with cold contempt, "you make me sick. I've done many things, but I'm blanked if I ever quoted Scripture to cover my meanness. You're thinking of Still. I'm not him. You move heaven and earth to take your vengeance, and then talk about it belonging to God. You think you are a god, maybe; but you are a mighty small one. And you can't fool Steve Allen, I tell you. If you give me a thousand dollars, I'll get him for you."

"You said you'd get him for two hundred, and I have offered that reward."

"The price has risen," said McRaffle, coolly. "You haven't got him, have you? If Allen runs across you, you'll wish you had paid me five thousand."

"Well, you get him, and we'll talk about the price." And Leech rose and left the room to put an end to the interview.

"We'll talk of it before that, Colonel," muttered McRaffle, slowly, to himself.

Leech had some compensation next day. From being an humble instrument of Providence he had begun to feel as if he were a part of Providence itself. The thought made his bosom swell. He determined to lengthen out the pleasure. So, instead of sending all his prisoners down to the city at once, he divided them into two lots, and shipped only half of them at first. It was charged that he wanted to keep Jacquelin Gray until he could secure Steve Allen, so that he might march them down handcuffed together, and that he kept Andy Stamper and some of the others so that he might gloat over them personally. However that was, he kept these, and the others were marched down to the station handcuffed between his guards, and with a crowd of yelling, hooting negroes running beside them, screaming and laughing at them, and were shipped to the city in a closed box-car, Leech superintending the shipment personally. Just before starting he approached Dr. Cary and General Legaie, and said that in consideration of their age he would have them sent down to the station in his carriage.

"Thank you. We wish no exemptions made in our cases, different from our neighbors," said Dr. Cary, grimly. The General said nothing. He only looked away, quiet, impassive—a caged lion, his eye on the far horizon.

"Now, my dear sirs, this is not Christian. I beg that you will allow me the pleasure," urged Leech.

The little General turned on him so suddenly, and with such a blaze in his eyes, that the carpet-bagger sprang back, and his sentence was never finished.

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"Dog!" was the only word that reached him, but there was another.

So Dr. Cary and General Legaie went along with the rest, though they were not handcuffed.

On his return from the railway, that night, Leech had an interview with the officer in command of the soldiers, and went with him through the jail, giving him, in a high key, especial orders as to guarding it securely.

"It will be guarded securely enough," said the Captain, gruffly. He was beginning to find Leech intolerable.

Leech frowned. "A soldier's duty is to obey orders, Captain," he said, sententiously.

The Captain turned on him suddenly, his red face redder than ever.

"Look here, you bully these men down here who haven't anybody to speak up for them; but don't you be trying to teach me my duty, Mister Leech, or I'll break your d——d neck; you hear?"

He looked so large and threatening that Leech fell back. In order to appease the ruffled officer and satisfy him that he was not a coward, just as he was leaving, Leech said that he did not care for him to send guards up to his house that night, as he had been doing since his arrival and the arrest.

"All right."

"Of course, I mean until toward bedtime, Captain. I think it still better to keep them there until I leave. You don't know these people as I do. I shall go to the city to-morrow, or next day."

"Ugh!" grunted the Captain. "All right," and Leech went off.

"I'll have him recalled, and get somebody else in his place," reflected Leech, and he stopped at his office and wrote a letter. Having posted his letter, he returned to his office, and sat down in deep reflection.

One thing that had worried him in the past more than he had ever admitted, even to himself, had, like the others under the influence of his fortunate star, passed away. He had married early in life. As his ambition rose, his wife had been a clog on him. He had tried to get a divorce, but that had failed, and, as a compromise, he had persuaded his wife to give up his name and resume her own, Miss Bush. He was now free from her. He had not heard from her in a long time, and he believed, he hoped, she was dead. He was leaning back in his chair, after posting the letter, indulging in a sort of reverie. He was filled with pride, almost with reverence, for himself.

Just then there was a knock at the door. A servant entered. A lady wanted to see him. Who was it? The servant did not know. She wanted to see him at once. Curiosity prevailed. "Show her in," said Leech. She entered a moment later. Leech turned deadly white. It was Miss Bush. The next moment his fear gave way to rage. He sprang to his feet. "What are you doing here? Where did you come from?" he snarled.

She seated herself on a chair near the door.

"Don't be angry with me, John," she said, quietly.

"Why shouldn't I be angry with you? You have lied to me."

"That I have not." She spoke firmly.

"You have. What do you call it? Did you not promise never to bother me again?"

"I have not bothered you."

"You have. You gave me your word never to come near me again. What do you want?"

"I want to talk to you."

"Well, talk quick. I have no time to waste on you. I am busy."

"I know you are, and I shall not bother you long. I want you to stop prosecuting Dr. Cary and Mr. Gray and Captain Allen."

"What do you know about them?" asked Leech, in unfeigned astonishment.

"They are friends of friends of mine."

"Is that all? Well, I'll see you first where I wish they were now—in h——l!"

"There is no use in speaking that way, John," she said, quietly.

"I don't want you to 'John' me," he snarled. "I tell you I want you to go away."

"I am going," she said, sadly. "I will go as soon as I can."

His manner changed.

"Will you go if I give you the money?"

"Yes"—his face brightened—"as soon as I have finished my year here."

He broke out on her furiously.

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"That's always the way with you. You are such a liar there's no believing you. I wish you were dead."

"I know you do, John—and I do, too," she said, wearily.

"Oh, that's just a part of your hypocrisy. Here, if I give you money, will you go away?"

"Yes, as soon as I can."

"And will you promise me never to breathe my name to a soul while you are here, or let anyone know that you know me? Will you give me your word to that?"

"Yes."

He looked at her keenly for a moment.

"Does anyone know that you—that you ever knew me?"

She flushed faintly with distress.

"Yes, one person—one only."

Leech sprang to her and seized her roughly.

"And he? Who is he?"

"It is a lady—Miss Welch."

He gave a cry of rage.

"Her! I'd rather have had anyone else know it." He flung her from him roughly, and stood for a moment lost in thought.

When he spoke, it was in a somewhat changed voice.

"Remember you have sworn that you will never mention it again to a soul, and that you will never come near me again as long as you live."

"Yes." She looked at him with pleading eyes, interlacing her fingers. "Oh, John!" she gasped, and then her voice failed her. For answer, Leech opened the door and glanced out into the empty passage, seized her by the shoulder, and put her outside, and, shutting the door, locked it.

A minute later she slowly and silently went down the dark stairs and out into the night.

Leech had a bad half hour; but when he left his office to walk up to his house his spirits were rising. It would be hard if he could not weather this little trouble.

CHAPTER XXXIX

It was nearly midnight when Leech strolled up the hill toward his home. Pleasanter thoughts had taken possession of him. The future stretched before him a shining track. He was rich, powerful—fortunate. He would be Governor—what might he not be! His enemies had fallen before him—all but one, and he could not escape. He would find him, alive or dead.

"I'll have him, alive or dead!" he exclaimed, as he approached his gate. Two steps brought him to it, and before him in the darkness, tall and silent, stood waiting for him the man he wanted.

"I hear you are hunting for me," said Steve, quietly.

The blood rushed back and forth in Leech's veins as cold as ice, as hot as fire. What would he not have given for his guards! Why had he been such a fool as to dismiss them! He thought of his pistol, but he knew Steve was quicker with a pistol than he. So he resorted to craft.

"Yes. How are you? Won't you walk in?" he faltered. He thought about offering his hand, but feared to do so, and his voice was a little shaky. If he could only detain him until the guards came.

"Thank you, I think I will." Steve indicated with a wave of his hand that Leech should precede him, and Leech walked before him, knowing that he was his prisoner. Still he hoped help would come. They walked into his library.

"What did you want with me?"

"I was only fooling," said Leech, feebly.

Steve looked at him with cold contempt.

"You'll find it ill-fooling with a desperate man. You have made a mistake to push us so far. Let's drop our masks. You have offered a reward for me, alive or dead. I am here to claim it. You are my prisoner and you know it." He gave Leech a glance that made him shiver.

"Sit there and write what I tell you." He indicated Leech's desk. Leech took the seat. As he did so he glanced furtively at the clock. Secret as the glance was, Steve saw it.

"Be quick, and don't waste a word. I have no time to spare. Remember it was alive or dead you wanted me."

He dictated the words of a safe-conduct.

"To the Commandant of the United States troops in District No. ——. Pass the bearer and companions, and render them all the aid possible. For reasons of

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state," added Steve, with a twinkle in his eye, as he glanced over it. "Now sign it."

Leech did so very slowly. He was listening with all his ears.

"Now another." And Steve dictated the following to the commanding officer in the village: "I have been called away unexpectedly on business connected with the man I want, Captain Allen. Take no steps in my absence, and credit no reports not signed by me personally."

"Now sign it, and add this postscript: 'I have decided to pursue a more conciliatory policy toward the prisoners. Please make them entirely comfortable, and give their friends access to them.' Sign it and mark it 'To be delivered in the morning,' and leave it on your table."

"Leave it on my table?" Leech's face blanched.

"Yes; you are going with me."

Suddenly steps were heard out on the walk, and the murmur of low voices reached them. A gleam of hope came into Leech's face. Steve Allen listened intently. As he turned his eyes again on Leech, a new light appeared in the latter's face; fear had suddenly changed to joy.

"Aha! Captain Allen, our positions are reversed again. Let us drop our masks indeed! You are my prisoner now! Those are my sentries. The house is surrounded by soldiers. Ah! ha-ha-ha!" he laughed, leaning back in his chair, eying Steve and rubbing his hands in glee.

Steve shifted his seat a little, displaying the butt of a revolver.

"You fool," he said. "Suppose they are your men. You are going with me all the same. If they come in here you are still my prisoner, and one word, one look from you—one bare suspicion on their part that I am not going on your invitation—that it is not voluntary on your part, and you are a dead man."

There was a knock at the outer door.

"Call to them to come in, and remember—you were never in greater peril than at this moment," said Steve, quietly.

Leech called, and there was the slow tramp of men in the passageway.

"Call them in here."

Leech was becoming puzzled. But he could not keep down the look of hope that was dawning on his countenance. He called, and they approached the door. Steve did not even turn round. He was keeping his eyes on a big gilt mirror that hung in front of him, and showed both the door and Leech.

The men reached the door and knocked again, and then opened it, and three men in United States uniform stood in the doorway. Steve's hand left his pistol and the eyes in the mirror were filled with a more amused smile as he glanced from the men to Leech. A radiant joy sprang into Leech's face. He gave a dive behind his desk, shouting "Seize this man. Shoot him if he lifts his hand!"

Nothing of the kind, however, occurred. At a sign from Steve, the three men came inside the room and closed the door behind them.

"Come out, Leech. These are my men, not yours," said Steve. "You are too big a coward to fool with; come out. Pull him out, one of you." And the man nearest Leech caught him and dragged him up onto his feet, gasping and white with returning terror, as he saw the trick that had been played on him.

"Did you think I was such a fool as that?" Steve asked, contemptuously. "Come. We have no more time to lose. Fetch him along, men." He turned to the door, and the next moment Leech was seized and hustled out at a trot. The sight of a pistol in the hand of one of the men kept him quiet. At the door a gag was put into his mouth, a cap was pulled down over his eyes, and his arms were pinioned to his side. He was conscious that the lamps were extinguished and the key turned in the lock behind him. Then he was borne to his gate, set on a horse, and carried off through the darkness at a gallop.

How far they went the prisoner had no means of knowing. After a little the gag was taken from his mouth, but he was told that the least outcry would mean his death. They travelled at a brisk gait all night, and he knew that he had several men in his escort; but though they at times talked together in undertones, they did not address him, and were deaf to his speeches. Much of the journey was through woods, and several times they forded rivers. Toward the end they must have left all beaten tracks; for they rode through bushes so dense as almost to sweep him from his

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horse, then descended a steep hill, forded a stream, and a little later Leech was lifted from his horse, borne half dead with fright and fatigue into a house, down a flight of steps, and laid on a bed. One of the men who brought him in, lighted a candle and gave him a drink of whiskey, which revived him; and Leech found that he was in a large room with stone walls, furnished simply, like a bedroom, and ventilated from the top.

The man who was left with him was a stranger to him, and, as he turned to go, Leech asked him where he was and what they were going to do with him. He felt that it was his last chance.

"Why yes, I suppose I can tell you. They are going to try you, and maybe keep you as a hostage—maybe not."

"As a hostage?"

"That's the commander's idea—as a hostage for those you've arrested; and I reckon what he says will prevail. Good-by." He shut the door and bolted it behind him, leaving Leech alone.

There was great excitement in the county over the disappearance of Major Leech; but it was suppressed excitement, and, curious as it may appear, his absence had the immediate effect of quieting the negroes. One who had seen them parading and yelling with defiance and delight the day that he led his handcuffed prisoners to the station to ship them off to prison would not have recognized the awe-struck and civil negroes who now went back and forth so quietly to their work.

Owing partly to the letter Leech had written just before his disappearance, and partly to the request of Captain Esting, who was heartily tired of his work, an order had been issued transferring that officer's company to another post, and they had left before the fact of Leech's abduction became known.

It happened that Thurston's command had just returned from the Northwest and was awaiting some disposal. It was now remembered that this same company had once quieted things in the disturbed region, and had given at least more of a show of peace than any of their numerous successors had done. So Thurston was unexpectedly dispatched with his men to the old county from which they had been ordered several years before. Their appearance was a complete surprise, and its effect was promptly apparent.

It was not known what it signified. Some thought it meant the immediate placing of the county under martial law, and the arrest of the citizens. Others held differently. Whatever it meant, the excitement quieted down. The whites had had experience with this company, and felt that they could be relied on. The blacks recognized that a stronger power had come among them, and that it meant order and obedience.

When Captain Thurston dismounted from his horse on the very spot on which he had dismounted a number of years before, and took command in the old county, he had a curious feeling of mingled pleasure and dissatisfaction. There, amid the big trees, stood the old court-house, massive and imposing as it had looked that day when he had guyed old Mr. Dockett about its architecture and told him it was finer than anything in Athens; there were the same great trees; there the same old rows of offices, only a little more dilapidated; there the same moody faces of the few whites and the same crowd of idling negroes shifting about his troop. He turned and looked at the old clerk's-office, almost expecting to see the same rosy, girlish face looking defiantly out at him. Instead, a brawny negro, in black clothes, with a beaver hat cocked on the side of his head, was lounging in the door, smoking a cigar. It gave the Captain an unpleasant shock.

When he had pitched his camp and gotten himself settled, he sauntered up to Mr. Dockett's. As he walked along he took in the changes that had occurred since he went away. The yards were more uncared for, the houses more dilapidated, and the fences more broken. As he entered the Dockett yard he was pleased to observe that it was kept in its old trim order. The breath of flowers that he remembered so well and had always associated with the place met him as of old. At his knock, Mrs. Dockett herself appeared, and he thought he could see the firm set of her mouth and the glint in her eyes as she bore down upon him. She looked much older. She did not appear surprised to see him, but returned his cor-

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dial greeting coldly. She invited him in, but did not say anything about her daughter.

In this condition of affairs, Captain Thurston had recourse to stratagem. He adroitly turned the conversation to Rupert Gray. No one ever had a warmer historian. He made Rupert out a paladin, and was congratulating himself secretly on his success, when, with a sniff, Mrs. Dockett declared that she was not surprised at Rupert's acting so: it was only what she should have expected from one of their young men, and she was not surprised that they should have been obliged to call on him to help them. But she was surprised that Captain Thurston should have exposed a boy like him, hardly more than a child, to such danger. Why had he not gone himself to rescue his men? Thurston could not help laughing at the turn she gave his story. This shot appeared, however, to have somewhat cleared the atmosphere. Mrs. Dockett began to unbend. She "would see her daughter; perhaps she would come in; she would like to hear of Rupert." Just then, whether for this reason or one in which the visitor had a more personal concern, the door opened and Miss Dockett walked in unbidden. She, too, had grown older since Thurston went away, but the change was not to her disadvantage. The plump little figure had developed, the round face had in it more force, and she had become, if not a very pretty woman, at least a very comely one. She greeted the Captain distantly, but not coldly. She began by making war at once, and that the little officer was used to. It was only indifference that he could not stand.

"Well, and so you have come back? And I suppose you will expect us all to get down on our knees to you?" she said, her chin a little elevated.

"No, not you. I'll make a treaty with you, if you won't insist on my getting down on mine to you," he laughed.

"To me? I supposed Miss Welch was the only one you did that to." This was encouraging, and the little Captain was instantly at his ease.

"Miss Welch—who is Miss Welch?"

"Come now, don't be trying that with me; I know all about it, so you might as well tell me. Perhaps, you'll need my assistance? All the gentlemen seem to be victims to her charms. Captain Allen thinks there is no one like her. Some men, when they are discarded, take to drink, but here they seem to take to Miss Welch."

"Well, some men need one kind of stimulant and some another. Now, I like mine with a proper mixture of spirit and sweetening." The little Captain's eyes were helping him all they could.

"I don't know what you mean, I'm sure?" She looked down coyly.

"Say a sort of peach and honey."

"You men have such vulgar similes."

But the Captain's peace was made. He began to tell of Indian fights and long marches over parched or snow-swept plains where men and horses dropped. Miss Elizabeth, like Desdemona, to hear did seriously incline, and the Captain was invited to supper.

CHAPTER XL

One evening about dusk, shortly after the arrival of Thurston with his command, a visitor, deeply veiled, applied to the sentinel at the gate of the court-green and asked leave to see Mr. Jacquelin Gray and Mr. Andy Stamper. The sergeant of the guard was called, and after certain formalities she was admitted to the clerk's office, and a few minutes later Jacquelin Gray came in. She stated, with some nervousness, that she wished to see him privately, and Jacquelin, wondering what the stranger could want with him, walked with her into the inner office.

"I have a great favor to ask of you," she said.

"Well, madam, I do not know what I can do for anyone—a prisoner like me," said Jacquelin, half grimly, half sadly. "Who are you?"

The visitor, after a moment of hesitation, put back her veil and faced him. "Don't you remember me?" she asked, timidly.

Jacquelin looked at her earnestly. For a moment he was deeply puzzled, then, as a faint smile came into her eyes, a light broke on him.

"Why, Miss Bush! What are you doing here?"

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"I am teaching school. I am the school-teacher at the Bend—Miss May."

"Is it possible?" He stepped forward and took her hand warmly. "I have heard the name; but I never connected it with you. Why did you not let me know before? I am very glad to see you, and I can say that anything in the world I can do for you, I will do."

"You must not promise too fast. It is a great favor I have to prefer," she said, "and I do not know whether, when you hear it, you will be willing to help me."

"I have not forgotten the hospital."

"I want you to save Jonadab Leech," she said.

"What! What do you know of him?" asked Jacquelin, in astonishment. "What is he to you?"

"He is—he was—my husband!"

"Miss Bush!"

"We were separated. But——" She stopped in agitation, pulled down her veil, and turned her face away. Jacquelin watched her in silent sympathy.

"I am sure it was his fault," he said.

"Yes, I think it was," brokenly from under her veil. "He was not very kind to me. But I cannot forget that he was my husband, and the father of my child."

"I will do what I can for you," Jacquelin said, kindly. "Tell me how you think I can help him. What do you know of him?"

She composed herself and told him what she knew. She knew where Leech was, and the conditions under which he was held. She wanted Jacquelin to interfere personally. This alone would save him, she believed. The difficulty was to get Jacquelin free. Here her powers failed, and she sat looking at Jacquelin in hopeless anxiety.

Jacquelin thought deeply. Suddenly he roused himself.

"All right, Miss Bush, I will see what I can do. You are just in time, for tomorrow we are to go to the city. The order has come this evening, I hear. I have never asked a favor of my keepers; but I will do it for you, and if you will wait in here I will let you know if there is any chance."

He went out, leaving the little school-teacher in the dim office. His first visit was to his fellow-prisoner, Mr. Stamper. It was an extraordinary request that he made of Thurston a little later—to be allowed to leave his prison for the night and take Andy Stamper with him, and to be lent two good horses. But it was granted. He promised to be back by daylight, and Thurston knew he would be.

"I will be here, dead or alive," said Jacquelin, and he and Andy Stamper rode away in the dusk.

Leech was awakened from his slumbers that night by the trampling of many horses outside, and footsteps and voices in the rooms above him. He started up in terror.

By creeping up to the chimney and listening intently, he could, after awhile, distinguish a part of what was said. They were debating what should be done with him. Suddenly, in the midst of it, there was a general exclamation. A door slammed, a heavy tread crossed the floor above him, and dead silence fell. It was broken by a single voice speaking in the deep tone which Leech recognized instantly as Steve Allen's. He gave himself up for lost. But he was astonished at the next words that caught his ear. Captain Allen's voice was clearer than the others, or he was speaking louder. He was evidently angry. Leech heard him say he was surprised to find them there, and to learn why they had come. There was a confused murmur at this, and Leech heard one voice calling "Order! Order! Remember your vows."

This produced quiet, and the voice said, "It is the decision of the Supreme Council. We have come to take the prisoner and deal with him according to our laws."

"And I tell you," said Captain Allen, his voice ringing out clear and perfectly audible, "that I do not recognize your laws, and that you shall not have him. He is my prisoner, and I will defend him with my life."

Captain Allen continued speaking firmly and boldly. He related his object in capturing Leech, to hold him as a hostage for his friends and relatives. And he would allow no one to touch a hair of his head.

Leech began to breathe again. It was a strange feeling to him to be grateful to Steve Allen. But at that moment he could have kissed his feet. There was more

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talking, but at length Leech could hear the crowd going. The voices of two men talking near the wall reached him from above. One of them was grumbling that Captain Allen should have come and prevented them carrying out their plan.

"Oh, never mind about that," said the other; "we'll come back some time when he is not here and deal with that dog as he deserves, and then Allen will find out whether he is as big as he thinks himself."

Leech went back to his bed, trembling with fright, and finally sank into a fitful slumber.

He had not been asleep a great while when there was again a sound of horses trampling. Leech sprang up once more in an agony of terror. After a short interval, he heard the footsteps of several men coming down the stair that led to his door, and there was a short consultation outside. He heard someone say: "This is the place he is in; I know it."

They tried the door, and then a voice called him: "Leech, Leech—Colonel Leech!" But he was afraid to answer. He heard one of the men say: "We'll break in the door. Wait; I'll get an axe."

He went back up the stair. In his terror Leech ran to the chimney and attempted to climb up in it. It was too narrow, however, and all he could do was to get up in it a little way and draw up his feet.

Presently the door was smashed in, and Leech could see the light of the torch, or whatever it was, flashed upon the floor, and could hear the voices of the men.

"He isn't in here," he heard one say, and his heart revived a little. But the next second it sank, for he heard them say: "There is his bed; he has been in it, so he must be here somewhere." They approached the chimney, and one of them held his torch up.

"Here he is!" he laughed. "Come out, Colonel!"

He did not wait for Leech to move, but, reaching up, caught him by the leg and pulled him down in a cloud of dust and soot. Leech must have presented a strange appearance, for the men, who were masked, burst out laughing. Leech began to pray for his life.

"Come on, Colonel," said one of them, the smaller. "You ought to be pleased with your looks, for you look just like one of your friends. You wouldn't know yourself from a nigger."

Leech recognized Andy Stamper's voice, and knew he was lost. Andy had escaped! He began to beg him and to make him all sorts of promises, which Andy cut short.

"O, pshaw! Come along. Shut up. This is no time for you to be making promises. Come along, and keep your mouth shut."

They seized him and dragged him up the steps and through a door out into the darkness. There, at a little distance, were two horses, on one of which Andy Stamper sprang, while the other man helped Leech mount up behind him, and, springing on the other horse himself, they set off at a sharp trot. As they mounted, Leech recognized Jacquelin Gray. He nearly fell from his horse.

He could not think that these two men could intend him any good. Once, as they were following a road, the sound of horses' feet reached them, and they instantly left the road and struck back into the bushes.

"If you get out of this and get back safe to your friends, will you swear you'll never say a word about it to anybody—never a single——"

"Yes. I'll swear it," said Leech, fervently. "I hope G–d will d——n me forever if I do."

"And strike you dead," repeated Andy.

"Yes."

"If that don't keep him nothin' will," he said, half aloud; and then he added, for further security. "Well, you'd better keep it, for if you don't the earth won't be big enough to hide you. You won't have another chance."

As they waited, a body of horsemen, heavily muffled, rode silently along the road they had just left and passed out of sight into the woods behind them. It was a body of Ku Klux making their way back home.

At length they emerged into a field, and crossing it rode up the hill and dismounted behind a clump of buildings.

The eastern sky was just beginning to redden with the first glimmer of dawn, and the "cheep" of a bird announcing it was heard in the trees as the two men tied their horses.

They led Leech between them, half dead with fright and fatigue, and helping

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him over a wall, dragged him up to a door, and opening it walked in.

"Here we are, back on time," said Jacquelin.

"Ah, you've got back?" asked someone rising from a sofa. "Wait. I'll strike a light. Who's this with you?"

"A prisoner;" said Andy, with mock solemnity, "but whether white or black you'll have to tell."

The men struck a light and Leech, to his astonishment, found himself in the presence of a Federal officer—of Reely Thurston.

The two men stared at each other in blank amazement. Jacquelin laughed.

"Well, you two can settle matters between you. We are off—to jail," he said. "Now, Colonel Leech, you can make good your promises, and it will depend on whether you see fit to do so or not whether we have done a good act or not. Goodnight." He and Andy went off.

The next day the prisoners were sent to the city, under Captain Thurston's personal guard, the little Captain for his own private reasons deciding to take them himself.

(To be continued.)

ALLERSEELEN

By Rosamond Marriott Watson

STREW violets about the floor,
And scour the brazen platters bright;
For one who aye was here before
Will come once more again to-night.

Draw the tall settle to the fire,
And stir the sunken logs to glow;
Hang the horn-lanthorn by the byre,
And sweep away the sprinkling snow.

Set the old playthings in their place—
The china lamb, the wooden sword,
The chessmen in the painted case,
The bugle with the scarlet cord,

The plate with clustered rosebuds gay,
The little cup all gold and white—
Reach down his ringdove's cage, and lay
The frozen swallow out of sight.

So far to come, so far to go—
So cold, so black this midnight is—
So light the footsteps sound and low;
We shall not hear the sound of his.

Set wider still the open door;
Sweep yet again the snow, the sleet;
Bring out the white, warm cloak he wore,
White furs to wrap his little feet. . . .

O do not stir, . . . O do not speak, . . .
Be still, with never sound or sign!
Let me but feel the cool, soft cheek
Pressed once again to mine.

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DRUMMED OUT

By Harrison Robertson

CHICK BANTRY was the star salesman of "The Chicago Store" at Ridley. His real name was Anthony Wayne Bantry, but very few people knew it, and he was called Chick by everyone except prim and punctilious Miss Sabina Weems, who designated him as "Mr. Chicken Bantry," when she did not compromise on "Mr. Chicken."

Ridley is a town of about two thousand population, and The Chicago Store is its most pretentious bazaar of dry goods, groceries, produce, queensware, and bicycles. Chick was the youngest man in the establishment, both in years and in service, but he had shown such an aptitude for business, and was so good-humored, merry, and affable, having heeded so well his employer's injunction to "always try to please everybody," that he was already the head salesman, after two increases of salary—the first of $5.00 and the second of $7.50 a month—negotiated after overtures of employment from "The St. Louis Store" in Rockton, twenty miles away.

Recently, however, A. J. Packer, the proprietor of The Chicago Store, had begun to ponder doubts of his wisdom in agreeing to the second "raise." Chick was retrograding. He was as polite as ever to the customers, but he was not so assiduous nor so ubiquitous in the performance of his duties. He might be wanted at two or three counters at the same time, but when found he would be at a back window devouring the war news, or out front discussing, with a knot of loungers, the relative merits of the Spanish and American navies. On the Monday after the battle in the bay of Manila Chick was, as A. J. Packer expressed it, "no use for nothin'—he carries on like he might have swallowed a eight-inch shell himself;" and Miss Sabina Weems testifies that when she asked for talcum powder Chick took down the blasting powder can. "Mr. Chicken," she adds, "simply acted like he'd just had his head chopped off."

Discussing, with a knot of loungers, the relative merits of the Spanish and American navies.

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The drill had made a profound impression on him.

When, a few days later, in response to the President's call for volunteers, the Ridley Rifles were organized, Chick tried A. J. Packer's patience still further by requesting an afternoon's leave of absence, in order to witness one of the drills; and when for the privilege he surrendered a whole day's salary, it was only to return next morning less himself than ever. The drill had made a profound impression on him. There was something almost awe-inspiring in the transformation which his young associates had undergone. Their martial equipments, their serious faces, their dignity of bearing, the steadiness, sternness, and beauty of their march and evolution, the clarion commands of the officer, the stirring rhythm of the drums, the thrilling strain of the bugle, with the knowledge that all this was no longer play and parade, but solemn consecration to the highest service of patriotism, moved this boy—for he was only twenty-two—to a strange exaltation. As the company swept by him—his companions heretofore, his compatriots now—he had to restrain himself from an impulse to stride into line and march away with them wherever the trumpet might lead. There was the dear old mother down in the country, with the little sister and brother who thought him the greatest man in the world, and over yonder in the crowd was Juliet Lane, for whom he lived, and worked, and planned the long future of love and happiness in the home he was to make; but all these he could leave willingly, proudly, at the call of trumpet and flag, though it might be never to return. His father had been a soldier, and had won his mother in gallant uniform. It was of a soldier's daring and a patriot's perils that his mother had told him night after night, as he sat at her feet in his childhood and looked up at the military figure of his father in the old crayon on the wall. What would that mother think when she learned that his friends in Ridley had all gone away to the war without his father's son? And over there, with a little flag at her waist and smiling encouragement to the handsome soldier lads, stood Juliet Lane with other girls he knew, every one of whom wore little flags, and brass buttons that had been cut from blue coats, and not one of whom had eyes for any but the blue uniforms on the drill-ground —not one unless it was Juliet herself, who had given Chick a cool glance as he approached and spoke to her, and who had dismissed him with the greeting:

"That you, Mr. Bantry? I thought *you'd* be at the store."

And as Chick had walked away soon

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after, someone in the party had audibly whispered:

"He's got a flag in his button-hole, anyway."

Whereupon a small boy had very audibly jeered:

"If a fellow is big enough to wear a flag he's big enough to tote a gun."

A few days later Chick sought a private interview with his employer. "It's no use, Mr. Packer," he said; "I can't stand it any longer. The Rifles leave to-morrow, and I've made up my mind to join them to-night. I'll have to tell you good-by, I reckon."

"And I reckon you're a A1 idiot, Chick Bantry!" A. J. Packer replied. "If the Government had any need of you I wouldn't say a word. But there's seventy million people in this country, and the President hasn't called for but one hundred and twenty-five thousand. There's ten times more'n enough anxious to go that ain't got nothin' else to do, without dependin' on them that has. If there was any scacety of men I'd go myself; but there ain't, and there ain't no excuse for me to neglect my private obligations and cut some other fellow out of a job who needs it worse."

"But I couldn't be satisfied without going, Mr. Packer, and I think it's a—it's a great privilege."

"I ain't got nothin' to say, Chick. You're twenty-one, and I'm glad to see you can afford to leave your business when there ain't no need for you. You're better fixed than I am."

Chick was enrolled as a member of the Ridley Rifles that night, and the next day, when the company paraded through the streets to the railway station, while bunting festooned the buildings, and the band played "Marching Through Georgia" and "Dixie" and "America," and the spectators cheered, and waved hats, handkerchiefs, and flags, and some of the women wept, Chick, with head high and eyes set steadfastly to the front, kept step with the rest, as true and valiant and happy a soldier as ever answered his country's summons.

But happier still was he when, at the station, the ranks broke and the good-byes were said to those who thronged the platform. It was then that Juliet Lane ran to him and, blushing, laughing, it seemed almost crying, too, seized both his hands and said, in such a voice as he had never heard before, and that thrilled him as even the trumpet had not thrilled him:

"Oh, Chick! Chick! I'm so glad! And good-by! And I know you will just distinguish yourself splendidly. And here's something you must take with you, Chick. I made it myself. I thought I'd have to give it to someone else, but I'm so glad I can give it to you!"

And Chick, as the engine-bell sounded and the "All aboard!" rang out, received from her a little red, white, and blue silken something, on which was embroidered, "The bravest are the tenderest," and which, when he had opportunity to inspect it, he found contained needles, thread, scissors, court-plaster, and several other things which caused him to smile fondly as, surreptitiously touching it to his lips, he laid it away under the left breast of his blue blouse. She had made it probably for Herman Thorpe. Herman was sitting a few seats away in the car, and Chick, looking toward him, did not envy him his rank of Sergeant. They were

"Oh, Chick! Chick! I'm so glad! And good-by."

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not friends, both being very much in love with Juliet Lane and each finding the other very much in his way; but Chick, after that parting incident on the platform, had a feeling of manly pity for his rival, and he now resolved to do Herman any good turn for which there might be occasion in their military service together.

The destination of the Ridley Rifles was Camp Douglas, a hundred miles from Ridley, and the rendezvous of the State Guard, where the Rifles were to join their regiment and be mustered into the regular army. A letter, forwarded from Ridley, quickly followed Chick to Camp Douglas and made him unusually quiet for a long time after he had read it. It was from his mother, in the country beyond Ridley, and thanked her "dear son" for the money he had sent her, telling him, in her quiet way, what a stay he was to her, wondering what she would do without his unselfish assistance, betraying, with gentle dignity and resignation, her regret that he must be burdened with such responsibilities as the care of herself and the young sister and brother, and relating, with affectionate detail, the progress of the children at school and the purchase of the poor little necessaries which she had been enabled to make through Chick's "sacrifices."

It was from his mother in the country, beyond Ridley.

When Chick folded the letter and put it away with the silk-bag, which Juliet Lane had given him, it was only to renew the struggle which he had made before he finally determined to join the Rifles. He knew that his mother and the children were dependent upon him. The small farm which his father had left had gone piece by piece, until nothing was left of it except the cottage and a few acres for the cow, the chickens, and the garden, and the boy understood that, but for the share of his salary which he sent or took to them every month, it would be impossible for the little family to live even in the frugal way in which they were compelled to live now. It was this which had prevented him until the last moment from joining the Rifles, and it was only when he finally cheated his reason with the argument that the war would probably be short and his small savings might suffice to maintain his mother in the meantime, that he had yielded to his desire and enlisted. It is a fine thing to march away with flags flying and bands playing and crowds cheering, but it is different in the privacy of the tent to read the letter from home which so unintentionally and so pathetically recalls to other duties than those of the camp and field.

So suddenly had Chick become a soldier that he had not yet written his mother of his action, his expectation being to obtain leave, before his regiment was ordered from Camp Douglas, to go to his old home and say good-by. But there was no sleep for him the night after he received the letter, and next day, when his Captain called the men before him and explained that examinations were about to be made by the surgeons, after which the company was to be formally mustered in, and that if there was anyone among them who had not fully decided to enlist for the war, now was the time for him to step aside, Chick, a little pale and with a slight twitching of the chin, but with something of his usual smile in his eyes, fell out of line and went to his tent to make his preparations for departure. Ridley learned of it through that afternoon's city papers, one of which printed this dispatch from

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The boys fell in behind him and—drummed him out.

Camp Douglas, under the heavy, black head-line, "Drummed Out:"

"There was a commotion in camp this morning occasioned by the drumming out of private Bantry by Company K (the Ridley Rifles), Fifth Regiment. Bantry concluded, at the last moment, before the company was mustered in, that the pleasures of peace were preferable to the woes of war, and left to resume the sale of pins and petroleum at Ridley. This so disgusted the company, which is the pride of its section of the State, that, as Bantry was leaving the camp, the boys fell in behind him and, to the tune of the 'Rogue's March,' drummed him out. Bantry, however, did not seem to appreciate the enormity of his disgrace. He took the whole thing good-naturedly, except once when Sergeant Thorpe pressed him rather closely with a bayonet, when Bantry turned fiercely as if to make forcible resistance. But with commendable discretion he refrained from attempting to whip the whole company, and went his way. The affair caused much amusement in camp, as well as contempt, and Company K is very sore over the development of a coward in its ranks."

Chick soon found that he was not the only unhappy traveller on the train that bore him from Camp Douglas. By his side was a big countryman, who was squirming in his seat, and squirting tobacco through the window, in evident unrest. It was not long before he voluntarily told Chick all about it. He had gone to Camp Douglas to join the cavalry, but he had been rejected because his legs were too long. Legs be durn! He wasn't calkilatin' to enlist for a foot-race, but for a fight. He was ruled out of the cavalry, but he had growed up on horse-back, and he hadn't done much all his life but ride and shoot. And he would have to go home and tell the folks he couldn't belong to the army because they had measured his legs and found out he couldn't ride and shoot. It would be enough to bring all the Eubanks back into the county—at any rate, all that hadn't been shot before they left. He 'lowed that if they had only knowed that his legs were so long he couldn't ride and shoot they wouldn't 'a' never taken their foot in their hand and lit out in the fus place.

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"She says no nice people will have anything to do with you."—Page 495.

"But I ain't the whole show," he added; "there's Nace Underwood over yonder," pointing to a haggard young man farther along the car, with his knees propped up against the seat in front of him and his hat drawn down over his eyes. "Nace is clean knocked out. Nace he's been settin' up to Missie Snell ever sense she wore short dresses; she hangin' fire an' puttin' him off for one thing or other, an' him keepin' on, an' settlin' down, an' shakin' the boys, an' missin' all the fun, an' workin' like a yoke of oxen to save up for a home for her, till the war come along an' the boys was startin' off to Camp Douglas, an' then Missie, she give in an' told Nace she'd have him when he come back in his uniform, with a lace fan for her from Cuby. An' here he is comin' back already, because over yonder at Camp Douglas they found out he's got heart disease an' is liable to drop off any minute; an' he's got to give up the war, an' Missie, an' ev'ything, an' jes wait for the time to drop. It's powerful rough on Nace; an' Missie, she'll have to lose Nace an' the fan to boot."

"It's pretty hard on him," Chick assented, sympathetically, "but it might be worse, you know. Anyhow, she won't think he's coming back because he was afraid to go."

When The Chicago Store opened next morning, Chick was on hand. "I'd like to go to work again, Mr. Packer. May I have my old place?" he asked.

"So ho!" A. J. Packer chuckled. "You have changed your mind, have you?"

"Yes, sir. I reckon you were right, and until the army really needs us all I suppose some of us are needed most at home."

"It didn't take you long to learn that, did it, now? Well, Chick, I'm sorry, but I can't do anything for you. All Ridley is down on you mighty strong, and it would hurt my business too much to have you in the store, after all that's happened."

Chick made his arrangements to leave Ridley that night. In the afternoon he walked on the street on which Juliet Lane lived. Little Elsie Lane, Juliet's sister, met him, and putting her hand in his, as she was in the habit of doing, skipped back by his side.

"I thought you were in the war," she prattled. "What did you come back for? Did you come back to see your sweetheart? Herman Thorpe came back to see his sweetheart. He told me so himself."

"Yes," Chick answered, "I expect to see her to-night."

"Who is she? What is her name?"

"I call her Mumsie."

"What a funny name! I don't know anybody named Mumsie."

"No, you don't know her, Elsie. So Herman is back, too, is he?"

"Yes; he's going to the war again to-morrow. He said he came on a—on a furlough, but he's out on his tandem with sister now."

The tandem overtook them before they

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had gone much farther. Juliet was laughing, but as she passed and saw Chick, her laughter abruptly stopped. Her eyes met Chick's, though she did not bow or speak. But she called, disapprovingly, to the child:

"Elsie, what did I tell you?"

Elsie did not answer, but throwing her head back airily, said, in confidence, to Chick:

"Huh! Sister told me I mustn't go with you and I mustn't speak to you any more. She says no nice people will have anything to do with you. Shows how much she knows! I'm nice and of course Mumsie is nice, aren't we?"

"Yes, you and Mumsie are the nicest people I know, Elsie," the boy laughed.

"How funny you laugh," she commented, much amused. "It's like brother laughed when he swallowed the medicine the wrong way and papa hit him in the back."

Chick left her at the gate and strolled along the street to the outskirts of the town. He was more a human boy than a superhuman hero, and he knew that Herman Thorpe, if he went home after leaving Juliet, would come that way. Chick walked slowly until he reached the Thorpe house, when he turned and started back. He met Herman not far from Juliet's gate, and, stepping out into the road, he grasped the front handlebar of the tandem and stopped the machine. "I've got a little settlement to make with you, Herman," he said.

Herman jumped from the saddle and confronted Chick. "All right; settle away," he challenged.

"You jabbed me with a bayonet and called me a coward, with a hundred men back of you."

"Well?"

"I reckon we'd better go to a quieter place off the public street."

"Suit yourself."

"We might as well turn out Norman's Lane to the Kilgore woods. It's quiet enough out there."

"'Nough said. I'm with you."

"And we might as well ride. Get into one seat, and I'll take the other."

"And suppose I don't choose to obey orders?"

"Then I'll have it out here where we can be seen by anyone passing and—by anyone over at the Lanes'. And we might not look very pretty by the time we are through."

Herman sprang into the saddle again with a short laugh. "I like your nerve," he said.

"Don't mention it."

They rode silently into the Kilgore woods, and Chick selected a grass-carpeted ravine among the beeches. The tandem was leaned against a tree, and its riders mutely stripped themselves of coats, vests, hats, and collars. Then they began.

Fully half an hour later, in the deepening twilight, two figures slowly emerged from the Kilgore woods. They were somewhat bruised and stiff, but there seemed to be between them a better understanding—as well as the tandem, which, too tired to ride, they led, one on either side.

It was ten o'clock that night, when Chick got off the train at a lonely station

He told her of his purpose to seek other work.—Page 496.

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and walked across the fields to his mother's home. The children were asleep, but his mother was still up. After the surprise and joy of her greeting, after she had taken him to his old room, and ransacked the dairy for his refreshment, he told her of his changed fortunes and of his purpose to go to Rockton to seek other work. He told her of all—except the fickleness of Juliet Lane and the manner of his departure from camp. She was ignorant of the incident of the drums, and he would spare her its pain and shame. He knew she felt keenly enough for him as it was, though she cheered him gently, assuring him that it would all be for the best, and insisting that he go to bed and get a good night's rest.

He went to bed, but not to rest. He lay with hot eyes, from which the anguish and despair of youth drove away sleep, living over again his surrendered ambition; the humiliation of his exit from camp; the opprobrium which he had incurred of the people of Ridley, among whom he had meant to cast his lot; the desolation in which Juliet Lane had left all his future. Finally, as a soothing lullaby, came to him the lapping of the river beneath his window, and he arose and looked out wistfully upon its serene shimmer in the moonlight. Then he turned abruptly and threw himself again upon the bed. Perhaps, it struck him, they had done right in drumming him out as a coward. It was a cowardly thing to even think of bringing further sorrow to those under that roof.

After a little the door opened and his mother came in and asked if he wanted anything. It was an old habit of hers in his childhood; and his eyes filled in the darkness as he took her cool hand and pressed it for a moment against his cheek. "Nothing, Mumsie—nothing else," he whispered.

She kissed him softly on the forehead as she left him, "Remember, dear," she said, "it is sometimes braver to stay at home than it is to go to war."

In the morning he returned to the station to take the train for Rockton. A crowd of people was there from all the country round, and when he asked the cause he was told that a regiment was to pass through on its way to Chickamauga. Soon the wagon of a neighbor brought his mother and the children. She explained that the neighbor had stopped by and told them of the soldiers, and that she and the children had been glad to come to see them. The boy wore a military cap and carried an improvised gun, and the girl was dancing with delight and expectancy. Chick stood with them until the train rolled in, with its colors streaming and its blue-clad figures at every window and on every platform, while the waiting crowd gave them just such a greeting as had been given his own company when it marched away to Camp Douglas. Then came the signal for the departure of the Rockton train, standing on the branch road running away from the main track, and Chick said good-by again and hurried aboard.

As he seated himself and looked out the window the other train began to move off also, the band playing, as if for himself, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." He leaned through the window for a last view. Every face in all that throng was turned to the train bearing the regiment, every hand was waving it God-speed. The sister and the brother had forgotten everything but the soldiers, and even his mother—no, her sweet face, lined with care and years, was smiling toward the Rockton train, her handkerchief fluttered for him alone.

It was last in his sight as he rode away, brave enough now for any battle that was before him.

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AMERICAN POPULARITY

By Aline Gorren

WHEN, at the beginning of the international developments of the last few months, it was borne in upon Americans that the continental peoples of Europe were, almost without exception, frankly hostile in their attitude toward them, there passed through this country a shock of surprise. Disliked? Why should we be disliked? Why, it was just the contrary that we had always imagined. That certain condescension in foreigners which had been growing so visibly less of recent times had, at its worst, never implied anything like active antipathy. Americans, indeed, had settled themselves comfortably in the belief that they were rather the spoiled children of civilization than otherwise. They were not always approved of, but they believed that they were generally regarded with an excusing good-will and an interest of a peculiarly friendly sort. It was rather a rude awakening from that delusion that befell us; but we looked about for causes that would explain this disposition to censure us, and to withhold credit from us on grounds where we felt that we deserved it, and we found them readily enough in the political and economic jealousies aroused by our threatening emergence as a world-power, and in that general antagonism to the Anglo-Saxon blood which, among races of different instincts and ideals of civilization, is becoming more and more marked. This was the obvious explanation, and it perfectly covered the problem so far as it went. But there were Americans who knew that certain aspects of the question it did not touch at all. They knew that there had been abroad, of recent years, a reaction against Americans of a purely personal sort, obvious enough to those who took the trouble to look beneath the surface. International envies, at the outbreak of our war with Spain, might have quickened sentiments of dislike or indifference, but the sentiments existed in certain quarters before those complications, and had a social and individual, and not merely a political and national, root.

What, then, were precisely the objections to us, as individuals, entertained by Germans, Russians, Frenchmen, and others? What were they based on, and why was it that, having once been, upon the whole, a popular people, we were, at a juncture of great significance and grave future import for us, left unsustained by the sympathy of any but our own Anglo-Saxon kinsmen, themselves not popular? Leaving aside the question of American braggadocio, of course a standing cause of coolness against us, a little watching of the undercurrents of opinion in European nations recently will have helped one to a tolerably clear answer.

The briefest way of stating the matter is that we appear to have been proving ourselves to Europeans to be less and less what they expected us to be. As to what they expected it will be found, on investigation, that they have a very distinct idea; an idea so distinct that it is indeed rather surprising to many Americans. It was probably an amazement to not a few English-speaking readers of that delicate French writer, Doudan, to come, in his critical work, upon a penetrating and sympathetic tribute to Abraham Lincoln. *A priori* it would be natural for us to suppose that such a nature and life as Lincoln's, whose poetry and elevation showed so homely to the outer view, would be beyond the reach of the understanding, much less the responsive admiration, of any but our own people; certainly we should be prone to imagine that it would take, at least, an Anglo-Saxon to do full justice to their sober beauty, their greatness that was so of the essence of being and so independent of externals and accessories. James Russell Lowell, writing of Lincoln in 1864, expressed this feeling exactly when he said:

"People of more sensitive organizations may be shocked. But we are glad that . . . we have at the head of our affairs a man whom America made, as God made Adam, out of the very earth, unancestried, unprivileged, to show us how much truth,

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how much magnanimity, and how much statecraft await the call of opportunity in simple manhood, when it believes in the justice of God and the worth of man."

As a matter of fact, people of more sensitive organizations were not necessarily so much shocked as he believed. A man like Abraham Lincoln, and a career such as his, could appeal profoundly, as we see, to the imagination of a fastidious literary Frenchman, even as Benjamin Franklin appealed to the deeply sophisticated society of the court of Louis XVI. And, indeed, why not? since the most intelligent and high-minded sections of society everywhere have, for generations, cherished a dream of some such democratic state as Americans live under, mainly because they believed that it could and would develop a peculiarly noble type of "simple manhood," and because they held such a peculiar type to be eminently desirable and admirable.

One may venture to say that there is manifested in no part of the United States a more genuine interest in our institutions, a keener concern with the problems that grow out of them, and a sincerer respect for the manner in which those problems are occasionally solved, than is to be found among many of the thinking classes and the intellectual workers of Europe. This Republic is extraordinarily prominent in the minds of all these men, in Germany, in France, in Italy, in Spain, in Russia. And, what is so difficult for us to carry out in consciousness, it is regarded by them in the light of a common human experiment. They watch us and study us and refer our conduct constantly to the standard of our principles, in a manner that is usually highly obnoxious to us, but seems perfectly natural to them. Wherever they find us exhibiting an intellectual perception of what those principles bind us to, and squaring our behavior in some sort to that perception, there is no stint in their interested approval. And as they are apt to come in contact personally with the corresponding class of our own thinkers and intellectual workers in this country, in whom such perception is most likely to be clear, they are probably the group of Europeans with whom Americans are in the greatest favor to-day. They would presumably not declare that all Americans showed forth, in their attitude toward life and their fellowmen, the best influences of the highest democratic ideals—that they were just, tolerant, modest, helpful, kindly, chivalrous, believing in the innate worth and perfectibility of all men, and dignified with the true dignity of simplicity; but they would undoubtedly assert that many were making certain efforts in that direction; that the forces of the best characters in the United States were at least setting toward such consummations.

Without insisting invidiously on the distinction made by M. Ferdinand Brunetière, to the effect that this order of intellectual Americans constitutes our "aristocracy," it must be confessed that the kind of American with whom the masses of Europeans come into touch is far different and inferior. The great hordes that pour across the Atlantic from the Republic every year, and quarter themselves in the European capitals, and work their way subtly into native society or aimlessly revolve around its circumference, are of all sorts and conditions, and typical of many phases of the United States, mental, moral, and material; but of each and all it can be maintained that there is one thing that they have not, and that is a notion that, as the offspring of a democratic state, of peculiar social institutions, they will be looked to for a form of conduct and a tenor of ideas in some degree moulded by the same. We used to be very much louder, and more ignorant of the social arts, than we now are, and abroad we were much ridiculed accordingly; yet that period—what we may call the Daisy Miller period—coincided also with the period of our popularity, for under the naïve or uncouth exterior which we presented to the eye of the foreigner it seemed to him that he could detect the warm heart, the true independence, and the freedom from artificiality and from the thraldom of shams and pretences, something of which he anticipated in us as a fruit of the ideas that underlie our Constitution.

Was there really more of that species of American manhood and womanhood then than now? Have our natures changed as our manners have improved and our prosperity grown great; or did Europeans only imagine us to be different then because they knew us less, coming now to

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another conclusion because they have had so many years of thorough experience of us?

A great trouble seems to be that there is a lack of coherence and homogeneousness in the American fibre that causes it to disintegrate in European surroundings. Everybody knows that, at home, our thoughts and ways of life are, as a whole, in harmony with our institutions. But there is very little and often no trace of that when we go abroad. Many thoughtful Europeans will assert that the least democratic man, and particularly the least democratic woman, that they know—democratic in the sense of being most inclined to weigh people and things according to their intrinsic merits, and least allured by arbitrary valuations such as flourish where there have always been privileged classes—is more likely than not to be an American. Nor is that the verdict of those Europeans alone who judge all America by its millionnaires, and its title-marrying daughters of millionnaires, but of those who cull their examples from a broader and more diversified, if a less decorative, field.

We need look no further for the source of our unpopularity. We manifest a character abroad that has the same foibles and frivolities as any other; and without the same excuse, for we talk very loudly of our "Americanism," and would have other nations know that we were not bred as they were. Now, whatever we may understand by this "Americanism"—and it is coming to have some very various meanings under the influence of new ideas stirring among us—the people of Europe understand by it but one thing only. To be a typical American may mean to them sometimes to be a shrewd and pushing Yankee promoter—yes, perhaps; but it also means to be a humane and large-minded specimen of a man or woman, responsive to the deeper chords of life, and equalitarian without vulgarity. It is useless for us to insist that we refuse to be measured by theories; that national character is shaped by practical events and daily problems, and not by abstract ideals; that it is absurd to want to keep us logically to the intentions of our founders, when we have elements to deal with that they could not foresee. We may urge all these things, but we urge them in vain. The average European of intelligence keeps, with quiet obstinacy, to his own idea of what the American should be and what he should stand for. If we say that we have developed other aspirations from those of the fathers, his air implies, "So much the worse." The lust of the eye and the pride of life and the ambitions of imperial destiny are not new on the earth; the European lives among relics, on every hand, that remind him that other nations have gone that way, and prospered in it, that were as rich in industry and enterprise as the United States, proportionately to then existing conditions, and richer in achievement in the arts and letters. But what the fathers wanted us to preserve and represent to the world was something new indeed; hence its unique value, even to those not directly concerned. Americans who persistently nullify that value, who systematically hunt the man that wears the tuft, who form colonies in European capitals, where distinctions of pecuniary and social position are established that to Europeans (to whom all Americans are, more or less, alike) seem often in the highest degree fanciful, grow to be regarded at last with the rather contemptuous scepticism that is reserved for those whose actions are in constant disaccord with their professions.

Mention may not be omitted, either, of the fact that we have come to be judged abroad as too much lacking in seriousness to be thoroughly agreeable companions. Considering how earnestly we have always been exhorted, by our preachers and teachers, not to be so serious, such a conclusion about us certainly partakes of the nature of a revelation. But the Latin, and the Slav, and even the Teuton, does not understand the term as we do. A serious man, to him, is not one whose nerves are strung up to the highest possible intensity in the pursuit of a given aim, so much as one who has the repose that is the result of knowing the measure of many things, and of having learned the balance of many interests. A serious man is one whose life is fed deeply, and with comparative tranquillity, from many springs that do not always rise to the surface. But the complaint about us, of course, is that we are too eager and restless for anything of that sort, and so

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anxious to get the most out of life at all points at once, that it is not easy to cultivate the more lasting and satisfactory associations with us at any one.

The European master of renown, in any field, who has many American pupils, is apt to say that, extremely receptive and active up to a pitch, they disappoint as a rule—whether from a sort of utilitarian impatience, from want of the power of impersonal devotion to things of the mind that must mature slowly, or merely from a certain lack of stability and warmth in temperament—when the highest demands are made upon them. And it is perhaps a part of the reaction, as against, in this case, the great claims made for the brilliancy of our women, to insinuate that, charming as is their presence in European society, and signal a contribution as it makes to the supply of beauty and vivacity and the arts of attire, the very shining lights, the rare personalities that take the commanding social positions, are more likely to be women of other nationalities. Naturally, there are exceptional instances of intellectual force; there are American ladies, married to Europeans, who have tried their hand at political influence, and some who have taken rank among the serious amateurs of society, the gifted musicians, etc. Still, the European seems to wish to remind us that, as to the more elevated results in this kind, we must not make too many pretensions as yet. And, finally, he charges that we are not quite serious in the more important matter of friendly ties and comradeship, as he understands them. Our strenuousness about new experiences, our wish to be ever up and doing, are prejudicial to the leisurely elaboration of those bonds, not only of social intercourse but of the heart, which are among the things worth while in life. Whatever our own view of the case may be, it is certain that a common view all over the Continent, and in England also to some extent, is that Americans are, as a people, rather cold, distrait, and fickle.

Such are, accurately stated, the feelings and opinions about us in many quarters at the present time. They may or may not spring from erroneous notions of us altogether. They may not last, or they may. These are different questions. As the case stands we may give it any attention that we see fit. If there are causes, touching us as individuals, why we have lost popularity it is as well to know them. It is as well not to go astray about the reasons that have arrayed a certain hostility against us for which we were unprepared, and which was and is tolerably widespread and deep-rooted, in spite of amiable personal assurances to the contrary, or the politic contradictions flowing from official sources.

TO FAUSTINE

By Arthur Colton

SOMETIME, it may be, you and I
In some deserted yard will lie
Where Memory fades away;
Caring no more for Love his dreams,
Busy with new and alien themes,
The saints and sages say.

But let our graves be side by side,
So idlers may at evening tide
Pause there a moment's space:
"Ah, they were lovers who lie here;
Else why these low graves laid so near,
In this forgotten place?"

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AFLOAT FOR NEWS IN WAR TIMES

By John R. Spears

FROM a naval officer's point of view this is the story of a mitigated nuisance—at best the story of a necessary evil. But however he may be considered or styled by those who tolerate his presence, the newspaper reporter afloat in his own ship in search of war news is a most interesting personage, if only for the reason that he is an entire novelty in the history of naval warfare. It is hoped that the reader will pardon the manifest egotism of what is written here on the ground that the man who is not proud of his tools and his work is not fit for either. Moreover, I must of necessity write of my own experiences.

So far as I remember, the first to secure a dispatch-boat for use in reporting the troubles in Cuba that have culminated in this war of 1898 was *The Journal*, which sent the little skeleton-yacht Vamoose to Key West, a year or so before the war began. She was to carry correspondents to and from the Cuban coast, and to carry, as well, dispatches written in Cuba which could not be wired because of the censor's veto. The scheme did not work at that time for several reasons, of which one was that the Vamoose was not strong enough to face the sea off the Cuban coast. Further than that, the work of the guerilla bands, called by extreme courtesy the Cuban army, was never of sufficient interest when truthfully reported to warrant such an outlay.

So the matter was abandoned until about the time that the war-ship Maine was destroyed in Havana Harbor. The storm of indignation raised in the United States by that infamous act was so great that no efforts for peace, short of Spain's leaving Cuba altogether, could prevent a war, and from that time on the importance of the doings in and about Havana, was great enough to warrant the great expense necessary in gathering and transmitting the news. The leading papers of the United States hurried their most experienced men to the front. When those who went to Cuba found their most interesting dispatches blocked by Spanish officials, while the competition among the correspondents was growing stronger every day, there was but one thing to do if these dispatches were to be printed, and that was to carry them to Key West, the nearest American cable-station. In the usual course of business this might be done by messenger on the Plant line steamer Olivette that plied twice a week between Havana and Key West. That was all very well on two days of the week, but during the five remaining days the industrious writers were piling up reams of manuscript—"bales of hay," as they themselves termed it—and it was "stuff that wouldn't keep."

Accordingly they reached out for tugboats. One or two that had found desultory work about Key West, suddenly began to enrich their owners on charters that paid $100 a day, port charges not included. *The Herald* brought the Dewey from Punta Gorda, Fla., after a time, *The World* brought in the Triton, and then came the yacht Buccanier, followed by the yacht Anita, in the employ of *The Journal*.

For the purpose of running between Havana and Key West these were all good enough. That is not to say they were all comfortable, however. When Mr. Walter Scott Meriwether, the correspondent of *The Herald*, got an interview with a naval constructor, in which the constructor told how the bottom plates of the Maine had been lifted to the surface of the water by an outside explosion, he had to write his account lying flat on the floor of his tug's cabin, because the tug was tumbling about so violently as to prevent his writing in any other position.

Whether on the whole the ruck of matter written before the war was worth the expense of dispatch-boats is a question in some minds (not in mine—I think it decidedly was not); but as war

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drew nigh, and offensive operations against Cuba impended, the necessity of bringing news from the Cuban coast by private boats became imperative. The papers that had used none began to make charters, and those that had used them, chartered additional boats.

The best of the new arrivals—I hope I may not be thought partial or biassed—were the tug Dauntless (the old filibuster), of the Associated Press, the pilot-boat Sommers N. Smith, of *The Herald*, and the yacht Kanapaha, of *The Sun*.

And it should not be overlooked that at this time the papers began to bring naphtha launches to Key West for use among the war-ships that thronged the harbor and the Sand Key roads.

For a brief interval after the ocean-going boats arrived, they lay in the harbor refitting, and taking on supplies, especially coal, for any emergency. For it was not known by the reporters, nor would any one tell them, what Admiral Sampson was about to do.

However, on Thursday, April 21st, private advices from Washington told us that a move against Cuba was to be made at once, and several of us took our boats out to the roads and anchored near the flag-ship. To stick to the flag-ship was to see and learn everything done by the Admiral, and so it happened that when, at break of day, on Friday, the 22d, the fleet got under way, and, a little later, the Nashville, in capturing the merchant ship Buen Ventura, fired the first gun of the war, several of us were on deck and saw the flash. So, too, it happened that one of us reached the wire a half hour ahead of all the rest and "scored a clean beat."

Meantime, a number of correspondents had gone afloat in the war-ships. The flag-ship was literally crowded with them. For such of them as were to send articles by mail, this position on a war-ship was a most convenient arrangement, but all who wished to telegraph were as effectively bottled up as Cervera was in Santiago Harbor. But what the ever-polite officers on the New York really thought of this mob of non-combatants is another matter. The mere presence of such a crowd, not to mention any personal peculiarities of individuals, was by no means pleasant. It was inevitable from the first day of the first movement of the fleet that such a state of affairs could not last. The flag-ship was to be a leader in any fighting, and a non-combatant aboard was, at best, simply in the way. At this writing there is, on the New York, one man there to represent the papers of the Associated Press and another to represent those outside ot that organization—Messrs. Goode and Heald. Both are well equipped for such work, and there can be no just complaint from any newspaper as to its representation in affairs afloat.

It is, of course, impossible to give, in any detail, the doings of the various press-boats. If all their adventures were well written out I fancy the matter would make a very interesting book. For instance, when the Kanapaha ran in near the beach for a look at a block-house standing twelve miles east of Havana, one day, the reporters had the pleasure of seeing the entire garrison mount horses and gallop in wild fashion inland. A press-boat, wholly unarmed, had practically captured a Spanish fortification without landing a man. And there was the venture of Scovel, a *World* reporter, who landed two men at night in the face of a Spanish force. And there were the British reporters, who went ashore in broad day, from press-boats, one, Knight, of the London *Times*, rowing in a yawl from a distance of six miles out to sea, into Havana Harbor. But I feel obliged to turn from such stories as these to the more important business of gathering war news afloat.

As the reader has already imagined, going afloat in a press-boat was only the beginning of the reporter's work. He had to contrive to learn what was going on at all the blockaded points, for instance, from day to day. If possible he must be present when the Miguel Jover and the Panama were captured; when Matanzas was bombarded; when the Cienfuegos cable was cut; when the Winslow was shot to pieces in Cardenas Bay—all events occurring early in the war, and at widely separated points. He must not only see these events where possible, but must learn by interview the extent of the damage done afloat and ashore. And interviewing at sea is not always an easy matter, for the reporter must go from his own ship to the others in a small boat, though a half-

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gale were blowing—a work, however, that very few, indeed, shirked. Meantime he must keep the opposition boats in his eye, knowing very well that he must not only get the facts but must get the wire. If it were in him he might have the joy of battle while the battle was on, for it was his imperative duty to go under fire in order to see all that was done, and then he had the thrill of a race after the battle was over. And that was no small race either. The least one in which I had part was over a course seventy-three miles long. With the other boat constantly in sight that was not a short one. On one occasion, two press-boats came into Key West neck and neck, so to speak. The yacht had passed the tug at Sand Key, and both ploughed into the harbor with the black smoke trailing away astern, the spray curling from the bows and their yawls lowered from the davits till the keels were but an inch above the water. At the sight of it the crews of the war-ships crowded to the rails and yelled their approval, while the loungers along shore got up and whooped. Arriving opposite the custom-house landing, the leader's skipper rang four bells in the engine-room to bring her up, and then dropped the yawl with a wild-fowl plunge, and away she went, winner by fifteen minutes. The captains of three different war-ships sent small boats with their compliments to ask the winning skipper which press-boat left the other side first, and how much the winner had gained in covering the whole stretch.

Racing was a necessary business, and preparations for such events on the Kanapaha were rarely out of mind. For instance, the yacht was trimmed in various positions, until it was definitely determined in which one she would travel most swiftly. Her awnings were arranged to furl quickly in case of a head wind, and her sails so that they could be handled with equal celerity when the wind was fair. A huge try-sail was purchased to balance the jib, and the top-masts, with all their standing rigging, were sent ashore to relieve the weight aloft ; for in a wind fit only for top-sails, no sails were worth having. A water-shed to throw the water away from the forecastle hatch was built, and ample scuppers opened on each side so that she might be driven through a head sea—literally, through the waves—without danger, and then, last of all, four barrels of tallow were taken on board for greasing the coal in case of supreme need. This was done after the Associated Press chartered the Wanda, a yacht of tremendous speed in smooth water. We had no race with her, and so we do not know how one would have ended ; but we know we would have kept the Kanapaha's safety-valve lifting while it lasted, and the engineer said privately that he could "bust the combination of the valve to the extent of ten pounds or so."

The effect of these preparations on the men was something cheerful. We had men applying to us for berths at every landing, when it became noised about that Captain Packard, of the Kanapaha, was a racing man, and even in minor spurts we saw men off watch go voluntarily into the stoke-hole to lend a hand just for the fun of beating the other fellow. And that, too, in the torrid zone !

In one respect the work was extremely trying on a few men. The boats have been spoken of so far as representing only this or that paper or association. As a matter of fact, the papers mentioned chartered the boats, but they permitted, in almost every case, other papers to pay part of the expense and send a man each along. On *The Sun's* boat were men from two other sources, while one state-room belonged to Carlton T. Chapman, the artist of *Harper's Weekly*. But on each boat was one reporter who alone could give orders to the captain, and if the boat missed the news he alone was responsible for the failure. What to do next was ever the question in his mind. For neither the Admiral nor any other officer would tell in advance what was to be done—indeed, only the Admiral and his staff, of all the officers, were likely to know. Could a press-boat keep the sea continually the trouble would be less, for then the standing rule of following the flag-ship would have sufficed, at least for the great events. But the press-boats used coal and water, and at best could keep the sea for ten days. We built coal bunkers on deck, and carried coal in bags, to accomplish even that on the Kanapaha. And when we had to go to port, how were we to tell what to do when we came out again?

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This is not to say that the reporters had any cause of complaint. On the contrary, every man thought himself fortunate in being there, regardless of circumstances, while the pleasure of getting "a good story"—well, I remember holding up the last British steamer to leave Havana and getting from her two copies of that day's *La Lucha*—all that were on board. We translated the news, proclamations and editorials, while the boat went slicing at full speed through the waves to Key West, and we got to the wire at four o'clock in the morning. Some of us were at work that day exactly twenty-three and one-half hours, but we never enjoyed a day in our lives more; besides that, one man had his salary raised fifty per cent., to the real delight of all.

I shall say nothing of "the unfathomable dialogues with the ever-moaning brine—not the worst High-school a man could have;" but it may be worth while reminding the reader that the press-boats were not allowed to carry lights at night, and that a ship at sea without lights is in constant danger. Moreover, these boats, small as they are, have kept the sea in the hurricane season and, in fact, have shirked no danger.

Of course, some foolish things were done in the name of Enterprise. One paper chartered two eight-knot fruiters on fruit charters, for instance. It was well understood by the captains of these ships that they were to serve as dispatch-boats, but one of them, after getting his money ($4,000 for a month), refused to do anything but what the letter of the charter party called for, while the other went on strike, so to speak, before his term of service was half ended. More remarkable still—in fact I know nothing so remarkable in the history of newspapers—the editor who sanctioned these charters put on the one that did cruise, unfit though it was for anything but a station-boat, one writer who received a salary of $10,000 per year and another who received $15,000, and sent the combination to follow Sampson when he was searching for Cervera.

It is easy to see that the charterer of these boats thought he might send his reporters into unblockaded Cuban ports, or even into blockaded ports, and there, while buying fruit, get something to print. It was a plausible scheme, but it did not work.

An attempt to sail a yacht, that had been shifted to a British register, into Havana Harbor failed also. The reporter thought his register would enable him to pass the blockaders—thought so until the ship on guard cleared for action. All this seems worth telling if only to emphasize the fact that the way to make an influential newspaper is to get and print fairly all the news, and the way to get all the news is to send after that and nothing else. It is certain that other work done in the name of Enterprise will increase circulation, but it never did, and it never will add to the paper's influence.

Last of all it seems proper to say a word about the expenses of the newspaper boats. The lowest price paid for a tug, of which I heard, was $1,000 per week, the newspaper to bear port charges, amounting to about $60 each time she came to Key West. I do not know what was the highest expense of a yacht, but if telegraph tolls be added, tolls that varied from five cents a word at Key West to $1.01 a word at St. Thomas, I guess the gathering of the news afloat cost my employers on the average not far from $1,000 a day.

The reader of commercial instincts is likely to ask if the expense brought a profitable return, and I can say emphatically that, in the narrow sense of the question, it did not. But so far as we were able to sustain an old-time reputation for accuracy, expedition, and completeness in such matters—if we were, indeed, able to add to that reputation a bit—then the money so spent was better than gold bonds in the vaults, and the efforts made more satisfactory than any known to a life-time spent in the newspaper business.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

AT Tranquildale, that old-fashioned place, they still have family prayers, and often, when I am there, I am delegated to read them. On a Sunday night, the day before we got the news of the destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet, the Lady in Command handed me the prayer-book with the page open at the "prayer to be said before a fight at sea against any enemy." "Read that too," she said, and I read it: "Stir up thy strength, O Lord, and come and help us. . . . Hear us, Thy poor servants, begging mercy and imploring Thy help, and that Thou wouldest be a defence unto us against the face of the enemy."

The God of Battles.

I told her afterward, that I was ashamed to pray so importunately against the poor Spanish, with whose predicament it was impossible not to feel sympathy, and whose fate seemed so conclusively foregone. She confessed that she felt so too, but she had no mind to take any chances.

It was interesting, two days afterward, to find evidence of the disposition of the men who were in the thickest of the sea fight to see the hand of the God of Battles in its event. "God and our gunners won it for us," said Evans, and everyone has read of the pious impulse of Captain Philip of the Texas, who—stirred by the issue of the fight, in which, though he had himself a narrow escape, his vessel had had no man hurt—mustered aft every man who could be spared and solemnly gave God the praise.

When the confidence of so many of us in the immediate instrumentalities by which our war came about was so imperfect, and so many minds halted in apprehension that the best intentions might not save us from doing more harm than good, it must have been greatly reassuring to be able to have confidence that back of all human agencies pulling this way and that was a Divine Power that has ends to accomplish and determined results. In many of us this confidence, though not wholly lacking, has been imperfect. We have not been able to feel sure that our war had been planned in Heaven, and that it was the Divine intention that we should win it, but we have thought that we could discern that in a large way it accorded with the celestial plans for the betterment of conditions in this world; that it was due to ignorance and misgovernment, the neglect of opportunities, misuse of means and abuse of power which it fell to us to correct. We have believed, very honestly, that, once the war was begun, it was best for all the world that we should win and win quickly; and seeing that the improvement of mundane affairs is reasonably believed to accord with the intentions of the Almighty, it has been logical for us to back our material forces with all the spiritual means that we could muster. Professor Goldwin Smith found fault with the President's proclamation of a thanksgiving for our victories as seeming to indicate an opinion that God was more solicitous for our well-being than that of our Spanish brethren. That seems, on the whole, rather a superficial view. For one thing we have sincerely believed that the best thing that could happen to Spain would be to lose all her colonies, and probably Professor Smith shares that opinion. So in praying for our own success we have not been really invoking injury upon our neighbor. Moreover we have realized that in war that side usually wins which is strongest and best prepared, and we have not expected to see in our war exceptions to that rule, nor believed that we were special favorites of the Almighty, or likely to benefit by this partiality. What our prayers and thanksgivings and other pious observances have really indicated, has been a desire to be right, and a sense of our responsibility to God for the use we make of the means we possess. We have known that we were stronger and more competent than the Spanish, and that humanly speaking, we could beat them. It has not seemed to us that we needed miracles to help us, for we felt able, as far as fighting goes, to take care of ourselves. The event has justified this opinion. We have had wonderful victories at sea, where we were extraordinarily efficient, and the divine favor has not hindered us from suffering on shore from Spanish bullets, from fevers and disease, and in some cases from the results of bad management. These latter

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results we have not expected to escape by prayer. What our prayerfulness has meant has really been that we are a religious people who recognize our dependence on God, and are conscious that our future greatness and prosperity depend upon our ability to shape our conduct in conformity with His will. It means, too, that we are conscious that our success will help or hurt us according to our use of its results; that if we can make it tend to the promotion of righteousness we shall profit by it, and that if it results in mere selfish aggrandizement we shall suffer. A great navy and an efficient army may make a nation successful for a time in war, but we know that in themselves they do not make it really strong. The real strength of a nation lies in its capacity to understand what is right and in its desire and ability to do it. We have all along been a great deal more sure that we could win from Spain than that we could make a wise and beneficent use of our victory. Now therefore that we have won and have the problems of victory to settle, our prayers should be more urgent and constant than ever. It was no great feat, with our resources, to defeat Spain, but to be just and merciful and wise in victory, and to make our success really helpful to civilization is matter difficult enough for its accomplishment to engage the spiritual co-operation of all pious-minded people.

I hope our brethren who prayed for our success in war will keep on praying, and those who had scruples and didn't, may surely begin now, when there is no longer an enemy to be prayed (apparently) against, and all our effort is to heal hurts and breaches, and try to make it come about that justice and liberty shall go where we have sought to carry them.

AWHILE ago I had the luck to hear rather a rare thing: some truly admirable reading of French poetry by a sterling artist, M. Marcel Deslouis, of the Théâtre des Arts in Bordeaux. French poetry had not, I own, been one of my pet infatuations; but, this time, the seductive music of the language, the melody of the verse—so unlike our own, so less varied, but none the less instinct with ear-wooing charm—took hold of me in a quite unwonted way. I could not help reflecting upon how much of all this we habitually lose in reading French poetry to ourselves, upon what a mere fleshless, etiolated spectre of the real thing we get. Poetry should be heard, as spoken aloud by a living voice; in silently reading it to ourselves, we do our best to make this *vox viva* ring at least in our mind's ear. But, in French poetry, what a faint, deformed echo of its music do we thus hear! we Anglo-Saxons, whose ears have half forgotten the authentic accents of French speech. Did we hear it oftener, we could better reconstruct its silent likeness for our own behoof, and French poetry would then be more of a living thing to us.

A "classical" pronunciation.

This awakening experience of hearing M. Deslouis's reading recalled another—of a diametrically opposite character—which I had had some years before, when Terence's "Phormio" was given in the original Latin by Harvard students in Sanders Theatre in Cambridge. Of course the now current "classical" pronunciation of Latin was in full blast; and I, whose classical studies date back to the days of the old "Oxford" pronunciation, looked forward to a new sensation. I got it with a vengeance—though not quite the one I had expected. Before five minutes were over, I began to feel vaguely that something was wrong, and soon saw clearly enough that what I was hearing was no more like the Roman speech of Terence's time than

Kong zhŭh vwaw soo tay mewer lur armay ay lă noter,
May dŭh frair dong l'ewn, ay mong murree dong l'oter,
Pwee-zhŭh formay day vurze ay, sŏngs ampee-ettay,
Amportewnay le syell poor tah fellissitay?

is like French. 'Twas a barbarous jargon, such as no people on earth ever talked.

Realizing this, I began also to see that the now current "classical" pronunciation of Greek must be in precisely the same evil case: resulting in a gibberish no whit better. Yet these twin jargons pretend to be classically spoken Greek and Latin. *Proh pudor!* One blushes at the effrontery of our universities.

The only feasible way to catch the trick, say, of French speech is from a living Frenchman—or, at the very worst, at second hand from someone who has himself got it from this only authentic source—that is, orally. But from whom shall we catch the trick of elegant Greek or Latin speech? The old Greeks and Romans are all dead, their speech

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has died with them. And it seems to me unquestionable that our university professors have by no means given us the authentic vowel and consonant sounds—let alone the characteristic vocal inflection and accent—of classic Greek and Roman speech, but have only taken certain entirely English (or American) sounds and distributed them afresh over the alphabet, thus giving the alphabet a phonetic interpretation quite new to us. It is worth noting, too, that this particular interpretation obtains in no single living language; it is exotic everywhere. The most that can be said for the vowel and consonant sounds themselves is that they probably approximate more closely to the real classic ones than other available English sounds do. And this is little enough to say, in all conscience; for their adoption has led to something no more like the real speech of old Rome or Periclean Athens than "Avvy voo day gong?" is like French, or "Jeeovahny Belleeny" like Italian.

But there are degrees in villainy. If the pseudo-"classical" pronunciation of Latin seems the sorriest attempt at compassing the impossible, the considerably earlier introduction of the so-called "classical" pronunciation of Greek appears simply impudent.

Greek is not a dead language. Whatever differences there may be between "ancient" and "modern" Greek, the (so-called) two languages are really one and the same; their difference is not that between, say, Latin and Italian. When the Rev. Bernard Carpenter tested young boys at random in the streets of Athens, and found that they could read and understand Thucydides fluently at sight, it was pretty conclusive proof of the "two" languages being one. How many boys in the streets of Rome, think you, can read Cæsar at sight to-day? And Greek, being a living language, has a living voice; it is spoken as to the manner born by natives, from whom we can catch the trick just as well as we can that of French speech from Frenchmen. No doubt the present Romaic pronunciation is not that of the age of Pericles; neither is our modern pronunciation of English that of the age of Elizabeth. But what should we Anglo-Saxons say to it, were the continental nations of Europe to combine to restore the Elizabethan pronunciation of English in their universities, simply for the sake of having their students read Shakespeare "classically"? Yet is not this just what we have been doing for the old Greek poets in our universities? Ought we not rather to be learning our Greek speech from living Athenians, as we learn our French and Italian from live Parisians and Tusco-Romans? Then, and not till then, would Greek poetry have a living voice for our ears. The Romaic pronunciation may not be classical; but it is genuinely and indefeasibly Greek. Moreover, it is alive!

But, if we can—and, I think, ought to—learn Greek "from a native" to-day, we certainly cannot so learn Latin. No authentic model of old Roman speech is now obtainable. What best substitute, then, can we find for a Latin *vox viva?* It seems to me that the old, now abandoned "Oxford" pronunciation gives us this best substitute. It is admittedly not classical—and I think I have shown the now current pronunciation not to be that either, in spite of its fatuous pretence—but it is at least English and therefore alive. It is based on a phonetic interpretation of the alphabet which is indigenous to the Anglo-Saxon student's native soil, and gives the language a living voice for him. With it he can speak Latin without a brogue; and, as far as sound goes, it gives the language something of the familiarity of his own English speech. Good living models are not wanting.

Are not, upon the whole, the now current "classical" pronunciations of Latin and Greek in our universities not only self-stultifying—from the fact that living models of authentic classical speech are nowhere obtainable to-day—but also directly contrary to the educational spirit of the times? Is not the whole scheme essentially a reactionary, instead of a progressive measure? Has it not, in the last analysis, a merely archæological-philological aim, whereas the best and most characteristic tendency of modern classical teaching is to lay more stress upon the literature and poetry of ancient Greece and Rome than upon the mere philology of the two languages?

MR. BARRIE has said of Mr. Stevenson: "He was the spirit of boyhood tugging at the skirts of this old world of ours and compelling it to come back and play." This phrase "the spirit of boyhood" we accept as defining the charm attaching to certain people who walk spring-

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ily upon the road which others tread heavy-footed. And by accepting it literally we make it a juggling phrase that tells us anything but the truth about those to whom we apply it. It leads us to think of them sometimes almost with condescension, as though they were born to amuse us; as though because they pranked and played with toys they were still the unreflecting, irresponsible beings known as children. If we listen to Stevenson himself, speaking from his South Sea exile, we shall better catch the distinction between the mind which has parted with nothing, not even with the receptivity of its youth, and the boyhood of the undeveloped man.

"The Spirit of Boyhood."

"I could not but wonder," he writes of his Polynesian pupil, "how Henry stands his evenings here; the Polynesian loves gayety—I feed him with decimals, the mariner's compass, derivations, grammar, and the like; delecting myself, after the manner of my race, *moult tristement*, I suck my paws; I live for my dexterities, and by my accomplishments; even my clumsinesses are my joy—my woodcuts, my stumbling on the pipe, this surveying even—and even weeding sensitive—anything to do with the mind, with the eye, with the hand—with a part of me; diversion flows in these ways for the dreary man. But gayety is what these children want, to sit in a crowd, tell stories and pass jests, to hear one another laugh, and scamper with the girls. It's good fun, too, I believe, but not for R. L. S., *ætat* 40."

This spirit of joy in "anything to do with the mind, with the eye, with the hand," indicates in the adult not so much the lingering of youth, as the fulness of maturity; the complement of all human faculties. The boy Siegfried believed he could learn the language of the birds by imitating the notes upon his pipe. But it was not until after he had tasted the dragon's blood that he knew the meaning of the songs that delighted him; and they told him of gold, and of power, and of Brünnhilde surrounded by flames. In some such way a man like Stevenson, like Thackeray, like Charles Lamb, learns the meaning of amusement. If such a man is pleased by sport that to the onlooker seems to resemble the sport of a child, he is not pleased as the child is pleased. He is hiding as Thackeray hid, "behind a droll shadow." He has learned that the songs of the birds are not the innocent songs he supposed them; but they interest him more than before he had tasted the dragon's blood, for they tell him of himself, of his destiny, and the destiny of man.

He has learned also that heavy burdens may be lifted by weak arms if a certain trick of turning, a certain light dexterity is used, and this knowledge he applies to his life and cherishes the knack of gayety as an accomplishment to be put in daily use. He is happier, he is wiser, he is more charming than the men who have crushed the delicacy of life by gripping it too hard; but it should never be said of him, as usually is said, that he has "remained a boy."

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THE FIELD OF ART

ARTISTIC DIE-SINKING OF THE PRESENT TIME

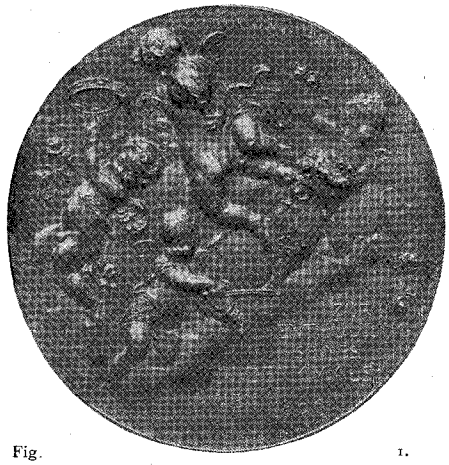

Fig. 1.

IT has been proposed, in the councils of the National Academy of Design, to establish in its schools a class for instruction in medal engraving. In this very subtle art, in which, at present, the French excel, there are two or three American sculptors who may prove capable of imparting both the principles and the practical methods; but, in general, our national state of progress is fairly indicated by the artistic value of our national coins. The peculiar qualifications required for the appropriate and artistic execution of designs for medals and coins are evident. The "painting in relief," as it has been called, demands the training of both sculptor and painter; the former for the modelling of a great number of delicate planes in very low relief and the preservation of the general dignity and balance of a representation in sculpture; the latter for the securing of a somewhat pictorial composition, a decorative, well-arranged filling of the small circular field and the judicious introduction of emblems and attributes, most of them threadbare by this time, and those that are not obscure. In both of them, as a French critic says, "an execution firm and supple, delicate without an assumed nicety, elegant without affectation." In the best of the modern French work, by Roty, Chaplain, Ponscarme, and one or two others, the taste, the tact, the charming originality in inventing and disposing, or in adapting and renewing the old material, are combined with a perfection of technical workmanship that render these pieces a pure delight to the eye. The contrast is striking with what is considered the best work of other schools, as, *e.g.*, with the heaviness in Mr. Poynter's classic design for the "Best Shot" in the rifle celebration of the British Volunteers, or with the confused pictorial realism in his accepted design for the Ashanti medal.

Sometimes, however, it may be said, especially of the latter work, that the delicacy and pictorial grace of the Parisian medallists seems to be running away with them. The style, the balance, and the dignity of sculpture sometimes disappear entirely. The old, formal, quasi-heraldic treatment of devices and of birds and beasts seems to be almost entirely abandoned. The condor who stretches his neck and flaps his wings in foreshortened perspective on M. Roty's much-admired silver *peso* for the Chilian Government has been considered entirely from a pictorial point of view; he is even more realistically and pictorially treated than was the eagle flying in profile which adorned our own United States cent a number of years ago, and which was afterward condemned, though by no means altogether bad. In the matter of too much prettiness and unsculptural character, even Roty's proposed combinations of torches and wreaths for the reverse of his new silver five-franc piece were weak and ineffective. On the face of this coin appears his much-admired figure of "The Sower," a tall semi-classic female in

Fig. 2.

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Fig. 3.

floating drapery and wearing the Phrygian cap, who traverses the fields "scattering from full hands the seeds of progress and of civilization." Behind her appears on the horizon the edge of the rising sun; the legend around the circumference is simply "République Française." This has been considered to be a "regular find," as the French put it; the critics quoted Victor Hugo's verse and Zola's preface to his opera "Messidor" (before the Dreyfus affair) in their admiration. Probably, for a five-franc piece, the idea is large enough; and the design and execution of the figure is certainly admirable.

The present revival of the art is quite recent. It is only some twenty-five or thirty years since the French coins and many of the medals struck in Paris were unmarked by any great artistic eminence, and the present two-sou piece is a remnant of that period. Preceding this time of comparative insignificance came the coinage of the reign of Louis XVIII., which is considered acceptable, and the French medals of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries which numismatists and collectors treasure only somewhat less than the Italian medals of the Renaissance. The practical advantage of thus establishing a standard of high artistic excellence may be appreciated by the most indifferent; the Parisian Mint has, for a number of years, been receiving many commissions from foreign countries on the strength of its high reputation. M. Roty and the engraver, La Foresterie, in 1881, and since that date, have furnished the designs for the silver and bronze coins of Hayti; the hundred-franc pieces of Monaco have recently been executed by the first named, his head of Prince Albert I. replacing that of Prince Charles III. by Ponscarme. His devices also appear on the silver and golden coins of Chili; those of M. Jasset on the coinage struck in 1891 for the Republic of Dominica; the redoubtable Menelik of Abyssinia caused his own head to be engraved for his coins by M. Lagrange, and has this year confided the execution of new designs to M. Chaplain. Morocco, Greece, and Bolivia have also come to the banks of the Seine for their minting, as well as the French colonies and protected states—Tunis, Indo-China, the islands of Great Comoro, Réunion, and Martinique. Not only monetary pieces, but also medals of all kinds are produced in the ateliers of this mint for communities and individuals. In this fabrication it enjoys almost a monopoly, and some of the commemorative medals, as that in honor of the visit of the Russian sovereigns to Paris, have had an immense sale. Even the King of Siam left a commission to have his transit thus perpetuated.

Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.

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Fig. 6.

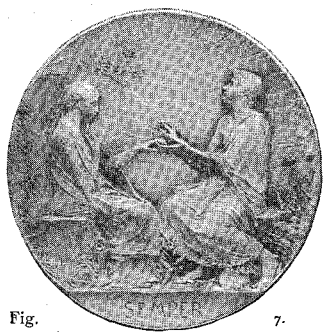

Fig. 7.

The new class in the academy schools may profit by the testimony of these artists—MM. Chaplain, Daniel Dupuis, Borrel, and Bottée—who often seek to substitute the process of casting for that of striking from the die. The former permits of retouching the first proof, and is better adapted also to pieces of large diameter. In this the tendency seems to be to return to the methods of the medallists of the sixteenth century. W. W.

Paris has, indeed, the easily held supremacy in the matter of medal engraving and of medal casting, too. For the two arts should be kept separate. The cast bas-reliefs of the Renaissance and those of David d'Angers and his contemporaries are to be kept quite apart from the coinage properly so-called, whether monetary or commemorative, of the same periods in the history of art. So in our own time the admirable cast medals of Chaplain and Roty are hardly to be considered side by side with the medals struck from dies engraved by the same artists, unless in a long general discussion of the whole subject. Struck medals are the natural things for the numismatologists to study; they are coins while the others are bas-reliefs. It seems, in an odd way, as if cast medallions were to them as embroideries are to textile fabrics; it is but a careless habit of speech which makes our collectors and catalogue makers include both under one general head.

Paris has the supremacy; but it is wonderful what brilliant and effective things are being made in Germany and in Austria nowadays, and how easily and as a matter of course such work is produced, and in what quantities! Anton Sharff, of the Vienna mint, has a singular gift of playful fancy, sometimes grotesque, sometimes a little sensational. The reverse of the Mozart medal engraved in 1896 gives us the graceful aspect of his design in these matters, as is shown in Fig. I.;* and the fantastic side of it is equally well shown in Fig. II., a little memento of a private festivity. What has been said above of the pictorial character, which, it is assumed, should pervade modern medal work, is exemplified by this artist's work in Fig. I. and what the artist can do in the way of a portrait head (the likeness not being guaranteed by the present writer) is well shown in Fig. III., which gives the obverse of a medal engraved seven years ago in honor of one who is renowned and influential as a teacher. Other men besides the famous Sharff are doing such work, and doing it well. Fig. IV. is the reverse of a Bismarck medal, which was struck in honor of the great statesman's services in the cause of German unity. The idea of the prince as St. George, but in the uniform of the white cuirassiers, is certainly touched with grotesqueness; it seems even a little jocose, as though the engraver were inclined to rally the parliamentarian and chancellor upon his fondness for military dress. The obverse has the inscription *Der Senat der Freien und Hansestadt Hamburg zum* 1 *April*, 1895.

The French medals which we are interested in are certainly more graceful, more tranquil in design, more classical, as their admirers would say—more academic, as their enemies might suggest—than those engraved by men of German race. Louis Oscar Roty has gained a great name for such work, and deservedly, for there is a charming grace of design in his work, and in it sculpturesque treatment is combined with excellent decorative feeling—for no one fills a panel, round or square-

* All the figures are of the size of the medals.

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Fig. 8.

cornered, better than he. The two heads of the Republic, Figs. V. and VI., are the obverse sides, one of a medal of award belonging to the Exhibition of 1889, the other an honorary medal whose reverse has a panel for filling in the name of him to whom honor is to be done. Nothing in the fine art of numismatics is more interesting than this matter of arranging the disc which is filled with a single head—portrait or of ideal origin. It is, when compared with the field filled up with incident and movement, like portrait engraving when compared with the engraving of theological legend or philosophical sentiment, and we all know how apt is the collector of old prints to prefer the Dürer portraits even to the Melancholy and the Knight, and how the worshipper of Rembrandt's etchings chooses the portrait heads of Rembrandt himself and his mother and wife almost before the landscapes and pieces of incident. The charming Marriage medal, which has been largely sold in gold, in silver, and in bronze, has on the reverse a design whose significance is not at first easy to grasp, but the obverse, given in Fig. VII., is full of simple pathos, and is of faultless disposition, considered in a decorative sense. This is of to-day; but our fates seem this month to bring the older pieces of Roty's work prominently before us, and the medal of the Bartholdi statue, "Liberty Enlightening the World," which is given in Fig. VIII., is dated thirteen years ago. The sympathy between France and the United States, at once expressed and urgently advocated by the design, is a sentiment which every lover of art is inclined to insist upon nowadays that there is unnecessary talk of unfriendly feeling. The people of the United States need more than anything else, morally and socially, those virtues which France more than other nations can impart to them if they know how to accept her teaching. Logic, reason, toleration, the social instinct, and, from our point of view, most important of all, the sense of the dignity and importance of fine art and a knowledge how to live day by day in the light of fine art; these are the things which we could learn of France more readily, indeed, if the veil were not between us which difference of language draws, but which, in spite of that veil, are accessible to those who care for them.

R. S.

Iron Medal.
Fiftieth Year of Kokoharow's Professorship.

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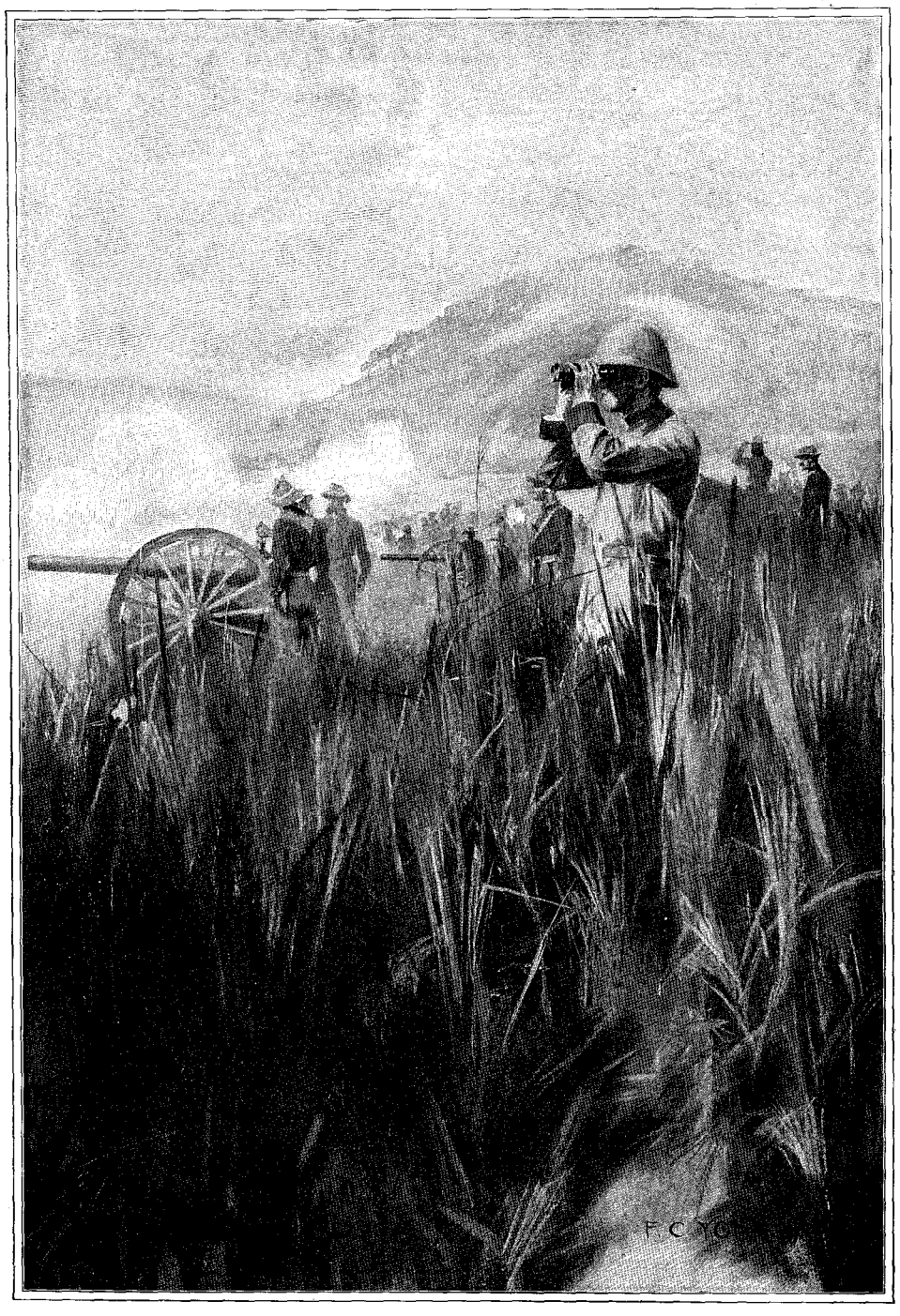

OFFICERS WATCHING THE ARTILLERY PLAY ON COAMO.

Drawn by F. C. Yohn from a photograph by Richard Harding Davis.

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